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THE
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C A B I N E T;
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OR,

MONTHLY REPORT

OF POLITE LITERATURE.

VOLUME II.

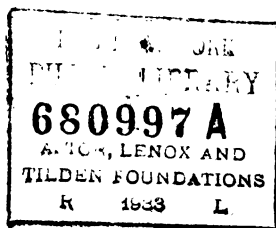
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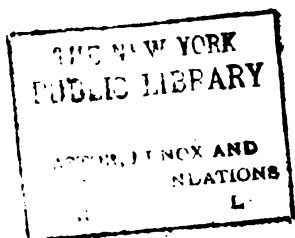
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THE
CABINET;
OR, MONTHLY REPORT OF
POLITE LITERATURE.

AUGUST, 1807.

Mr. QUICK.

THIS excellent actor, and genuine son of mirth, whose loss to the London stage has long been regretted, and will never, perhaps, be adequately supplied, is a native of this metropolis. His father was a brewer, but young Quick so little liked the smell of *malt and hops*, that at twelve years old he enlisted into a theatrical corps, and was the hero of various itinerant companies in the neighbourhood of London, often performing (as he relates himself,) the characters of Richard the *King*, and Sharp the *Valet*, for the enormous sum of *one shilling* per night! In the course of his marches and counter-marches he met with many curious adventures. It is told of him, that at the age of eighteen, while he was playing in Kent, the company he was with had made a halt at a country-town, and had fixed on a small ale-house for their place of residence during their stay. But their appearance not being very well relished by the host, he secured two large trunks which contained the riches of the strolling adventurers, who had agreed to enact *Macbeth* on the following day. In the evening they all repaired to the barn to rehearse. At the same time the landlord was intent in observing their movements; and, applying his ear to a crevice in the door, he heard the cry of the assembled witches of "We'll fly by night;" on which this son of dark suspicion, and still darker ignorance, exclaimed suddenly, to the no small amazement of the weird sisters, "Aye, aye, you *villains*, you

VOL. II.

A

may fly, but I have secured the trunks."—At another time, while he was figuring away in all the pomp of tinselled grandeur and high-sounding blank verse, as the noble Tancred, at Croydon-fair, unluckily he had the mishap to fall from a hay-loft into a stable; by which untoward accident his drapery received some additions which were not only rather unsightly, but at the same time not very grateful to the smell. The hero's mischance occasioned a delay, and the audience became impatient: but, when poor Tancred's tale was told, pity succeeded displeasure, and his return was hailed with loud plaudits, which enabled him to become "himself again." At length he was engaged by Foote for the Haymarket, and happening to play *Beau Mordecai* in *Love à la mode*, for Shuter's benefit, he performed the part so much to the satisfaction of the author, that he recommended him strongly to Mr. Colman, then manager of Covent-Garden, where he gradually rose into favour and reputation, sustaining a variety of characters with infinite humour, and contributing essentially to the success of every new comedy, opera, and farce, that was exhibited on that stage for a series of years. We believe he was near thirty seasons at this theatre.

About nine or ten years ago, 'for something or for nothing' he quitted his situation at Covent Garden. His emoluments had for some time been considerable, and, knowing the value of independence, he had so prudently husbanded his profits, that from the metropolitan stage he retired a *rich man*; and resolving not again to grow poor he occasionally performs on the provincial boards.

In 1801 he played several nights at Drury Lane, during the engagement of Mrs. Billington.

Mr. Quick, when joint-manager of the Bristol theatre, married a clergyman's daughter, by whom he has two children. He is fast approaching sixty, but we are happy to understand that he enjoys at this moment as good health and spirits as at any period of his life.

The following is a list of the characters of which he was the original representative.

Invasion Sir I. Evergreen. *Modern Antiques* Cockletop
Barataria - Sanco Pança. *Patrick in Prussia* - Quiz.
Crotchet Lodge Truncheon. *Robin Hood* - Little John.
Poor Vulcan - - Crump. *Highland Reel* - M'Gilpin.

Belle's Stratagem - Hardy. *He's much to blame* - Lord
Bold Stroke for a Husband - Vibrate.
Don Cæsar. *Wives as they were* - Lord
Which is the Man? Pen- Priory.
dragon. *Duenna* - Isaac Mendoza.
Crusade - - - - Bantam. *Castle of Andalusia* Spado.
Such Things are Sir Luke *Travellers in Switzerland* -
Tremor. Daniel.
Wild Oats Sir G. Thunder. *Woodman* Sir W. Waring.
Two Misers - - - - Gripe. *Animal Magnetism* Doctor.
Doldrum - Old Septimus. *Fashionable Levities* - Sir
Life's Vagaries - Dickens. Buzzard.
Tom Thumb King Arthur. *Lie of the Day* - - Alibi.
Road to Ruin - - - Silky. *Abroad and at Home* - Sir
Widow of Delphi - Mega- Simon Flourish.
dorus. *Golden Pippin* - - Mornus.
He would be a Soldier Sir *World in a Village* Allbut.
Oliver Oldstock. *Retaliation* - Old Probate.
Cure for the Heart Ache *How to grow rich* Small-
Vortex. trace.
Rage - Sir Paul Perpetual. *Mysteries of the Castle* - -
Speculation Justice Arable. Fractioso.
She Stoops to Conquer Tony *Fortune's Fool* Sir Bamber
Lumpkin. Blackletter.
Rivals - - - - - Acres. *Bon Ton* - - - - - Davy.
Way to get Married Toby *Hartford Bridge* Sir Gre-
Allspice. gory Forrester.
Deserted Daughter - Item. *Fontainebleau* - - - Lapoche
False Impressions - Doctor *Romance of an Hour* - - -
Scud. Orson.
Every one has his Fault - *Midnight Hour* - General.
Solus. *Country Madness* - - Zoro-
Secrets worth knowing - - babel.
Nicolas Rue.

His last new part was in the *Eccentric Lover*, an unsuccessful comedy by Mr. Cumberland.

CARLO MARATTA.

"ON the 29th May, 1803, the second son of the Duke de Cefarini attempted to carry off the daughter of the famous painter Carlo Maratta, as she was going to church, attended by four armed men; the young gentle-

woman defending herself, and making resistance, was wounded in the head and face, as was also her mother, who held her in her arms. The pope being made acquainted with it, ordered a party of soldiers and sbirries to surround the palace of Cefarini, but they came too late, for the criminal had time to make his escape, by the way of Tivoli, into the kingdom of Naples: some that assisted him (however) in that action are taken up and imprisoned."

Monthly Register, 4to. June, 1703.

So remarkable a circumstance does not appear to have been recorded by the biographers of this illustrious painter. It has been transmitted to us by a **LOVER OF THE ARTS**, resident at *Lichfield*.

THE EMPIRE OF AVA

CONVERTED TO THE RELIGION OF MAHOMET.

AN ORIENTAL ANECDOTE OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

From the French.

PART I.

Who has not heard of the Empire of Ava? The invincible Kien-Hang reigned there a hundred and fifty years ago. He was descended in a direct line from a cousin of Tohi, and a female cousin of Vishnou; he was a wise and penetrating monarch, and therefore bore the title of the *Light of the Lights who illuminate the East*.

The Turkish historians have recorded that Kien-Hang resembled the Sultan Soleiman, one of the greatest of the Ottoman emperors, and the wisest of men. Kien-Hang had numberless wives, besides concubines, but they did not always succeed in amusing him. It was customary in the empire of Ava to express *ennui* by gaping very wide, and repeating this symptom frequently; and the emperor conformed to the usages of his country.

Among all his women, there was but one who could remove this desire of frequently gaping. Her name was Nabela, a little Cochin-Chinese, who, though yet very young, had not only felt the influence of love, but also

some of the pains and dangers which accompany that passion.

The wise emperor was very knowing, it is true ; but he knew not every thing ; he had never imagined, for instance, that Nahela had imbibed the rudiments of a liberal education in a conservatory of *Baiaderes*, that an enterprising young Cochin-Chinese had run away with her from thence ; nor that she was surprized one day as she was amusing herself, according to the practice of her country, with fishing, by some pirates, who carried her off as their prize. They respected, however, her sex ; and she was just fifteen years old when, still a virgin, innocent, and bashful, she was sold to Kien-Hang, the emperor of Ava, the *Light of the Lights who illuminate the East*.

One day while his highness was expressing his *ennui* after the usual manner of Ava, Nahela said to him—“ Why, my Lord, should you yawn thus, you who are so happy ! They tell me too you have eight hundred and thirty-six wives.” “ Is it not enough, dear Nahela ? ” “ It is too much, my Lord ? ” “ Do you think so ? ” “ Yes, I do.” “ Truly ? ” “ Truly :—Besides, you are beloved by all your wives—do they *not* love you, my Lord ? ” “ They do, Nahela ! Three thousand white eunuchs, the same number of black, guard the courts and the gardens of the seraglio of Ava ; an army of a hundred thousand men surrounds the avenues of my throne.” “ So, a hundred and six thousand men, including the eunuchs, are answerable for the love, and, doubtless, also for the fidelity of your wives.—Is this all ? ” “ Ten thousand elephants precede my palanquin ; Ava, prostrate at my feet——” “ Good ! I see that it is impossible that you should be deceived ; I congratulate you, my lord : but, independent of these measures of precaution, tell me, I beg of you, how you *know* that your eight hundred and thirty-six wives love you ? ” “ I know so, my sweet Nahela, just as I know that *you* love me ! ”

It was thus conclusively that the great Kien-Hang proved to the wife he loved best that he was beloved by all the rest of his wives. He had by this time ceased yawning, and he pressed Nahela gently in his arms. Nahela grew less bashful. She tenderly caressed the Sultan, who repeated to her two or three times that she was beautiful as the morning star, and bright as the rays

of the sun when they open the young buds of the rose of Siam.

"That's pretty enough," said Nahela to herself; "But Ta-Haider (that was the name of the young Cochin-Chinese) never made use of comparisons like these." Ta-Haider loved with more simplicity, and his manner of loving was not disagreeable to Nahela, who could not help making *her* comparisons, which, unfortunately, were not much to the advantage of the manner in which his *highness* testified his affection.

Nahela then sighed, and the tears came into her eyes. "Dearest of my wives," said the monarch, "why do you weep?"—And the dearest of his wives replied, "It is owing to love, my lord." Kien-Hang endeavoured to console her, and asked "What is there wanting to your happiness, Nahela?"—

A young Cochin-Chinese was wanting to the favourite's happiness; but she said nothing: "What is it that you desire?" continued the Sultan, "your wishes shall be instantly gratified. Would you see an elephant-chace, a procession of Fakirs, Talapoins, or Bonzes?—Oh, you prefer the Bonzes?"

Nahela, smiling, made a sign that she had no such preference: "What would you then, my child; Do you want other slaves; are you discontented with your eunuchs; or do you wish to have a greater number of them?"

"Alas! no!" Nahela was not very well satisfied with the service of her eunuchs, but she did not appear to desire any others.

One day when the Sultan had exhausted his questions and his offers, the sound of several instruments was suddenly heard in the second court of the seraglio. It proceeded from tymbals, bells, castanets, gongs; a *Ring-Rang* * in short, sufficient to break the tympanum of every ear unaccustomed to the Cochin-chinese music.

"A *Ring-Rang*!" exclaimed Nahela. "It is the ambassador from Cochin-China making his *entrée*," added Kien-Hang. "Let us go and see it," said the favourite.

The Sultan conducted her to a window, close to which

* Mr. Barrow, in his *Travels in Cochin-China*, says that a chorus accompanied by these instruments is called, in the Cochin-Chinese language, *Ring-rang*. The *gong* is a Cochin-Chinese instrument.

the retinue was to pass. I want the pen of an orientalist to describe this procession. There were elephants majestically waving their trunks; Fakirs, marching gravely, with their eyes fixed on their breasts; Talapains gamboling and leaping; Dervises, with their hands crossed, and their eyes on the ground; the ambassador, borne in a palanquin, amusing himself with a couple of apes; Cochinchinese nobles; people, guards, &c. &c.

What was Nahela's astonishment when, in the midst of the dervises, she saw her beloved countryman: she uttered a loud cry, which was instantly heard by Ta-Haider.

[Part the Second in our next.]

MELANGE.

No. V.

Chacun à son gout.

MADAME DE CORNUEL.—A lady in the country having begged Madame de Cornuel to seek a governor for her son, specifying such a number of qualifications as never came to the share of any one man; Madame de C. wrote her the following answer. “Madame, I have enquired after such a governor for your son as you have described; I have not yet found one, but I shall continue my enquiries; and I assure you that the instant I have met with one who exactly answers your description, I ——— *shall marry him.*”

ADDISON'S CATO.—In a Dutch translation of this tragedy, the version of the soliloquy is curious. It commences thus: “Just so,——you are very right, Mynheer Plato.”

GENIUS NOT HEREDITARY.—A late eminent Lord Chancellor was remarkable for having stupid children. A confidential friend one day took the liberty of expressing his surprise, that a man of his lordship's extraordinary head should have such weak children. “Why, sir,” said the Chancellor, “I did not get them *with my head.*”

THE PRETENDER.—In the rebellion of 1745, it is well known, that after the discomfiture of the rebels at the battle of Culloden, by the royal army under the command of His Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland, Government issued a proclamation, in which they offered a reward of 30,000*l.* for the apprehension of the Pretender, alive or dead.

In opposition to this, the following curious paper was issued by the Pretender and his Council :

CHARLES, PRINCE OF WALES, &c.

Regent of the kingdoms of Scotland, England, France, and Ireland, and the dominions thereunto belonging :

Whereas we have seen a certain scandalous and malicious paper, published in the stile and form of a Proclamation, bearing date the 1st instant, wherein, under pretence of bringing us to justice, like our royal ancestor, King Charles the 1st of blessed memory, there is a reward of thirty thousand pounds sterling promised to those who shall deliver us into the hands of our enemies, we could not but be moved with a just indignation at so insolent an attempt: and though, from our nature and principles, we abhor and detest a practice so unusual among Christian Princes, we cannot, but out of a just regard to the dignity of our person, promise the like reward of thirty thousand pounds sterling, to him, or those, who shall seize or secure till our further orders, the person of the Elector of Hanover, whether landed, or attempting to land in any part of His Majesty's dominions. Should any fatal accident happen from hence, let the blame lie entirely at the door of those who first set the infamous example.

CHARLES, P. R.

Given at our camp at Knilockeill, August 22, 1745.

By His Highness's command,

JO. MURRAY.

The original paper from which the above was copied is so rare, that I never heard of any other than that which accident lately deposited in the British Museum. The fact, however, itself is mentioned by Hume, and other historians. [*Beloe.*]

AN ESSAY ON BRUCE'S TRAVELS,
AND
THE SOURCE OF THE NILE.

It would be no easy task barely to enumerate all those eminent Scotsmen, who have amused the imagination, and enlightened the understanding, by exhibiting Nature under new aspects, and depicted mankind in the various stages from barbarism to refinement.

But there are some who, from the extraordinary interest excited by their adventures, and the importance of the information they communicate, obtrude themselves, as it were, upon our notice. The narratives of Lithgow, who, on foot, perambulated almost all Europe, much of Asia, and, perhaps, more of Africa than any individual of the 17th century, notwithstanding his uncouth phraseology, his antiquated prejudices, and risible self-importance, still excite interest from the *naïveté* of his manner, from the extraordinary incidents he encountered, and the vivid, lively pictures he presents of the state of society, and manners of past ages and remote countries. The vast extent of Asia traversed by Bell in his journies from Petersburg to the Courts of Ispahan, Pekin, and Constantinople, afforded him the means of collecting much solid information, which he has communicated to us, of nations less known than generally celebrated. Mackenzie, from the magnitude of his attempt, and the obstacles he had to surmount, in his journey through the vast American Continent, from the shores of the Northern Atlantic to those of the Pacific Ocean, is well entitled to the praise of daring enterprize and inflexible perseverance. The romantic spirit of adventure so happily displayed, and so fortunately achieved, by Mungo Park, in the wilds of Africa, is the theme of undivided panegyric. Great, meritorious, and useful to themselves and to their country, as have been the exertions of those intrepid Scotsmen, I cannot but think that in magnitude and importance, interest and in utility, they must yield to those of BRUCE, whose unparalleled merits seem at length to be appreciated by a public ultimately impartial, in spite of the insidious arts of calumny, and the more open attacks of ignorance and prejudice. It is not my object to

expatiate upon the merits of this illustrious traveller, or enter into details respecting a performance, upon which all impartial and intelligent men never had but one opinion. Suffice it to state, that the daring, ardent spirit of enterprize that enabled him to surmount hardships and dangers without a parallel, places him *longo intervallo* at the head of all modern travellers; that the countries he traversed, by presenting subjects most important to the philosopher, the historian, and the divine, were a field the most worthy such a traveller; that he has collected, or communicated to the world, a greater mass of curious, useful, and important information than any one traveller, I may add ancient or modern; and that no one, who has accompanied him through his five large quartos, does not wish them still longer, is the best eulogium that can be pronounced upon his merits as a traveller and writer.

That malicious attempts to shade such great merit should have been made, was natural; it is to be lamented that for a time they should have been successful. A refutation of these would now be unnecessary, the public having at length rendered ample justice to his honour and veracity.—It is enough to state, that the most rigid examination has fully established the truth of every fact, even those apparently the most improbable, which he had narrated as having fallen under his observation.

Of the many attempts to injure his fame, it will not easily be forgotten, that from 1773 downwards, it was denied that he had ever visited the sources of the Nile. But the malice of the worthless Montague, and the calumnies of De Tott, soon met their refutation by the most indubitable evidence of that fact, both direct and circumstantial. The inuendoes of "*Dar Fur*" Browne, have now been proved equally groundless. With all my respect for the intrepidity and adventurous spirit of this gentleman, I cannot help thinking, that had he not failed in attempting that in which Bruce succeeded, some insinuations respecting his distinguished precursor would scarcely have found a place in his narrative.

But those, who still continue to depreciate Bruce, have now, it seems, made a most important discovery. The river, say they, whose source he reached, is not the true "*Nile*;" and, from this important discovery, they arrogate to themselves the right of venting every reproach, due to a daring successful impostor, upon his

devoted head. It is not that I think the circumstance, even if true, of much importance, as the merits of Bruce rest upon grounds too stable to be shaken by what is now a mere speculative opinion respecting the claim of one of two branches of a river to give the name to the stream which they both contribute equally to form. The following considerations have, however, operated to convince me, that even in this instance, essentially unimportant as it is, these gentlemen have not been one whit more successful than in their other *liberal, candid, and gentlemanly* strictures upon the character and veracity of my illustrious countryman.

The Bahar el Azergue, or *Blue River*, to the source of which Bruce ascended, and which, as will afterwards be shewn, not only continues to give its name to the river before and after its junction with the rival branch, but has actually done so from the remotest ages, must now, it seems, ground its claim to the little-known Bahar el Abiad, or White River, notwithstanding the evidence of name, of the opinions of all the inhabitants of the countries through which it passes, and, I conceive, all historical evidence, because the translators of Herodotus and Esdrisi, and the *modest* geographer Pinkerton, choose to assert, that Herodotus and Ptolemy, as well as the ancients in general, conceived what is now called the White River to be the true Nile, and the Blue River to be merely a paltry stream, well known to them as the Astapus. Though I am far from admitting the evidence of men, confessedly knowing almost nothing of either branches, to be of the least avail when opposed to the decided testimony of the natives of Abyssinia, of Nubia, and Barbara, who most positively declare the very reverse; yet as such weight is attached to the supposed evidence of these ancient writers, as to have induced some of our late map-makers to rob the Blue River of its long-acknowledged claims, by placing the source of the Nile in the nameless range of mountains from which the *White River* is supposed to flow, I shall shortly examine the grounds of this opinion, so boldly advanced, and, by many, so implicitly followed.

I begin this branch of the subject, by asserting with confidence, that the Nile of the ancients never was, and never could be, the Bahar el Abiad, or White River, the source of which is far to the Westward. If any one fact can be collected from all the ancient accounts, it is,

that the sources of the Nile were far to the eastward of Alexandria. It is a well-known fact, that Alexander, accompanied by numbers of the most eminent *Savans* of Greece, imagined he had discovered these *cory* fountains in the *Pansale*. Whence this most extraordinary mistake?—we may ask, had not the ancients universally believed that the Nile rose far to the east of Egypt? (In fact, India was thought to be joined to Ethiopia :) Those sent by that conqueror from Egypt to discover those fountains in the interior of Africa, it would appear, actually did, indeed must have passed over the White River, but never viewed, or were told to consider it as the true Nile. They, of course, passed on, leaving the true Nile far to the left, and, consequently, returned without success. The Ptolemy who entered Ethiopia with an army, and who, of all men, could procure the most authentic information respecting the Sacred River, sought these sources, not in Lybia, nor even in Nubia, but somewhere near the Red Sea, or, what is now called, the Indian Ocean. Indeed, he seems to have taken the Tacazze (anciently the Astaberas) for the Nile, a proof, at least, of the general belief of these fountains being far to the eastward.

In fact, Ptolemy, the geographer, whose authority is chiefly relied on by Pinkerton and Co. and whose statements shall be afterwards commented upon, confirms this proposition. The marsh, or lake, from which his Nile issues, is expressly called by him Oriental, *i. e.* in regard to Alexandria, of which he was an inhabitant. Indeed, from what he mentions respecting the voyage of a Diogenes, who was, it seems, driven from what is now called Cape Gardefan to near Quilva, or Rapta, it is clear, that it was the universal opinion of the ancients, and, indeed, the only opinion regarding the sources in which they did agree, that the great lake, from whence the Nile flowed, was far to the eastward of Alexandria, or Memphis.

The account given by Herodotus of what he heard from certain inhabitants of the interior, no way affects the truth of this proposition. The recent discoveries of Horneman and others have put it beyond a doubt, that the great river running to the east in their country was, and only could be, the river now called (nobody knows why) the *Niger*. But of this historian I shall speak in his proper place.

All, indeed, that the ancients really did know concerning the Nile was merely, that it flowed from a vast lake or lakes far south, and to the eastward of Egypt. They could not, of course, have the least idea of the *Bahar el Abiad* or *White River* being that river, seeing its source is far to the westward of Egypt, and it does not appear that it flows from any lake or marsh whatever. The *White River*, therefore, if really known to the ancients, never was considered to be their Nile.

Indeed, the Greek writers seem to have known three rivers, the names of them at least, which contribute to form the Nile. These were the main stream itself, the *Astaberas* and *Astapus*; and, even these, they only appear to have heard of, from their connection with the celebrated *Meroe*. It is upon the supposition that the river Mr. Bruce ascended was the "*Astapus*" of Ptolemy, that are founded all those impertinencies against his character, and those bold averments, now become current, of his having mistaken an insignificant stream for the main branch of the Nile. It is of importance, therefore, in this branch of the discussion, to ascertain what and where is the *Astapus* of Ptolemy and his followers.

The *Astaberas*, (now the *Tacazze*) from its proximity to Egypt, seems to have been tolerably well known to the ancient geographers. It seems to have been intimately connected with another river, though subordinate in importance, called the *Astosabas*, which was, we have the authority of *Eratosthenes*, as quoted by Strabo, occasionally, indeed indiscriminately, called by that name and *Astapus*. In fact, this *Astosabas*, or *Astapus*, is neither more nor less than the present *Mareb*, which though trifling of itself, yet, as running near to *Neum*, the ancient capital of a great kingdom, thence acquired an accessary consequence, and came to be considered as of almost equal consequence with the *Astaberas* itself, into which it falls.

To establish this point, by reference to authorities, is superfluous, since Ptolemy himself, the very author on whose authority the whole theory of Pinkerton and Co. depends, positively determines the question. His *Astapus* rises out of the *Coloen Lake*, or marsh of *Coloe*. Now this very lake or marsh of *Coloe* was situated between the *Red Sea* and the river *Astaberas*, now *Tacazze*. The mountains of that name, the inhabitants of that

district, a thousand circumstances, establish this most decided point. Ptolemy also most positively declares, that the Astaberas and Astapus join above Meroe; we all know that the Mareb joins the Tacazze, before the latter falls into the Nile. How the Astapus of Ptolemy, (clearly the Mareb,) has become the great river of Abyssinia, three times greater than both the Astaberas and Astapus, is left to the ingenuity of Pinkerton and his followers to determine.

Indeed, the authority of Ptolemy, were it not for the idle theories reared upon it, is of very little weight: It is pretty clear, from his own statement, that he knew himself nothing of the matter. The sources of the Nile, in the Mountains of the Moon (he might as well have said the neck of the ram,) he places in 14 S. L.: the Niger he makes to issue from the same lake &c. Now we are taught to believe that his information was received from certain Indians, who had read accounts, probably derived from the fables of Egyptian priests who had emigrated to India perhaps so far back as the irruption of the shepherds, or, perhaps, during the massacres of Cambyases. Were these traditions worth reasoning upon, (as stated by Captain Wilford) they would be found rather to strengthen my hypothesis. It might easily be shewn, even from his own quotations from the Puranas, that in his Essay upon Egypt and the Nile, Mr. Wilford has mistaken the rivers, and that his *Nanda* is merely the Tacazze, and his Little Chrishna and Sanca-Naga the Mareb; the latter, which he will have the Tacazze, issues from a lake, which that river does not do: But it is needless to multiply proofs that his Little Chrishna, Sanca-Naga, and Nanda, can only be the Mareb and Tacazze, or, perhaps, another small stream in that quarter. The *Lingam* and city, erected at the confluence of the Nanda and Cali, (or Nile,) he is obliged to place at the confluence of the Tacazze and Nile, (Little Chrishna and Cali,) at some hundred miles distant from the spot where, were Bruce's river the Nanda, it ought to have been.

But to what extent Ptolemy availed himself of the information derived from those learned Indians he had conversed with at Alexandria, it is of little importance now to enquire. The Puranas and Ptolemy agree that the *Astaberas* and *Astapus* are united (the Nanda and Little Chrishna of the former) before they join the Nile.

Now, were the river of Abyssinia the Astapus, how could such a circumstance ever be asserted, so grossly wide of truth, as its running into the Tacazze, rivers between which there is as much space, and as many other rivers, as between the Thames and the Forth. The Puranas, indeed, make their rivers afterwards separate, and, it may be, Ptolemy, from thence, took the absurd idea of making his *Astaberas* and *Astapus*, after running a long time together, afterwards to separate, the one running east, and the other west, to join the Nile. The idea of two large rivers uniting, running together in a nameless channel, then separating, and each retaining its own name, and all its own waters, is too absurd to comment upon. It might be occasioned from an opinion that *Meroe* was an island, in the modern sense of the word; that as it was a well-known fact that the Astapus did join the Astaberas near or at Meroe, and as a river, like the Astapus, did there, or nearly so, run to the Nile in a western course, and, thus, almost insulate that tract of country *we now suppose* to have been Meroe, which river might from ignorance, topographical errors, the confused accounts of unenlightened travellers, or the narratives of ignorant natives, sometimes have been mistaken for the true Astapus: in a word, the river *Dender*, which actually does join the Nile to the westward, and is one of the boundaries of Meroe, might have received the name of Astaberas or Astapus by those ignorant of the true river of that name, and thus have given rise to the monstrous supposition of the Astapus joining, afterwards separating from, and again joining the Nile far to the westward of the Astaberas. It is only upon this or some such grounds, that any thing like truth can be extracted from the accounts of Ptolemy respecting *Meroe*, or of the rivers Astaberas and Astapus that bound it. It is perfectly evident that the Mareb, which joins the Tacazze, was the original Astapus: if there be any truth in the accounts of Ptolemy, we are obliged to suppose that the Dender might at first, from ignorance, similarity of size and appearance, have that name also bestowed upon it, and, at last, be supposed to be the very individual river which had already joined the Astaberas. Thus only could Meroe be, what it really is, almost entirely surrounded by rivers, and thence be considered as an island.

[To be resumed next Month.]

THE PARLIAMENT.

ON THE DIGNITY, POWER, AND AUTHORITY OF THE PARLIAMENT, AND OF THE ORDERS OBSERVED THEREIN.

THE parliament is the highest, chiefest, and greatest court, that is or can be within the realm; for it consisteth of the whole realm; which is divided into three estates; that is, to wit, the king, the nobles, and the commons; every of which estates are subject to all such orders as are concluded and established in parliament.

These three estates may jointly, and with one consent or agreement, establish and enact any laws, orders, and statutes for the commonwealth; but being divided, and one swerving from the other, they can do nothing, for the king, though he be the head, yet alone cannot make any law, nor yet the king and his lords only; nor yet the king and his commons alone; neither yet can the lords and the commons without the king, do any thing of avail. And, yet nevertheless, if the king in due order have summoned all his lords and barons, and they will not come, or if they come they will not appear, or if they come and appear yet will not do or yield to any thing, then the king, with the consent of his commons, (who are represented by his knights, citizens, and burgesses,) may ordain and establish any act or law, which are as good, sufficient, and effectual, as if the lords had given their consent.

But on the contrary, if the commons be summoned, and will not come, or coming will not appear, or appearing will not consent to do any thing, alledging some just weighty, and great cause, the king (in these cases) cannot with his lords devise, make, or establish any law; the reasons are these: When parliaments were first begun, and ordained, there were no prelates or barons of the parliament, and the temporal lords were very few or none, and then the king and his commons did make a full parliament, which authority hitherto was never abridged. Again, every baron in parliament doth represent but his own person, and speaketh on behalf of himself alone.

But in the knights, citizens, and burgesses, are represented the commons of the whole realm; and every of these giveth, not consent only for himself, but for all

those also for whom he is sent. And the king, with the consent of his commons, had ever a sufficient and full authority to make, ordain, and establish good and wholesome laws for the commonwealth of this realm. Wherefore the lords, being lawfully summoned, and yet refusing to come, sit or consent in parliament, cannot by their folly abridge the king and the commons of their lawful proceedings in parliament.

The lords and commons, in time past, did sit all in one house; but, for the avoiding of confusion, they be now divided into two several houses; and yet, nevertheless, they are of like and equal authority, every person of either of the said houses being named and counted a peer of the realm, (for the time of the parliament) that is to say, equal; for *par* is equal. And therefore the opinion, censure, and judgment of a mean burgess, is of as great avail, as is the best lord's, no regard being had to the party who speaketh, but the matter that is spoken.

They be also called peers, as it were fathers; for *père* is a father; by which is meant, that all such as be of the parliament should be ancient, grave, wise, learned, and expert men of the land; for such were the senators of Rome, and called *patres conscripti*; for the wisdom and care that was in them in governing the commonwealth. They are also called counsellors, because they are assembled and called to the parliament for their advice and good counsel in making and devising all such good orders and laws as may be for the commonwealth.

They, therefore, which make choice of knights, citizens, and burgesses, ought to be well advised, that they do elect and choose such as, being to be of that assembly, and thereby equal with the great estates, should be grave, ancient, wise, learned, expert and careful men for their commonwealth, and who (as faithful and trusty counsellors) should do that which should turn and be for the best commodity of the commonwealth; otherwise they do great injury to their prince and the commonwealth.

Also, every person of the parliament, during the times of the parliament; and at his coming and going from the same, is free from all troubles, arrests and molestations; no action or suit taking effect, which, during that time, is begun, entered, or commenced against him, in what court soever the same be, except in cases

of treason, murder and felony, and except all executions in law awarded and granted before the beginning of parliament.

Also, every person, having voices in parliament, hath free liberty of speech to speak his mind, opinion and judgment, to any matter proposed, or of himself to propose any matter for the commodity of the prince and of the commonwealth; but, having once spoken to any bill, he may speak no more for that time.

Also, every person once elected and chosen a knight, citizen, or burgess, and returned, cannot be dismissed out of that house; but being admitted, shall have his place and voice there, if he be a layman. But if by error a man *of the clergy* is chosen, then he ought and shall be *dismissed*; also, if he be excommunicated, outlawed or infamous.

Also, every one of these members ought to be incorrupt, no briber, nor taker of any rewards, gifts, or money either for devising of any bill, or for speaking of his mind, but to do all things uprightly, and in such sort as is best for the king and commonwealth.

Also, every one ought to be of a quiet, honest, and gentle behaviour; none taunting, checking, or misusing another in any unseemly words or deeds, but, all affections set apart, to do and endeavour, in wisdom, sobriety, and knowledge, that which that place requireth.

Also, if any one do offend or misbehave himself, he is to be corrected and punished by the advice and order of the residue of the house.

Also, all the prisons, wards, jails within the realm, and the keepers of the same, are at the commandment of the parliament for the custody and safe keeping, or punishment, of all and every such prisoners, as shall be sent to any of them by the said parliament houses, or any of them; howbeit, most commonly the Tower of London is the prison which is most used.

Also, if any one of the parliament house be served, sued, arrested, or attacked by any writ, attachment, or minister of the King's Bench, Common Pleas, Chancery, or what court soever within this realm, the party so troubled and making complaint thereof to the parliament house, then forthwith a serjeant at arms is to be sent to the said court, not only advertising that the party so molested is one of the parliament house, but also inhibiting and commanding the officers of the said

court to call in the said process, and not to deal any further against the said party ; for the parliament being the highest court, all other courts are inferior, and yield and give place to the same.

Also, as every one of the parliament house is free for his own person for all manner of suits to be commenced against him, so are all his servants free, and not to be troubled or molested, but being troubled, they have the like remedy, as the master hath or may have.

Also, no manner of person, being not one of the parliament house, ought to enter or come within the house, as long as the sitting is there, upon pain of imprisonment, or such other punishment as by the house shall be ordered and adjudged.

Also, every person of the parliament ought to keep secret, and not to disclose the secrets and things done and spoken in the parliament house, to any manner of person, unless he be one of the same house, upon pain to be sequestered out of the house, or otherwise punished, as by the order of the house shall be appointed.

Also, none of the parliament house ought to depart from the parliament without special leave obtained from the speaker of the house, and the same his licence should be also recorded.

Also, no person, being not of the parliament house, ought to come into the same during the sitting of the same ; so every one coming into the same, oweth a duty and reverence to be given when he entereth and cometh in.

If a baron or lord come and enter into the higher house, he ought to do his obeisance before the cloth of estate, and so take his place.

Also, when he speaketh, he ought to stand bare-headed, and speak his mind plainly, sensibly, and in decent order.

If any come in message, or be sent for to the higher house, they must stay at the inner door until they be called in ; and then, being entered, must first make their obeisance ; which done, they go to the lower end of the house, and there stay until they be called ; and being called, they must first make one low courtesy, and obeisance, and going forwards must, in the middle way, make one other low courtesy ; and then, being come forth to the bar, must make the third courtesy, the like must be done at the departure.

Also, when any knight, citizen, or burges, doth enter or come into the lower house, he must make his dutiful and humble obeisance at his entry in, and then take his place. And you shall understand, that as every such person ought to be grave, wise, and expert, so ought he to shew himself in his apparel; for, in times past, none of the counsellors of the parliament came otherwise than in his gown*, and not armed nor girded with a weapon. For the parliament house is a place for wise, grave, and good men, to consult, debate, and advise, how to make laws, and order for the commonwealth, and not to be armed as men ready to fight, or to try matters by the sword. And albeit the writ for the election of the knights have express words to choose such for knights as be girded with the sword, yet it is not meant thereby that they should come and sit armed; but be such as be skilful in feats of arms, and, besides their good advices, can well serve in martial affairs; and thus the Roman senators used, who, being men of great knowledge and experience, as well in martial affairs as in politic causes, sat always in the senate house and places of council in their gowns and long robes. The like also was always, and hath been the order in the parliament of this realm, as long as the ancient laws, the old customs, and good order thereof, were kept and observed.

If any other person or persons, either in message or being sent for, do come, he ought to be brought in by the serjeant, and at the first entering must (following the serjeant) make one low obeisance, and being part in the middle way, must make one other; and when he is come before the speaker, he must make the third, and then do his message: the like order he must keep in his return. But if he do come alone, or with his learned counsel to plead any matter, or answer to any objections, he shall enter, and go no farther than to the bar within the door, and there do his three obeisances.

When any bill is committed, the committees have not authority to conclude, but only to order, reform, examine and amend the thing committed unto them;

* From a motion that was made in the House of Commons in the year 1613, it appears, that the members in the last parliaments of Elizabeth wore gowns.

and of their doings they must give report to the house again, by whom the bill is to be considered.

Every bill, which is brought into the house, must be read three several times, and upon three several days. And a bill, which upon any reading is committed and returned again, ought to have its three readings, unless the committees have not altered the bill in any substance or form, but only in certain words. Also, when any bill upon any reading is altogether by one consent rejected, or by voices after the third reading overthrown, it ought not to be brought any more to be read during that session of parliament.

If any man do speak unto a bill, and be out of his matter, he ought to be put in remembrance of the matter by the speaker only, and by none other, and be willing to come to the matter.

Whensoever any person doth speak to any bill, he ought to stand up, and to be bare-headed, and then with all reverence, gravity, and seemly speech, to declare his mind. But whensoever any bill shall be tried, either for allowances or to be rejected, then every one ought to sit, because he is then as a judge.

Also, every knight, citizen, and burgess, before he do enter into the parliament, and take his place there, ought to be sworn and to take his oath, acknowledging the king to be the supreme and only governor of all the estates within the realm, as also to renounce all foreign potentates.

[From a Paper written in the Reign of Queen Elizabeth.]

THE ARTS.

No. VI.

AN APOLOGY FOR THE CHALK MANNER OF ENGRAVING.

"The times have been,
That, when the brains were out, the man would die,
And there an end; but now they rise again,
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools."

MR. CONDUCTOR,

EVERY man that has made the most trifling approaches towards refinement, must observe with pleasure,

that for some time past the Fine Arts in this country have, more than at any former period, engaged the public attention; many of the first characters in the united kingdom, fully aware of the advantages which the arts confer on mankind, and on commercial nations in particular, have with an equal spirit of liberality and patriotism, nobly stepped forward to encourage those arts, and to rescue British genius from the bonds with which it has hitherto been shackled. While these enlightened men are munificently fostering the fine arts, that our manufacturers may reap that benefit from them which they can derive from no other source, some interested and ignorant individuals, have been busily employed in degrading one branch of them, in order to raise another upon its ruins. Mr. Landseer, Mr. Josiah Boydell, and the Rev. Mr. Forster, have particularly distinguished themselves in their attacks on the chalk, or dotting manner of engraving; those gentlemen have assumed that most perilous situation, the throne of criticism, have become arbiters of taste, and, to the extent of their power, directors of public opinion. If their criticisms are founded in judgment and *real* knowledge, they will, if properly appreciated, be of great benefit to mankind; but, if they originate in error, in undigested principles hastily adopted, and unwittingly propagated, and if above all, the propagators of those opinions are placed in such situations as are likely to give them a credit and currency, and if, to add to those evils, they are swayed by interest, or warped by prejudice, the mischief done to true art may be incalculable; then not only their opinions, but their pretensions to give them, become fair matter of public investigation.

The chalk manner of engraving has for near fifty years been a candidate for public favor and patronage, equally with the other methods of engraving, and has most certainly received as great a share of encouragement. Whilst those different modes of art rested on their own merits; whilst they came before the world with neither more nor less than the value the talents of their different professors could give them, they were in their natural and proper state; the highest and last tribunal, the judgment of the public, was to decide on their respective merits; thus engaged in a fair competition the chalk manner of engraving has maintained a firmness of footing that has offended the jealous disposition of some,

and prejudiced the interest of others. What the graver has found impossible to perform, that readier instrument the pen is called in aid to effect, and there have been many feeble, though systematic attempts, to write it into insignificance and disgrace. The professors of this art have advanced nothing in its favor, they have silently and studiously pursued their course, resting their pretensions to public support on their legitimate productions only ; they have patiently borne the contumely of the ignorant, the insults of the malevolent, the invectives of the interested, and without resistance have suffered their profession to be degraded, and their means of existence injured so long, that further forbearance becomes pusillanimity. It is now time that such ungenerous and unjust conduct should be resisted.

In consequence of the appointment of Mr. Landseer to the lectureship on engraving at the Royal Institution, his opinions gained a credit and a currency, that his abilities would never have procured them in any other situation. The man was chosen to be a teacher; and whatever ignorance the electors might have shewn in making such a choice, a credit and dignity were in some degree reflected on him by his office. In his lectures he asserts that chalk engraving was on its original introduction into England run after with avidity, because it was new, for it was a sort of retrograde and degenerate novelty. " Ryland and novelty (says he) led the way, and fashion and Bartolozzi followed it."

Mr. Landseer proceeds through four pages, stigmatizing this art in an idle and unqualified way, without adducing one proof in support of his assertions, and then says: " At length this interesting art (of which if I seem, I only seem to make sport,) fetching a few noble bounds, has escaped from the toils of its pursuers, and now roves at leisure, when as a means of translating pictures it is more worthy than ever of being pursued."

Nothing can more fully expose the palpable obscure and the gross contradiction of Mr. Landseer's manner of writing, than the comparison of what we have before cited with this quotation ; we leave the task to him of reconciling " retrograde and degenerate novelty," with " this interesting art fetching noble bounds." He then goes on thus: " Upon what principles I am led to perceive that this province of engraving has recently disclosed more various, extensive, and richer tracts than it

was formerly known to contain, I shall have the pleasure to explain at another time." Whether Mr. Landseer means that, *after* having written his four pages to expose this "degenerate novelty," he discovered those "richer tracts," we cannot determine. It must be remembered that all these contradictions are contained in his third lecture; he afterwards delivers three more lectures to his auditors, and publishes the whole of them, without ever noticing those "*richer tracts*," and consequently his abuse of this art is sent into the world unqualified by any mention of its merits.

Now let us examine how far Mr. Landseer is competent to talk in this dictatorial and dogmatical manner of any mode of art whatever; and to come to this knowledge we are naturally led to an examination of the works of art *he* has produced, and the talents he has therein displayed; and also *how those works of art have been produced*. He is only known to artists as a vignette landscape engraver; in this minor walk of art it must be confessed he has given proofs of some talent, united with much prettiness of execution, and had he confined his lectures to that part of the art which he had actually, and creditably practised, he might have exhibited some claim to attention; but, unfortunately this man, who has spent his time among fore-grounds, back-grounds, foliage, and stumps of trees (the mere secondary objects in an historical engraving) with unhallowed hand approaches the human figure, and without putting off his sandals, enters the holy of the antique.

From Aristotle and Longinus to Addison and Johnson, every sound critic in literature has been able to write well himself. Those men could perform well, and were thence enabled to judge of the performances of others. If this be true in literature, how much more necessary in art! for, the artist has no means of acquiring knowledge, but by the very *act* of drawing, which is only to be obtained, as Sir Joshua Reynolds justly observes, by a *variety of arts*. By this indispensable and only criterion, let Mr. Landseer's claim to the elevated chair of criticism be tried.

Has Mr. Landseer ever as an artist studied the human figure? Has he ever drawn from the antique? Will any man prove that he has ever made one solitary effort? does any work in his own art, actually performed by

himself, prove his knowledge of the insertion, form, or termination of any one muscle in the human frame? yet he expatiates most learnedly on the anatomical excellence of Andrea Mantegna, and with rapture on the pure outline of Mark Antonio.

It is very difficult to prove a negative, but we will give the most presumptive evidence of Mr. Landseer's entire ignorance of those matters, on which with so much confidence he holds forth.

In engraving, as in painting, the genuine artist may be assisted by persons of inferior abilities to his own, but in each art the help must come in the middle of the performance. Was there ever an engraver possessing the first and most essential requisites of his art, drawing, who suffered another to fix his outline on his plate, or to put the finishing touches to it? No, never. Mr. Landseer, according to the current terms of the day, has engraved historical subjects, and portraits; at least his name is prefixed to plates of this character, with the addition of *sculpsit*. Dare Mr. Landseer tell the world what parts of those plates are his own performance? Will he claim any essential part of any historical subject or portrait to which his name is annexed? To come to particulars—his *Michael* from Loutherbourg, in Macklin's Bible—did he etch the outline of the figure upon the plate, or the internal parts of it? Did he put the finishing touches to it? Let Mr. Landseer reply to these questions in the affirmative, and then he shall be confronted. What assistance had he in the intermediate parts? Alas! no man except the political Mr. Landseer can answer that question.

Some years ago the admirers of the Fine Arts were gratified with an engraved portrait of Buonoparte, from a drawing by Mr. Craig, after a picture in the possession of Mr. Cosway. As Mr. Landseer had a joint property in this work, interest alone would be sufficient to prompt him to give to the world, in this performance, his best abilities. Directly over the head of this *apostle of liberty* is seen the full sun of science, darting its meridian rays across the Alps; striking with lightning the tiara, and other emblems of popish superstition: the whole is blazoned with owls, eagles, and olive branches, which show how much faith ought to be placed in the predictions of emblematical soothsayers. We will say nothing on this insult to the loyalty and patriotism of the country, but

at once declare this portrait to be one of the most wretched specimens of art that the age has produced; and, although it was done covertly, and in a corner, it has long been before the world; therefore, let every man judge for himself, for it is beneath our criticism. If this gentleman has judgment to impart to others, why did he not on this occasion exert it for himself?—Why did he suffer this lump of inanity to see the light? But he goes farther, he fathers it. He declares himself to the world to be the engraver of it. Were we inclined to degrade Mr. Landseer as an artist, we should leave his reputation to sink under the dead weight of this load of stupidity; but we will be exactly just, we will declare that he did *not* engrave this portrait. Bad as it is, his powers are not equal to such a production: it was the first essay of a * young man just emerged from his pupillage. Some of the ornamental parts to this portrait bear marks of the prettiness of Mr. Landseer's tooling, for in those inferior walks of art he may boast some elegance; but taking this ornament as a whole, it is a puny effort, and bears no marks of the genuine artist.

We have shewn how Mr. Landseer produces historical engravings and portraits; let us now inquire into the source from which he derives his knowledge of the antique, of which he makes such a mighty pother, a pother that doubtless gained the admiration of the young misses at the Royal Institution, but which we can assure him will never arrest the attention of any man deserving the name of artist. He has the honour of Mr. Fuseli's acquaintance, and in hopping about at Somerset House, he may have picked up a few crumbs that have fallen from that *rich man's* table; but will this little artifice of chattering by rote, make him a Fuseli, or furnish him with the powers of passing judgment on the works of other men by that classical criterion, the best works of ancient masters? Such men are followers of Fuseli and the antique as "*one here in Englande did follow Syr Thomas More, who being most unlike unto hym in wit and learnyng, nevertheless in wearing his gowne awrye upon the one shoulder, as Syr Thomas*

* This young man has since produced many things highly creditable to him as an artist, and is now justly ashamed of what this man of judgment was not ashamed to own.

*More was wont to do, would nedes be counted like unto hym."**

Mr. Landseer has with great feeling and animation deplored the present state of engraving: he has fairly shewn that, whilst the artists alone had the management and publication of their own works, their art flourished, and that Englishmen as engravers then rose superior to all the world; but when ignorant *capital*, personified as a printseller, took the helm, this noble fabric became a wreck. In this part of his work Mr. Landseer becomes eloquent; his arguments are irresistible, and so they ought to be; for, as a proof of all that he has written, Mr. Macklin put into his hands the *St. John*, from the immortal hand of West, to make an engraving from for his Bible. Why did Mr. Landseer forget to give this decisive proof of the incapacity of the printsellers to conduct the publication of works of art? Here we see what this gentleman triumphantly calls "the Virgilian line," and the excellence it is capable of; here we see by comparing this *St. John* with Mr. Landseer's other historical subjects in the same work, what variety of foreign powers he called in to his assistance, and here do we see a specimen of the modern method of book-making, in which men can write with great depth of knowledge on arts which they can neither perform themselves, nor teach others how to execute.

This unfortunate mode of art has another enemy in the formidable Mr. Josiah Boydell, and luckily for it, specimens of the judgment of this doughty hero of the brush have been long before the public. That motley collection of painting, the Shakspeare Gallery, which contained works that would have honoured the best ages of the arts, and have disgraced the worst, was enriched with emanations from the mind of this *distinguished* painter; to say they were of the very lowest order of this heterogeneous assemblage, might be disputed, but that they bore a conspicuous part in what disgraced the collection, must be admitted by every man possessing the least knowledge of art. Poverty of style, and plentiful lack of intellect are their attributes; they are the puny abortions of an enfeebled mind; it would be an insult

* Vide Roger Ascham's *Schoolmaster*, 1586.

to common sense, to point out the particulars of their unworthiness.

The last person we shall honour with our notice, who has attacked this art, is the rev. Edward Forster, A. M. F. R. S. and S. A. chaplain to the duke of Newcastle ; biographer of artists ; critic on pictures, and historian of paintings ; translator of the Arabian Nights Entertainments, and Don Quixote ; and speculator in plays and farces. This reverend gentleman asserts that a style of engraving has been frequently practised in England, called the chalk, or dotted style : this mode, he says, has been sometimes employed in historical subjects, either when early publications or cheapness was required, from the ease and rapidity with which it is executed, but it is a mode so decidedly inferior to that of the line engraving, that few collectors ever admit it into their cabinets, and indeed no engraver of any celebrity ever used or practised it from choice, as the superiority of the line is well known to them.

The reverend gentleman asserts, in the prospectus of the British Gallery of Engraving, that two motives have principally induced the proprietors to engage in this laborious and expensive work, *their love for the fine arts*, and their wish that this country should give birth to the most complete and perfect work of the kind ever executed. These are the assertions of a minister of the gospel, and it must be confessed that the motives are as liberal and praiseworthy as can be conceived ; but it will be necessary to caution our readers against a snake in the grass, that this disciple of truth has somehow or other forgot to uncover ; for many of them will not be aware, that a work of the very same nature, and at the same time, is carrying on under the superintendence of * Henry Tresham, Esq. a member of the Royal Academy : the historical and descriptive part to be written by William Ottley, Esq. *the whole of which is to be engraved in the chalk manner.* A very little discernment will enable us to discover this

* Mr. Forster's antipathy to the chalk style of engraving, we can have no doubt, is considerably increased by the galling reflection, that the conductors of the rival work are men with whose powers the public are well acquainted. Mr. Tresham is generally honoured as an artist of very great professional celebrity, and Mr. Ottley is well known to artists and connoisseurs, both here and on the continent, by his exquisite knowledge of the old masters, and by many sublime inventions and actual productions in art from his own pencil.

gentleman's antipathy to this mode of engraving. His spirit of trade cannot brook the idea of having a rival. He dreads the powers of his opponents, which he is well assured are superior to his own, and fearing that the artists employed in the work in which he is engaged are not able to cope with those employed by his antagonists, he endeavours to prejudice the public mind, not daring to trust to a fair and honorable competition, not daring to trust the issue to the real merits of the different modes of engraving, and the abilities of the respective artists employed in them. We shall take the liberty of reminding this reverend gentleman of the fable of the fox, that possessed himself of the holes of the badgers by stinking them out of their habitations.

Of his knowledge in art we know nothing; how was he to acquire it? Helvetius justly observes, that for a man to be truly learned in any particular art or science, presupposes an ignorance of many others. In this he is borne out by the old adage, "Art is long, and life is short." We have sedulously given this son of the church all his honours, and dispute none of them, except in that art in which we are a little conversant, and to which we are allied—painting. We have found that a life devoted to the study of this noble art without practice, does not enable us to become critics on its great professors. We will give him credit for his knowledge of divinity, by inspiration; for his information as a member of the Royal Society, by intuition; for his learning as an antiquarian, by conjuration; for a translator, by genius; and for a speculator in plays and farces, by interest; but before we can give him credit as a critic on painting, he must prove to us that he can paint well himself. His translation from the Arabic is through the medium of M. Galland; let him tell us through what medium his knowledge of painting is derived, and then we shall know how it ought to be appreciated, and what portion of faith should be attached to his lucubrations.

[To be continued.]

ON MAKING A FIGURE:

WITH TWO PICTURES OF HUMAN MEANNESS.

I HAVE read of a squib, which was represented bursting with this motto under it, *peream dum luceam*—"let

me perish, if I do but shine." The same motto will do for all, who dissipate their substance by *shining* or *figuring* with shew and equipage.

All mankind would *make a figure*. To aspire to stations above us, is a maxim universally adopted; yet perhaps the truest wisdom and the surest happiness is, to cultivate well the rank in which we are born. Why should any man covet to raise and distinguish himself farther, than his real well-being may make necessary? * A mark of distinction is, in general, no better than a mark for human malice to shoot at.

There are various ways of *making a figure*, according to Lord Melcombe. In a mean traffic with the Duke of Newcastle for court-preferment, the meanest perhaps that ever was trusted upon paper, he says—"The Duke must think, that 2000*l.* a year would not make my fortune, with one foot in the grave; that, as to rank, I have as much respect for the peerage as any man; but that in my situation, without succession direct or collateral, a peerage to me was not worth the expence of new painting my coach." He told the Duke, nevertheless, that, though he *had one foot in the grave*, he was *determined to make* some sort of *figure* in life: "I earnestly wish it may be under your Grace's protection; but, if that cannot be, I must *make* some *figure*. What it will be, I cannot determine yet: I must look about me a little, and consult my friends; but some *figure* I am resolved to *make*."—Ovid and Horace, though related to a court, have both expressed themselves, as if to live and die unknown were the first of arts: certainly to do so would be better, than to *make* such a *figure* as this. Should

* When an husbandman claimed kinship with Robert Grossthead, Bishop of Lincoln, and thereupon requested from him an office, "Cousin," said the bishop, "if your cart be broken, I'll mend it; if your plow be old, I'll give you a new one, and even seed to sow your land: but an husbandman I found you, and an husbandman I'll leave you." *Fuller's Holy State*, page 25. The bishop thought it kinder (as should seem) to serve him in his way, than to take him out of his way: and perhaps Stephen Duck, the thresher, had been better provided for, if, instead of being first pensioned and afterwards ordained, he had been endowed with ten acres of land, and suffered to thresh on. By turning the laborious thresher into an in-active parson, they brought lunacy first, and then suicide, upon a man, who might otherwise have enjoyed himself with two cows and a pig, and ended his days in serenity and ease.

it be asked, on what this contemptible person grounded his pretensions, he tells you, that he *had a good deal of marketable ware, parliamentary interest*; and by boroughs could insure six members of parliament. Yet the Duke seems to have valued him according to his real merits; for the King would not receive him to any mark of his favour. Pages 223. 299. 308. 315. of the *Diary of George Bubb Doddington, Lord Melcombe, by Henry Penruddocke Wyndham.* 1784, 8vo.

Though this *Diary* every where displays that mean, base, and villainous spirit, which, without any regard to connections and obligations, submits to court and flatter the powers that are; though it shews its author to have been wholly directed by motives of avarice, vanity, and selfishness; yet I entirely think with the editor, that Lord Melcombe, far from suspecting any inference from it dishonourable to himself, meant it as an apology for his political conduct. So different, as he adds, is the moral sense of courtiers from that of other men! *Editor's Preface.*

To put things of a sort together, let me subjoin another picture of human meanness, taken from the *Memoirs of Madame de Pompadour.*

When this lady became mistress of Lewis XV. all France paid her their court; and persons, who had decried her birth, afterwards claimed a relationship to her. The following letter to her, from a gentleman of a very ancient family in Provence, will shew to what intense meanness human nature is capable of descending.

“ My dear cousin,

“ I was ignorant of belonging to you, till the king had nominated you Marchioness of Pompadour: then an able genealogist proved to me, that your great grandfather was my grandfather's cousin in the fourth degree. You see by this, dear cousin, that there is a real consanguinity between us. If it is your pleasure, I will send you the genealogical tree of our relationship, that you may present it to the king. My son, however, your cousin, who served with distinction for some years, would be glad to have a regiment; and, as he cannot hope to obtain it by his rank, I pray you to ask it from the king as a favour.”

HER ANSWER:

"SIR,

"I shall embrace the first opportunity of requesting the king to grant your son the regiment you desire; but I have in my turn a favour to ask of you, which is, to permit me not to have the honour of being your relation. Family reasons hinder me from believing that my ancestors have been allied with the ancient houses of the kingdom."—She adds, in her narrative, that she should "put the half of France to the blush, were she to mention all the letters she had received, full of the most abject submissions, from the first families in the kingdom." *Annual Register* for 1766.

P.

MODERN PROPHECYINGS.

MR. CONDUCTOR,

Nothing is a surer symptom of ignorance than superstition, and I am extremely glad that the progress of religion, as it has enlightened the minds of men to the truth, has freed the mind in a great degree from the effects of that debasing malady. Sorcerers with their wands, and witches riding upon broom-sticks, have no power to scare our senses or alarm our fears in these days. We laugh now at those marvellous tales of ghosts and goblins at which our grandmothers shook with terror. If the conjuror with his cups and balls has still his place among us, we are merely amused by his skill, but we know that the whole is a deception, however well practised. But still the day of *dreams* and *presentiments* is not yet quite gone by, and there are some amongst us who still lend a believing ear to predictions, and are weak enough to suppose that the conjunction of the stars and planets influence the events of life and the destinies of men. Moore's Almanack is still the book of reference for the changes of the weather, and even the changes of empire, to many an old woman who never looks much beyond an almanack for intelligence of any kind. And many are credulous enough to give to these predictions all the weight of true prophecy. Now, sir, as a man who is perpetually firing, though at random, will chance, some time or other, to hit the mark, so it has happened that the Editor of this Moore's Almanack

(for Moore has himself long since gone to the worms) has blundered out a prediction that is to a certain extent verified; and as this circumstance may chance to bring superstition a little into repute it may be worth while to examine for a moment the credit due to the Almanack maker in his character of prophet. Now, sir, if this is any thing more than a random assertion verified, it must be either an inspired prophecy, or an event foretold by consulting the planets. For the writer is either a prophet or an astrologer, or he is neither. Now as the belief of astrology is gone pretty well out of fashion, and as the blunders contained in the event foretold, prove it not to have been matter of actual inspiration, we can only ascribe it to what is called, in many cases, a lucky hit. A prophecy ought to be verified with exactness, or it is worth nothing as a *prophecy*. But let us examine in the present case, how wide the prediction is given, and how much may be made to come within it. "Near this time the Turkish emperor *dies*, or it may be *hides his head*,"—Here it is clear this calculator could not tell whether he would do either the one or the other, so that he takes care by the convenient phrase 'or it may be' to slip in, as it were, between both, and to secure credit either way. If he had died a *natural death*, it would have done for the prediction, or if he had been slain in an *insurrection* of his subjects in these revolutionary times, it would have just as well applied, for he still would have *died*. But it was possible in case of any public revolt, he might effect an escape and secret himself; in this case, he will be said to *hide his head*, or if it should be cut off, still it will be made to apply, for though he cannot be himself said to hide his head, yet his subjects *hide it for him*, and in these cases when we cannot suite the prophecy to the fact, we must square the fact to the prophecy. This is matter of no great difficulty, for those who are determined to make a dream or a prophecy come true, will always cut and contrive some fact till it fits. Well, but you must allow that the foretelling this event, considering in what manner it has happened, is extraordinary? But let us ask in return, suppose it had not happened? why in that case the prophecy would have been forgotten, or if the failure had been remarked, the astrologer had carved out for himself a way of escape, for the words '*near this time*' give him a latitude which his believers will interpret in his favour, whether it be

greater or less, but if no such event had happened at all, still he saves his reputation, nay, in the opinion of many, would perhaps have encreased it, for he takes care to conclude thus: "if he can save his life let him, I give him fair warning of it." Thus if matters go on right, it might still have been said, "the Turkish emperor had no doubt profited by this precaution, and had so concerted measures in consequence of it, as to save his life, otherwise he no doubt would have lost it" — so that the astrologer takes care, like a cat, always to fall upon his legs. Lord Bacon speaking on the subject of these kind of prophecies, says, "My judgment is that they ought all to be despised, and ought to serve but for winter talk by the fire side. Though when I say despised, I mean it as for belief; for otherwise the spreading or publishing of them, is in no sort to be dispised, for they have done much mischief. That which hath given them grace, and some credit, consisteth in three things. First, that men mark when they hit, and never mark when they miss, as they do generally, also, of dreams. The second is, that probable *conjectures*, many times turn themselves into *prophecies*; while the nature of man, which covereth divination, thiinks it no peril to foretell that which they do but collect. The third and last is, that almost all of them, being infinite in number have been impostors, and by idle and crafty brains, merely contrived and feigned after the event past."

VERITAS.

PITY AND LOVE.

THAT pity leads to love is a sentiment confirmed by every day's experience, and remarkably exemplified at the present moment.

Numbers of English women have married exiled Frenchmen, and many instances have occurred, in which virgins, widows, mothers of families, and buxom abigails, have been seduced by these strangers, whose persons, tempers, and manners, were by no means attractive; the lovers, in every instance I was acquainted with, had no other recommendation than genuine distress, and fortunes ruined beyond recovery.

"La pitié," says one of their writers, "comme toutes les passions, a ses sophismes, et ses erreurs."

But if this amiable weakness sometimes leads to error and degradation, it occasionally is the handmaid of happiness and domestic comfort; a case strongly in point occurred in the life of Dr. John Burton, formerly fellow of Eton College, a man never recollected by his contemporaries without love and regret.

Dr. Burton having been presented by his college to the vicarage of Maple-Derham, in Oxfordshire, repaired to that place in order to be inducted; when a melancholy scene presented itself; the widow of his predecessor in that preferment, (Dr. Edward Lyttleton), with three infant daughters, without a home, and without fortune!!

The worthy doctor insisted that the lady should on no account be put to the trouble of quitting the parsonage; he consoled her by every means in his power, and occasionally repeating his visits, became strongly interested in her welfare, and, at the same time, so fascinated with her person, disposition, manners and accomplishments, that, after a decent time, they became man and wife.

Those who have a relish for learning, embellished by taste and guided by good sense, will find them happily united in the *Opuscula* of this excellent man; a Latin oration spoken before the university of Oxford, and afterwards published under the title of "*Heli, or an instance of a Magistrate erring through lenity,*" is well worthy the perusal of vice chancellors, proctors, and heads of houses.

The following passage of his monumental inscription is strictly appropriate; *Vir, inter primos, doctus, ingeniosus, pius, opum contemptor, ingenue juventutis factor.*

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

The following example of the double Acrostic is taken from Alexander Nevill's *Lacrymæ Academicæ Cantabrigiæ tumulo nobilissimi Equitis D. Phlilidpi Sidneii sacratæ*; a very curious and exceedingly rare tract.

PH-armaca mens spernens medijs stans dira triumph-I
 I-njicit in pectus Sidneii tela Philipp-I
 L-longius ergo fugis saccos O Anglia? numqui-D
 I-n cineres differs tua gaudia. vertere? nemo-N
 P-loratum luget Comitem? cui nulla tuler-E
 P-ace, fideque parem, permagni sæcula mund-I
 V-i superans, virtute valens sui belliger ict-V
 S-ternitur astra petens lenibus Sidneius ali-S

G. FAIRFAX.

REVIEW OF BOOKS.

PROBATQUE CULPATQUE.

An Account of the Life and Writings of James Beattie, L. L. D. late Professor of Moral Philosophy and Logic, in the Marischal College and University of Aberdeen : including many of his original Letters. By Sir William Forbes of Pitsligo, Baronet, one of the Executors of Dr. Beattie. 4to, 2 vols. London, 1806.

Dr. Beattie and his biographer are unconscious now both of censure and praise ; Sir William Forbes died very soon after the publication of these volumes, which give a faithful, feeling, and satisfactory account of Dr. Beattie's life and writings, and, perhaps, some will think too indiscriminating a selection of his epistolary correspondence : but Dr. Beattie's letters, though sometimes upon trifling subjects, cannot be read without interest, and as his acquaintance was extensive, and included nearly all the literary characters of his day, we are more inclined to thank his biographer than censure him for the copious stores to which he has admitted us.

The works on which Dr. Beattie's reputation is principally founded, are the *Minstrel*, a poem in every hand, and in almost every body's mouth ; and the *Essay on Truth*, a very elaborate composition, which does its author immortal honour, and is one of the best antidotes to infidelity which has ever issued from the press. One of its greatest recommendations is its perspicuity ; the intricate speculations of former writers are thoroughly examined, and by appeals to facts and experience, by familiar illustrations and examples he solves every difficulty which scepticism has interposed to conceal the truth, and detects all her arts and fallacies, by tracing the different kinds of evidence up to their first principles.

This admirable performance rendered the doctor very popular, and procured him a pension of 200*l.* a year. It also was the means of introducing him to a private

audience with the King and Queen, an interview of which he has given a particular account. It is curious, and, though it has been published before, our readers we think, will be pleased with an extract from it,

"We were received in the most gracious manner possible, by both their Majesties. I had the honour of a conversation with them (no body else being present but Dr. Majendie) for upwards of an hour, on a great variety of topics, in which both the King and Queen joined, with a degree of cheerfulness, affability and ease, that was to me surprising, and soon dissipated the embarrassment which I felt at the beginning of the conference. They both complimented me, in the highest terms, on my "Essay," which, they said, was a book they always kept by them; and the King said he had one copy of it at Kew, and another in town, and immediately went and took it down from a shelf. I found it was the second edition. "I never stole a book but one," said his Majesty, "and that was yours (speaking to me); I stole it from the Queen, to give it to Lord Hertford to read." He had heard that the sale of "Hume's Essays" had failed, since my book was published; and I told him what Mr. Strahan had told me, in regard to that matter. He had even heard of my being in Edinburgh, last summer, and how Mr. Hume was offended on the score of my book. He asked many questions about the second part of the "Essay," and when it would be ready for the press. I gave him, in a short speech, an account of the plan of it; and said, my health was so precarious, I could not tell when it might be ready, as I had many books to consult before I could finish it; but that if my health were good, I thought I might bring it to a conclusion in two or three years. He asked, how long I had been in composing my "Essay?" praised the caution with which it was written; and said, he did not wonder that it had employed me five or six years. He asked about my poems. I said, there was only one poem of my own, on which I set any value (meaning the "Minstrel"), and that it was first published about the same time with the "Essay." My other poems, I said, were incorrect, being but juvenile pieces, and of little consequence, even in my own opinion. We had much conversation on moral subjects; from which both their Majesties let it appear, that they were warm friends to Christianity; and so little inclined to infidelity, that they could hardly believe that any thinking man could really be an atheist, unless he could bring himself to believe that he made himself; a thought which pleased the King exceedingly; and he repeated it several times to the Queen. He asked, whether any thing had been written against me. I spoke of the late pamphlet, of which I gave an account, telling him, that I never had met with any man who had read it, except one quaker. This brought on some discourse about the quakers, whose moderation, and mild behaviour, the King and Queen commended. I was asked many questions about the Scots universities, the revenues of the Scots clergy, their mode of praying and preaching, the medical college of Edinburgh, Dr. Gregory, (of whom I gave a particular character), and Dr. Cullen; the length of our vacation at Aberdeen, and the closeness of our attendance during the winter; the number of students that attend my lectures, my mode of lecturing, whether from

notes, or completely written lectures: about Mr. Hume and Dr. Robertson, and Lord Kinnoull, and the Archbishop of York, &c. &c. His Majesty asked what I thought of my new acquaintance, Lord Dartmouth? I said, there was something in his air and manner, which I thought not only agreeable, but enchanting, and that he seemed to me to be one of the best of men; a sentiment in which both their Majesties heartily joined. "They say that Lord Dartmouth is an enthusiast," said the King; but surely he says nothing on the subject of religion, but what every Christian may, and ought to say." He asked, whether I did not think the English language on the decline at present? I answered in the affirmative; and the King agreed, and named the "Spectator" as one of the best standards of the language. When I told him that the Scots clergy sometimes prayed a quarter, or even half an hour, at a time, he asked whether that did not lead them into repetitions? I said it often did. "That," said he, "I don't like in prayers; and excellent as our liturgy is, I think it somewhat faulty in that respect."

Some advances were made to our strenuous and successful advocate for *Truth*, to tempt him over to the Church of England, but he declined the proposal.

"Might it not (says he) have the appearance of lewity and insincerity, and, by some, be construed into a want of principle, if I were at these years (for I am now thirty-eight) to make such an important change in my way of life, and to quit without any *apparent* motive than that of bettering my circumstances, that church of which I have hitherto been a member? If my book has any tendency to do good, as I flatter myself it has, I would not, for the wealth of the Indies do any thing to counteract that tendency; and I am afraid that tendency might in some measure be counteracted, (at least in this country), if I were to give the adversary the least ground to charge me with inconsistency."

Dr. Beattie suffered much from domestic calamity. His wife became insane; and both his sons died, after attaining maturity. His spirits gradually sunk under these afflictions, and the loss of his youngest son, Montagu, affected his mind almost to derangement.

"The death of his only surviving child (says Sir William Forbes) completely unhinged the mind of Dr. Beattie, the first symptom of which, ere many days had elapsed, was a temporary but almost total loss of memory respecting his son. Many times he could not recollect what had become of him; and after searching in every room of the house, he would say to his niece, Mrs. Glennie, "You may think it strange, but I must ask you if I have a son, and where he is? She then felt herself under the painful necessity of bringing to his recollection his son Montagu's sufferings, which always restored him to reason. And he would often, with many tears, express his thankfulness, that he had no child, saying, "How could I have borne to see their elegant minds mangled with madness!" When he looked for the last time on the body of his son, he said, "I have now done with the world;" and he ever after seemed to act as if he thought so. For he never applied himself to any sort of study, and answered but few of the letters he received from the

friends whom he most valued. Yet the receiving a letter from an old friend never failed to put him in spirits for the rest of the day. Music, which had been his great delight, he could not endure, after the death of his eldest son, to hear from others; and he disliked his own favourite violoncello. A few months before Montagu's death, he did begin to play a little by way of accompaniment when Montagu sung: but after he lost him, when he was prevailed on to touch the violoncello, he was always discontented with his own performance, and at last seemed to be unhappy when he heard it. The only enjoyment he seemed to have was in books, and the society of a few old friends. It is impossible to read the melancholy picture which he draws of his own situation about this time, without dropping a tear of pity over the sorrows and the sufferings of so good a man thus severely visited by affliction."

After lingering a few years, almost in a state of insensibility, he died in 1803.

Memoirs of M. de Brinboc: containing some Views of English and Foreign Society. 12mo. 3 vols. 12s. 6d. Cadell and Davies.

This is the production of a superior writer. The incidents are numerous and striking, and the interest is powerfully supported. M. de Brinboc is a Frenchman who has been forced to fly from his country on account of his principles. After various adventures on the continent he arrives in London, and we are admitted to some curious *Views of English Society* drawn with much skill, and very highly coloured.

The characters are very numerous and happily discriminated, and the style and sentiments are admirable.

Poetic Sketches by T. Gent. 12mo. 4s. 6d. Yarmouth, Beart. London, Rivington. 1807.

Mr. Gent does not aspire to any high rank as a poet, but his compositions merit the praise of correctness, simplicity, and sometimes of elegance. The following is perhaps one of the most pleasing specimens that the volume affords.

THE BEGGAR.

Of late I saw him on his staff reclin'd,
Bow'd down beneath a weary weight of woes,
Without a roof to shelter from the wind
His head, all hoar with many a winter's snows.
All trembling he approach'd, he strove to speak;
The voice of mis'ry scarce my ear assail'd:
A flood of sorrow swept his furrow'd cheek,
Remembrance check'd him, and his att'rance fail'd.

For he had known full many a better day;
 And when the poor-man at his threshold bent,
 He drove him not with aching heart away,
 But freely shar'd what Providence had sent;—
 How hard for him the stranger's boon to crave,
 And live to want the mite his bounty gave!

The Rising Sun; a Serio-comic Satiric Romance, by Cervantes Hogg, F.S.M. Vol. III. 12mo. Apple-yards, London, 1807.

The sale of the first two volumes of this satire was so satisfactory to the publisher, that he has added a third by way of *postscript*; in which some further adventures of Mr. Merryman, Mr. Windpuff, Mr. Bed-board, Mr. Brownbread, Mr. Mimkin, Mr. Turn-any-way, and other notorious worshippers of the *Rising Sun* are related with the same blunt whimsicality as in the preceding volumes. They have amused us not a little, and we can commend in pretty warm terms the parody on a fairy tale, to which the author has given the title of *Prince Georgiskhan, and the Fairy Prudentia*. It is ingeniously managed; the satire is just, and we hope it may prove salutary.

Beachy Head: with other Poems, by Charlotte Smith. Now first published. 12mo. pp. 219. Johnson. 1807.

It was intended to prefix to these poems a few particulars of Mrs. Smith's life; a design which we are not sorry to learn was abandoned, since we are told, that her memoirs, in lieu of a scanty account, are likely to appear, with a selection of her correspondence, on a more enlarged plan, and under the immediate authority of her own nearest relatives.

The principal of these poems is *Beachy Head*. It is in blank verse, and the genius and pathos of this exquisite poet are frequently to be traced in it, but we do not rank it among her happiest compositions. It is often languid and dilated, and the descriptions possess no novelty. The *Studies by the Sea* are written with a bolder pen, and some of the stanzas are extremely beautiful.

What glories on the sun attend,
 When the full tides of evening flow,
 Where in still trembling beauty blend
 With amber light, the opal's glow;
 While in the east the diamond bow,
 Rises in virgin lustre bright,
 And from the horizon seems to throw,
 A partial line of trembling light
 To the hush'd shore; and all the tranquil deep,
 Beneath the modest moon is sooth'd to sleep.

Forgotten then, the thundering break
 Of waves, that in the tempest rise,
 The falling cliff, the shatter'd wreck,
 The howling blast, the sufferer's cries;
 For soft the breeze of evening sighs,
 And murmuring seems in Fancy's ear
 To whisper fairy lullabies,
 That tributary waters bear
 From precipices, dark with piny woods,
 And inland rocks, and heathy solitudes.

The other poems are thus entitled; *The Truant Dove*, a fable from Pilpay; *The Lark's Nest*, from Esop; *The Swallow*; *Flora*; *The Horologe of the Fields*; *Saint Monica*; *A Walk in the Shrubbery*, &c. The notes occupy about a third of the volume. They chiefly explain the names of plants, flowers and birds, which Mrs. Smith was always fond of introducing with rather too much affectation of science. Upon the whole we do not think these productions will add much to her reputation.

Flora and *Studies by the Sea*, are reprinted from her "Conversations for the Use of Children and Young Persons."

Anthologia. A Collection of Epigrams, ludicrous Epitaphs, Sonnets, Tales, Miscellaneous Anecdotes, &c. &c. interspersed with Originals. 12mo. 4s. Higley, 1807.

The title is not very appropriate. W. T. of the *Middle Temple* has collected more weeds than flowers, and some of the former are rather of a noxious quality. We will transcribe two or three of the epitaphs, not tempted however so much from their novelty, as from the assurance in the title page that *decies repetita placebunt*.

On the Tomb of Dr. Fuller, at Oxford.
 Here lies Fuller's Earth.

On William Williams.
 Here lies the body of W. W.
 Who never more will trouble you, trouble you.

At Seven-Oaks, Kent.
 Grim Death took me without any warning,
 I was well at night, and dead at nine in the morning.

Another.
 The wedding-day appointed was,
 The wedding-clothes provided;
 But, ere that day did come, alas!
 He sicken'd, and he die did.

Also, when any knight, citizen, or burgeess, doth enter or come into the lower house, he must make his dutiful and humble obeisance at his entry in, and then take his place. And you shall understand, that as every such person ought to be grave, wise, and expert, so ought he to shew himself in his apparel; for, in times past, none of the counsellors of the parliament came otherwise than in his gown*, and not armed nor girded with a weapon. For the parliament house is a place for wise, grave, and good men, to consult, debate, and advise, how to make laws, and order for the commonwealth, and not to be armed as men ready to fight, or to try matters by the sword. And albeit the writ for the election of the knights have express words to choose such for knights as be girded with the sword, yet it is not meant thereby that they should come and sit armed; but be such as be skilful in feats of arms, and, besides their good advices, can well serve in martial affairs; and thus the Roman senators used, who, being men of great knowledge and experience, as well in martial affairs as in politic causes, sat always in the senate house and places of council in their gowns and long robes. The like also was always, and hath been the order in the parliament of this realm, as long as the ancient laws, the old customs, and good order thereof, were kept and observed.

If any other person or persons, either in message or being sent for, do come, he ought to be brought in by the serjeant, and at the first entering must (following the serjeant) make one low obeisance, and being part in the middle way, must make one other; and when he is come before the speaker, he must make the third, and then do his message: the like order he must keep in his return. But if he do come alone, or with his learned counsel to plead any matter, or answer to any objections, he shall enter, and go no farther than to the bar within the door, and there do his three obeisances.

When any bill is committed, the committees have not authority to conclude, but only to order, reform, examine and amend the thing committed unto them;

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If any man do speak unto a bill, and be out of his matter, he ought to be put in remembrance of the matter by the speaker only, and by none other, and be willing to come to the matter.

Whensoever any person doth speak to any bill, he ought to stand up, and to be bare-headed, and then with all reverence, gravity, and seemly speech, to declare his mind. But whensoever any bill shall be tried, either for allowances or to be rejected, then every one ought to sit; because he is then as a judge.

Also, every knight, citizen, and burgess, before he do enter into the parliament, and take his place there, ought to be sworn and to take his oath, acknowledging the king to be the supreme and only governor of all the estates within the realm, as also to renounce all foreign potentates.

[From a Paper written in the Reign of Queen Elizabeth.]

THE ARTS.

No. VI.

AN APOLOGY FOR THE CHALK MANNER OF ENGRAVING.

"The times have been,
That, when the brains were out, the man would die,
And there an end; but now they rise again,
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
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Mr. CONDUCTOR,

EVERY man that has made the most trifling approaches towards refinement, must observe with pleasure,

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THE DRAMA.

ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE.—*Shakspeare.*

HISTORY OF THE INTRODUCTION OF FEMALE PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE.

BY EDMOND MALONE, ESQ.

IT is well known, that in the time of Shakspeare, and for many years afterwards, female characters were represented solely by boys, or young men. Nashe, in a pamphlet published in 1592, speaking in defence of the English stage, *boasts* that the players of his time "were not as the players beyond sea, a sort of squinting bawdie comedians, that have whores and common curtizans to play women's parts."* What Nashe considered as an high eulogy on his country, Prynne has made one of his principal charges against the English stage; having employed several pages in his bulky volume, and quoted many hundred authorities, to prove "that those playes wherein any men act women's parts in woman's apparell must needs be sinful, yea, abominable unto christians.† The grand basis of his argument is a text in scripture; *Deuteronomy* xxii. 5; "The woman shall not wear that which pertaineth unto man, neither shall a man put on a woman's garment;" A precept which Sir Richard Baker has justly remarked is no part of the moral law, and ought not to be understood literally. "Where," says Sir Richard, "finds he this precept? even in the same place where he finds also that we must not wear cloaths of linsey-woolsey; and seeing we lawfully now wear cloaths of linsey-woolsey, why may it not be as lawful for men to put on women's garments?" ‡

* *Pierce Penniless his supplication of the devil.* 4to 1592.

† *Histrionastix*, 4to. 1633. p. 179.

‡ *Theatrum triumphans*, 8vo. 1670. p. 16. Martin Luther's comment on this text is as follows: Hic non prohibetur quin ad vitandum periculum, aut ludendum joco, vel ad fallendum hostes mulier

It may perhaps be supposed, that Prynne, having thus vehemently inveighed against men's representing female characters on the stage, would not have been averse to the introduction of women in the scene; but sinful as this zealot thought it in *men* to assume the garments of the other sex, he considered it as not less abominable in *women* to tread the stage in their own proper dress: For he informs us "that some Frenchwomen, or *monsters* rather, in Michaelmas term, 1627, attempted to act a French play at the play-house, in Blackfriars," which he represents as "an impudent, shameful, unwomanish, graceless, if not more than *whorish* attempt." *

Soon after the period he speaks of, a regular French theatre was established in London, where without doubt women acted. They had long before appeared on the Italian as well as the French stage. When Coryate was at Venice, (July 1608) he tells us he was at one of their play-houses, and saw a comedy acted. "The house, he adds, is very beggarly and base, in comparison of our stately playhouses in England; neither can their actors

possit gerere arma viri, et vir uti veste muliebri; sed ut serio et usitato habitu talia non fiant, ut decora utrique sexui servetur dignitas." And the learned Jesuit, Dorin, concurs with him: *Dissimulatio vestis potest interdum sine peccato fieri, vel ad representandam comice tragiceve personam, vel ad affugiendum periculum, vel in casu simili.*" Ibid. p. 19.

* He there calls it only an *attempt*, but in a former page (215) he says "they have now their female players in Italy, and other foreign parts, as they had such French women actors in a play not long since personated in Blackfrier's playhouse, to which there was great resort." In the margin he adds—"in Michaelmas, 1629." His account is confirmed by Sir Henry Herbert's Office-book.

Prynne, in conformity to the absurd notions which have been stated in the text, inserted in his index these words: "*Women actors notorious whores:*" by which he so highly offended the king and queen, that he was tried in the star-chamber, and sentenced to be imprisoned for life, fined £5000, expelled Lincoln's Inn, disbarred, and disqualified to practise the law, degraded of his degree in the university, to be set on the pillory, his ears cut off, and his book burnt by the common hangman, "which rigorous sentence," says Whitelocke, "was as rigorously executed."

In page 708 of Prynne's book is the following note, the insertion of which probably incensed their majesties, who often performed in the court-masques, not less than what has been already mentioned: "It is infamous in this author's judgment [Dion Cassius] for emperors or persons of quality to *dance upon a stage, or act a play.*"

compare with us for apparell, shewes and musicke. Here I observed certaine things that I never saw before; for I saw women act, a thing that I never saw before, though I have heard that it hath been sometimes used in London; and they performed it with as good a grace, action, gesture, and whatsoever convenient for a player, as ever I saw any masculine actor." *

The practice of men's performing the parts of women in the scene is of the highest antiquity. On the Grecian stage no woman certainly ever acted. From Plutarch's life of Phocion, we learn, that in his time (about three hundred and eighteen years before the christian æra) the performance of a tragedy at Athens was interrupted for some time by one of the actors, who was to personate a *queen*, refusing to come on the stage, because he had not a suitable mask and dress, and a train of attendants richly habited; and Demosthenes, in one of his orations, mentions Theodorus and Aristodemus as having often represented the Antigone of Sophocles. This fact is also ascertained by an actor preserved by Aulus Gellius. A very celebrated actor, whose name was Polus, was appointed to perform the part of Electra, in Sophocles's play; who in the progress of the drama appears with an urn in her hands, containing as she supposes, the ashes of Orestes. The actor having been some time before deprived by death of a beloved son, to indulge his grief, as it should seem, procured the urn which contained the ashes of his child, to be brought from his tomb; which affected him so much, that when he appeared with it on the scene, he embraced it with unfeigned sorrow, and burst into tears.

That on the Roman stage also, female parts were represented by men in tragedy, is ascertained by one of Cicero's letters to Atticus, in which he speaks of Antipho, † who performed the part of Andromache; and by a passage in Horace, who informs us, that Fusius Phœcæus being to perform the part of Ilione, the wife of Polymnestor, in a tragedy written either by Accius or Pacuvius, and being in the course of the play to be awakened out of sleep by the cries of the shade of Po-

* Coryate's *Crudities*, 4to. 1611. p. 247. I have found no ground for this writer's assertion, that female performers had appeared on the English stage before he wrote.

† Epistol. ad Atticum, Lib. IV. c. xv.

Hydorus, got so drunk, that he fell into a real and profound sleep, from which no noise could rouse him.

Horace, indeed, mentions a female performer, called Arbuscula; but as we find, from his own authority, that men personated women on the Roman stage, she probably was only an *emboliaria*, who performed in the interludes and dances exhibited between the acts, and at the end of the play. Servius calls her *Mima*, but that may mean nothing more than one who acted in the *mimes*, or danced in the pantomime dances; and this seems the more probable from the manner in which she is mentioned by Cicero, from whom we learn that the part of Andromache was performed by a male actor on that very day when Arbuscula exhibited with the highest applause.

The same practice prevailed in the time of the emperors; for in the list of parts which Nero, with a preposterous ambition, acted in the public theatre, we find that of Canace, who was represented in labour on the stage.

In the interludes exhibited between the acts, undoubtedly women appeared. The elder Pliny informs us, that a female, named Luceia, acted in these interludes for an hundred years; and Galeria Copiola for above ninety years, having been first introduced on the scene in the fourteenth year of her age, in the year of Rome 672, when Caius Marius the younger, and Cneidus Carbo, were consuls, and having performed in the 104th year of her age, six years before the death of Augustus, in the consulate of C. Poppæus and Quintus Sulpicius, A. U. C. 762.

Eunuchs also sometimes represented women on the Roman stage, as they do at this day in Italy; for we find that Sporus, who made so conspicuous a figure in the time of Nero, being appointed in the year 70, [A. U. C. 823,] to personate a nymph, who, in an interlude exhibited before Vitellius, was to be carried off by a ravisher, rather than endure the indignity of wearing a female dress on the stage, put himself to death; a singular end for one, who, about ten years before, had been publicly espoused to Nero, in the Hymeneal veil, and had been carried through one of the streets of Rome by the side of that monster, in the imperial robes of the empresses, ornamented with a profusion of jewels.

Thus ancient was the usage, which, though not

adopted in the neighbouring countries of France and Italy, prevailed in England from the infancy of the stage. The prejudice against women appearing on the scene continued so strong, that, until near the time of the Restoration, boys constantly performed female characters: and, strange as it may now appear, the old practice was not deserted without many apologies for the *indecorum* of the novel usage. In 1659 or 1660, in imitation of the foreign theatres, women were first introduced on the scene. In 1656, indeed, Mrs. Coleman, the wife of Mr. Edward Coleman, represented *Ianthe* in the first part of D'Avenant's *Siege of Rhodes*; but the little she had to say was spoken in recitative. The first woman that appeared in any regular drama on a public stage, performed the part of Desdemona; but who the lady was I am unable to ascertain. The play of *Othello* is enumerated by Downes as one of the stock-plays of the king's company, on their opening their theatre in Drury Lane in April, 1663; and it appears, from a paper found with Sir Henry Herbert's office-book, and indorsed by him, that it was one of the stock-plays of the same company from the time they began to play without a patent at the Red Bull in St. John street. Mrs. Hughes performed the part of Desdemona in 1663, when the company removed to Drury Lane, and obtained the title of the king's servants; but whether she performed with them while they played at the Red Bull, or in Vere street, near Clare-market, has not been ascertained. Perhaps Mrs. Saunderson made her first essay there, though she afterwards was enlisted in D'Avenant's company. The received tradition is, that she was the first English actress.

It is certain, however, that for some time after the Restoration, men also acted female parts; and Mr. Kynaston, even after women had assumed their proper rank on the stage, was not only endured but admired, if we may believe a contemporary writer, who assures us, "that being then very young, he made a complete stage-beauty, performing his parts so well, (particularly *Arthiops* and *Aglaura*,) that it has since been disputable among the judicious, whether any woman that succeeded him, touched the audience so sensibly as he.

In D'Avenant's company, the first actress that appeared, was probably Mrs. Saunderson, who performed *Ianthe* in the *Siege of Rhodes*, on the opening of his

new theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields, in April, 1662. It does not appear, from Downes's account, that while D'Avenant's company performed at the Cock-pit in Drury Lane, during the years 1651, 1660, and 1661, they had any female performer among them, or that *Othello* was acted by them at that period.

PORTRAIT OF A PLAYER.

Drawn in the Year 1630,

HE knowes the right vse of the world, wherein hee comes to play a part, and so away. His life is not idle, for it is all action, and no man need be more wary in his doings, for the eyes of all men are vpon him. His profession has in it a kind of contradiction, for none is more dislik'd, and yet none more applauded; and hee has this misfortune of some scholler, too much witte makes him a fool. He is like our painting gentlewomen, seldome in his owne face, seldomer in his cloathes, and hee pleases the better hee counterfeits, except onely when hee is disguised with straw for gold lace. Hee does not onely personate on the stage, but sometime in the street; for he is mask'd still in the habite of a gentleman. His parts find him oathes and good words, which he keeps for his vse and discourse, and makes shew with them of a fashionable companion. Hee is tragicall on the stage, but rampant in the tyring-house, and sweares oathes there which he never cond. The waiting women spectators are ouer ears in love with him, and ladies send for him to act in thier chambers. Your innes of court men were vndone but for him; hee is thier chiefe guest and imployment, and the sole businesse that makes them afternoones men. The poet only is his tyrant, and hee is bound to make his friends friend drunk at his charges.

Shroue Tuesday hee fears as much as the bawds, and Lent is more damage to him then the Butcher. Hee was neuer so much discredited as in one act, and that was of Parliment, which giues Hostlers priuiledge before him, for which hee abhors it more then a corrupt judge. But to give him his due, one wel-furnish't actor has enough in him for five common gentlemen, and if hee haue a good body for sixe, and for resolution hee shall challenge any *Cato*, for it has been his practice to die brauely.

GARRICK AND FOOTE.

Garrick and Foote were the two theatrical meteors of their day : both men of wit and education ; both authors, managers, and actors ; both objects that attracted the admiration of the public ; and by this collision of characters they may perhaps better elucidate each other, than by an individual description.

Foote was by far the better scholar of the two : and to this superiority he added also a good taste, a warm imagination, a strong turn for mimicry, and a constant fresh supply of occasional reading from the best authors of all descriptions. He could likewise apply all these advantages with great readiness ; so that either with his pen, or in conversation, he was never at a loss.

Garrick was no *Grecian*. Davies says of him, in his *Memoirs*, that " he had *once* made himself master of all the Greek words ;" but admitting that he had retained them, what sort of a Greek scholar would *this* knowledge have made him ? In respect to the Latin, he might, perhaps, have acquired some proficiency when he was under the care of Dr. Johnson at Lichfield ; but Johnson afterwards said of him, " David has not latin enough ; he finds out the latin by the meaning, rather than the meaning by the latin." He was, however, tolerably conversant in the classics ; a good Frenchman ; and read and conversed occasionally in the Italian.—He also possessed a good taste, with a pleasing lively manner of delivery. The fact was, that Garrick's literary pursuits were in a great degree checked by the sudden influx of his fame and fortune ; for when he became a manager, it happened of course, that from the care of a great theatre, from his own performances, and the attention which he paid to pecuniary concerns, he had no time for the high and regular improvement of the mind : he saw a mass of wealth presenting itself before him, and he "*clutched*" it with a much more certain grasp than the air-drawn dagger of Macbeth ; leaving at his death more than one hundred thousand pounds, with this *most affectionate* compliment to his relations, " that he knew of no friends out of their circle."

Though Foote was not deficient in paying his respects to men of rank and fashion, he never sought them with any kind of unbecoming eagerness, or made the least distinction at his table between them and the obscurest guest. When that table too was all in a roar, as it

usually was, he never stopped the career of his *bon-mot* out of respect to persons ; it as readily struck a noble duke as a poor player. His visitors knew the terms on which they met : some approved of them from the general love of wit and good humour, while others endured them in order the better to keep within his favour and friendship.

Garrick, on the contrary, was all submission in the presence of either a peer or a poet ; equally loth to offend the dignity of the one, or provoke the irritability of the other : hence he was, at times, too methodical in his conversation to admit of his mixing in "the feast of reason and the flow of soul." To his dependents and inferior players, however, he was indeed *king DAVID*, except when he had a mind to mortify them by means of one another. On such occasions he generally took up some of the lowest among them ; whom he not only cast in the same scenes with himself, but frequently walked arm in arm with in the Green-room, and sometimes in his morning rambles about the streets.

In his domestic arrangements Garrick was uniform and respectable : a handsome house in town and country, carriages, servants, &c. and when he gave grand entertainments, he saw some of the first company, for rank and abilities, in the kingdom. But in such meetings conversation generally partook more of a high-bred style, than the easy familiarity of a social party ; except when Foote, Chase Price, Rigby, Fitzherbert, and others of this class were present. Then indeed the pale of high breeding was instantly broken down ; and wit, fun, and good humour, became the order of the day.

But fairly to taste the respective powers of these two distinguished characters, was to see them *pitted* together at the table of a third person, in the range of general and free conversation : a scene in which they often appeared, and where they both displayed powers which placed them so deservedly high on the scale of public importance.

The mind of Garrick,—strong innatural force, which was further aided by great professional knowledge, talents for mimicry, a wide range of good company, and much acuteness of observation, afforded him innumerable topics of conversation, which he dilated upon in a very pleasing and agreeable manner : but this was in all cases regulated by, and made subordinate to, his deference for superiors in rank or station, and his great respect for the decorums of life. He dared not let his shaft fly with the

freedom of Foote's, for fear of giving offence ; and from this cause has probably often repressed those coruscations of fancy, which would otherwise have shone with great lustre. In fact Garrick's chief excellence did not lie in the *reciprocity* of conversation ; but in the narration of lively and agreeable anecdotes, humorous stories, &c. drawing his knowledge, as it were, rather from an intellectual *reservoir* than a *spring*. Yet in these respects he was often so pleasing, so fanciful, and so characteristic, that it would be difficult to find a man who could make and leave a more favourable impression on his company.

Foote's conversation was of such a description, that "nought but itself could be its parallel." Teeming with fancy and various knowledge, fearless of consequences, and privileged in the character of a wit, he took his stand with confidence, and threw his shafts around him with the dexterity of a master, the first and the last of his own school. He was rapid, lucid, and exuberant ; and his image of ridicule, and portraits of characters, were so strong, novel, and whimsical, that he carried the imagination of his hearers insensibly along with him. In short, Garrick's conversation was like a gentle heat, that cheered and warmed ; Foote's, a meteor that delighted by the splendour of its blaze.

Being (as is above remarked) a better scholar too than Garrick, he had a greater command of topics. He could turn "from gay to grave, from lively to severe," with facility, and discuss whatever subject occurred with much precision and classical authority, while upon all such matters Garrick seemed to argue rather cautiously, and took care never to go beyond his depth ; sometimes contenting himself with the character of an humble listener, and at other times playing an under-part to Foote. But these condescensions did not always conciliate the esteem of our hero ; who, perhaps, envying the great fortune, and still greater professional abilities of his rival, availed himself of the only superiority which he retained, and seldom failed to exercise this with an unsparing keenness, whenever an opportunity offered.

Upon the whole, it would be difficult to pair two such masters of conversation ; and they were always considered in the circles of those who ennobled rank and adorned literature. For though Foote had evidently the advantage in the bright and luminous parts, and raised the admiration of a louder laugh ; Garrick gained a steadier approbation, and always excited a pleasing degree of mirth and inoffensive cheerfulness.

POETRY.

To Mrs. BILLINGTON,

ON HEARING HER LATELY SING SOME FAVOURITE SONGS.

By Mr. Pratt.

METHOUGHT a voice, distinct and clear
As ever mov'd attention's ear;
As ever won affection's heart,
Its magic would no more impart.

But since that well-known voice again
Resumes the still unrivall'd strain,
Unrivall'd where the melting sound,
Should spread the thrill of passion round—
Why should we give the palm to *Rome*,
When genius claims the wreath at home;
A bright Cecilia of our own,
Why should she abdicate her throne?

The warbler of our native plains
Shall sooth us with more dulcet strains,
With softer charm the bosom sway,
And the sweet harmonist obey,
Than loudest notes that only prove
The force of WONDER, not of LOVE.

June 6th, 1807.

SONNET.

THE MOTHER.

Translated from the Italian of Filicaja.

SEE the fond mother with her offspring round,
How melts her soul with pious tenderness!
As she surveys them, all her looks express
Maternal love, and happiness profound.
One to her breast, where the calm joys abound,
She eager clasps; another strives to bless
With words of sweet import; a third no less
Sooths; while another sports upon the ground.

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H

By all their little ways their wants she knows ;
 To each dispenses what its wants demand,
 Or, feigning, frowns : the Almighty so, who throws
 His glance from high, to Man each need supplies ;
 And if a prayer rejects, his bounteous hand,
 Withholding, but to bless the more denies.

Liverpool.

G. W. C.

STANZAS.

TO SYDNEY OWENSON.

On reading " The Lay of an Irish Harp."

DEAR is thy lay ! for o'er the heart
 It wild, and sadly-pleasing, steals,
 'Tis not the labour'd line of art
 Which some *admire*, but none e'er *feels*.

Oh, no ! 'tis such a strain as lingers
 Upon the sad Æolian lyre,
 When, lightly touch'd by fairy fingers,
 Soothing and sweet its notes respire.

'Tis such a strain as bids my soul
 Or boldly glow, or sighing languish ;
 Which with its magical controul,
 Can fire with joy, depress with anguish.

'Tis such a strain as mocks the pow'r
 Of rules, by bloodless critics penn'd,
 For Gen us, in her pensive hour,
 Shall o'er its raptur'd bosom bend.

Yes, yes, each sensate soul must feel,
 And own the magic of thy line,
 And many a breast its pow'r reveal,
 But none e'er felt it more than mine !

Liverpool.

W. M. T.

THE LONDON THEATRES.

HAY-MARKET.

JUNE.

29. John Bull. Peregrine, Mr. Chapman; Sir Simon Rochdale, Mr. Mathews; Frank Rochdale, Mr. Palmer, jun.; Hon. Tom Shuffleton, Mr. De Camp; Job Thornberry, Mr. Fawcett; Dennis Brulgruddery, Mr. Waddy; Dan, Mr. Liston. Lady Caroline Braymore, Mrs. Litchfield; Mrs. Brulgruddery, Mrs. Powell; Mary, Mrs. Gibbs.—Village Lawyer. Scout, Mr. Fawcett; Smarl, Mr. Waddy; Sheepface, Mr. Liston; Mrs. Scout, Mrs. Powell.

30. Seeing is believing—Dramatist—Paul and Virginia. Paul, Mr. Bennet, from the Theatre Royal, Bath, his first appearance in London, and seventh on any stage; Alhambra, Mrs. Taylor; Tropic, Mr. Taylor; Dominique, Mr. Mathews; Virginia, Mrs. Mathews; Jacintha, Mrs. Liston.

JULY.

1. Wonder—Don Felix (1st. time) Mr. Young; Don Pedro, Mr. Mathews; Don Lopez, Mr. Grove; Colonel Britton, Mr. De Camp; Frederick, Mr. Carles; Gibby, Mr. Waddy; Lissardo, Mr. Fawcett. Violante (1st. time) Mrs. Litchfield; Isabella, Mrs. Mathews; Isis, Mrs. Taylor; Flora, Mrs. Gibbs—Catch him who can.

2. Mogul Tale—Five Miles off—Tom Thumb.

3. The Stranger—Stranger (1st. time) Mr. Young; Solomon, Mr. Mathews; Peter, Mr. Liston; Steinfort, Mr. Palmer, jun.; Wintersen, Mr. Carles; Tobias, Mr. Chapman. Charlotte, Mrs. Gibbs; the Countess, Miss Mortimer (her first appearance on this stage) Mrs. Haller, Mrs. Litchfield.—Lock and Key.

4. Mountaineers—Paul and Virginia.

6. Hamlet—Waterman.

7. Sighs—Mrs. Wiggins—Review.

8. Wonder—Agreeable Surprise.

9. Castle Spectre. Osmond (1st. time) Mr. Young; Father Philip, Mr. Waddy; Motley, Mr. Liston. Evelina, Mrs. Taylor; Angela, Mrs. Litchfield—Prisoner at large.

10. Sylvester Daggerwood—Five Miles off—Tom Thumb.

11. Stranger. Countess, Miss Taylor—Waterman.

12. Henry IV. Part I. Hotspur, Mr. Young; Falstaff, Mr. Fawcett—Poor Soldier. Patrick, Mr. Bennett; Dermot, Mr. Taylor; Bagatelle, Mr. De Camp; Darby, Mr. Mathews, Kathleen, Mrs. Liston; Norah, Mrs. Mathews.

14. Poor Gentleman—Frederick, Mr. Young.—Tom Thumb.

15. Hamlet—Fortune's Frolic.

16. Waterman—Fortress (1st. time)—Mock Doctor.

17. Poor Soldier—Fortress.

18. Fortress—Lying Valet—Peeping Tom.

20. Fortress—Agreeable Surprise—Tom Thumb.

21. Padlock. Leander, Mr. Bennett; Diego, Mr. Taylor; Mango, Mr. Mathews. Ursula, Mrs. Powell; Leonora, Mrs. Mathews—Fortress—Catherine and Petruccio. Petruccio, Mr. Young.

Grumio, Mr. Mathews; Biondello, Mr. Grove; Tailor, Mr. Liston. Catherine, Mrs. Gibbs.

22. Catch him who can—Fortress—Tom Thumb.

23. Prisoner at Large—Fortress—We fly by Night.

24. (Mr. Bennett's night, and the last of his engagement) Battle of Hexham. Gondibert, Queen Margaret, and Adeline, (first time) Mr. Young. Mrs. Litchfield, and Mrs. Taylor. Purse—Padlock.

The *FORTRESS* is a Melo drama by Mr. Theodore Hook, the successful author of *Tedali*, and is borrowed from the same French author; whose piece bears the title of *Les événemens d'un jour*. It is the old story of *escapes*, which always interest, however often repeated, and in the present instance, there is not much novelty in the incidents, nor ingenuity in the contrivance. One situation there is both interesting and dramatic. A young man who has the care of the *Fortress*, is induced to connive at his prisoner's escape, and even points out the means of effecting it, but on learning immediately afterwards, that such an event will affect the life of his commandant, he instantly gives the alarm, and the prisoner is brought back to his confinement. The outline of the plot is this: Count Everard, an Austrian nobleman (Mr. Young) is thrown into prison upon false accusations. Alice (Mrs. Gibbs) a faithful attendant, persuades Lieutenant Oliver (Mr. De Camp) to assist his escape. Accordingly upon relieving guard, he informs the count of a secret passage, by which he might gain the banks of the Danube. Whilst the count is supposed to be in the very act of this escape, the lieutenant is informed by the governor (Mr. Chapman) that the life both of himself and of the lieutenant, must answer for the safe custody of the prisoner. An interesting situation is here produced. The lieutenant gives the alarm, and stops the flight. The count at length escapes by means of his daughter Celestina (Mrs. Taylor).—Alice and Oliver, in a generous contest, each take upon themselves the crime of having aided in this purpose. The lieutenant is condemned to death:—the count discovers himself to save his friend. The field marshal (Mr. Charles) then opens a sealed dispatch, which, instead of containing, as supposed, his sentence of execution, incloses a pardon.

The other characters are Vincent, a drunken gardener, (Mr. Mathews), Philip, a one-eyed soldier, (Mr. Liston), Thomas, an Austrian serjeant (Mr. Taylor), and Pauline, his wife (Mrs. Liston.)

The count, the hero of the piece, is not drawn with any force, and he is placed at times in very awkward situations; his second escape is clumsily contrived; he sneaks out at the gate like a thief with his booty; and the concealment afterwards in the greenhouse has a low and ludicrous effect. The dénouement is feeble and unsatisfactory. But it must be confessed, that Mr. Hook has made the most of the materials with which his French original supplied him. For the barrenness of the incidents, he has made some amends by the plesantry of his dialogue, and the humour of his comic characters; and as an *after-piece*, to which it is now very properly reduced, the *Fortress* will no doubt hold out for the remainder of the season.

The Music is by Mr. Hook, the father. The overture is one of the best we have lately heard, and a duett, between Taylor and Mrs. Liston was much applauded.

The performers merit the best thanks of the author. Mr. Young had not much opportunity of exercising his fine powers, but all that was required from him he gave with full force and effect. Mrs. Gibbs displayed her usual correctness and accuracy in *Alice*. A considerable portion of the *vis comica* was happily displayed by Mathews in the gardener, and of the *phis comica*, by Liston in the garrulous old soldier. Mrs. Taylor looked extremely well in her *Savoyard* disguise.

Mr. Bennett, the new singer, is of the Braham school. His voice is clear and firm, but not bold or extensive. His ear, however, seems perfect; his *ad libita* are full of grace and ornament, and his transitions easy and natural; his figure is small, and as an actor he has every thing to learn; but we shall not be surprised if he very soon acquires eminence as a vocal performer. He is now gone back to Bath, to fulfil (say the play bills) a *musical engagement*, but whether at the theatre or in the concert room we have not learnt.

Mr. Young has been in constant play ever since his appearance. *Hamlet* he has performed four or five times, and the versatility of his talents, as well as the extent of his powers, have been fully tried and effectually established by his *Stranger*, *Octavian*, *Osmond*, *Hotspur*, *Felix*, *Frederick*, *Gondibert*, and *Peruchio*. It cannot be supposed that he was equally successful in all, but in some he was excellent. The *Stranger* we consider his most perfect performance. He seldom fell below Kemble, and in some instances went beyond him. He has been powerfully supported by Mrs. Litchfield in *Mrs. Haller*, *Angela*, *Queen Margaret* and *Violante*.

A new comedy, by Mr. Dibdin is to be produced immediately.

THE COUNTRY THEATRES, &c.

Theatre-Royal, LIVERPOOL.—Since the departure of Mrs. Siddons this Theatre has been but thinly attended, although the managers have done every thing in their power to please the public, both in respect to novelty and personal exertions, and notwithstanding the professional merits of Lewis, Knight, Elliston, Simmons, and Mrs. Glover. The Curfew and Tekeli are the only pieces which seem to be attractive. The scenery, dresses, &c. of the latter were purchased at a high price from Mr. Ward, of Manchester. In addition to the performers named in my last, I have to mention a Mr. Terry, who in pantomime and Frenchmen is rather *cléver*, but in tragedy the monotony of his voice is much against him. Mr. Banks in characters of rough feeling has great merit. Mr. Claremont is still Mr. Claremont, whether he plays tragedy or comedy. Mr. Jones as a young actor merits some commendation, but his appearance is rather too effeminate, and his deportment too stiff, for the heavy characters which have been assigned him: his delineation of a fop has given us some pleasure. I would advise Mr. Waring to read Hamlet's instructions to the players, beginning with this line—"but if you mouth it, as many of our players do, I had as lieve the town crier spoke my lines."—There is another

speech a little lower down, which it would do no harm to Mr. Tayleure to read with attention "and let your clowns speak no more than is set down for them"—Let him *reform it altogether*. Mrs. Moore has no requisites for the stage. Mrs. Waring and Mrs. Skinner as chambermaids are perfectly at home. ARGUS.

Theatre WORTHING.—This place is crowded with taste, beauty and fashion. Mr. Trotter opened his new Theatre here on Tuesday the 7th of July: it is but justice to him to say, that no expense has been spared to render it elegant and commodious—Drury Lane has been the evident model. Preceding the play Mr. Trotter delivered an occasional address with considerable effect; the scenery and decorations are beautiful, and reflect the highest credit on the artist Mr. G. Travis Williams. The company is extremely respectable, and Mrs. Trotter has engaged Mr. and Mrs. H. Siddons, of the theatre royal Drury Lane, to lead the business; they appeared in the characters of Shylock and Portia, and the curtain fell to very loud and reiterated plaudits. The play of the Stranger was given out for the next performance, and the good humour testified from all parts of the house seemed to augur that the liberal and spirited efforts of the manager seem likely to be repaid by a golden harvest.

The presence of the Princess Charlotte of Wales, sheds a gaiety over the place which even eclipses that of Brighton. The houses are all engaged, and we have daily visitors from the latter place, who flock in great numbers to catch a view of our illustrious resident. The following is the Address spoken by Mr. Trotter:

How many fairy, visionary joys
The hope of speculative man employs—
At distance view'd, the prospect of delight
Is as the party-colour'd rainbow, bright—
But when the hour arrives, some shaft unseen
Shall mar the fancied rapture of the scene.
Drooping we then are forc'd this truth to own:
Substantial pleasures are but rarely known.
Oft has my fancy wander'd with delight
On the new fabric you behold to-night—
Should it not please my friends, who here surround,
The fabric falls a ruin to the ground.
O, favor then! O, prop the doubtful cause!
The pillar of our house is your applause.
All I cou'd do to please my patrons kind
I've spar'd not trouble, nor expence to find;
Your generous beams must supply the rest,
Granting that man can only—do his best.
Some there may be whose harder judgments scan
The drama adverse to the moral plan,
Assert, that vice, with all her baneful train,
Disturb the quiet of sweet virtue's reign;
Ye generous patrons! justly hear the note,
That nature warbled, and great Shakspeare wrote:
To-night the cruel Jew's relentless knife,
Is rais'd against the worthy merchant's life;
But Mercy's voice with angel tone recalls
The barbarous sentence, and the weapon falls;

Can scenes like these, which hallow'd minds may read
 The cause of virtue and of truth impede?
 Your plaudits must such doubtful fears dispel,
 Our future deeds our gratitude shall tell;
 If on this night (our first) our efforts claim
 Your kind applause—that kind applause is *Fame*.

Theatre, SOUTHEAST.—Mr. Trotter being necessarily absent at Worthing, he has engaged Mr. Bew, as his acting manager at this place, where the Theatre is well attended, and the company can boast several very good performers.

PARIS THEATRES.

Theatre de l'Imperatrice, rue de Louvois.—The *Mysterious Secretary*, in three acts, and in verse.—The *Mysterious Secretary* is a young woman, who, being forced by parental rigour to leave her home, disguises herself, and entering into the service of a lady, in the quality of secretary, the chambermaid falls in love with him, and the husband grows a little jealous; but the latter soon discovering the secret, applies to the father of the fugitive, who, by this time, feeling some remorse at his cruelty, is rejoiced to recover his daughter, and obtains his own forgiveness by pardoning the indiscretion of his child. The piece possesses considerable merit. It is written by the son of *Patrat*, the author of the farce which Mr. Colman has dramatized under the title of *Blue Devils*.

Theatre du Vaudeville.—The *Amorous Valets*, in one act.. A young captain of hussars is desperately in love with a young widow, who is unacquainted with his person; he obtains an introduction to her by entering into her service, and wearing her livery. One of her neighbours, whom she has also never seen, an elderly man, who is at law with her, has proposed to terminate the dispute by a marriage; but wishing to know a little more of her disposition, he presents himself before her in the dress of his valet. The gentlemen meet, and the elder of the two soon perceives that he has not only a young rival, but that the young widow is inclined to prefer him. He good-humouredly resigns his pretensions, drops the law-suit, and consents to their union. Dorat is the author.

THEATRICAL INTELLIGENCE.

Mrs. Jordan has received and accepted very liberal offers from the Drury-lane Proprietors for three years. Mrs. Dickons at a large salary, but not more than adequate to the merits of so fine a singer, is engaged at Covent-garden. Miss Belton, we believe, retires. Mrs. H. Johnston, it is also said, returns to her situation at the same theatre; and Shield, incomparably our best English Composer, has consented to furnish it with an Opera. Catalani who will shortly set off for Ireland, has not yet come to terms with the managers of the Opera house for next season.

and prejudiced the interest of others. What the graver has found impossible to perform, that readier instrument the pen is called in aid to effect, and there have been many feeble, though systematic attempts, to write it into insignificance and disgrace. The professors of this art have advanced nothing in its favor, they have silently and studiously pursued their course, resting their pretensions to public support on their legitimate productions only; they have patiently borne the contumely of the ignorant, the insults of the unalevolent, the invectives of the interested, and without resistance have suffered their profession to be degraded, and their means of existence injured so long, that further forbearance becomes pusillanimity. It is now time that such ungenerous and unjust conduct should be resisted.

In consequence of the appointment of Mr. Landseer to the lectureship on engraving at the Royal Institution, his opinions gained a credit and a currency, that his abilities would never have procured them in any other situation. The man was chosen to be a teacher; and whatever ignorance the electors might have shewn in making such a choice, a credit and dignity were in some degree reflected on him by his office. In his lectures he asserts that chalk engraving was on its original introduction into England run after with avidity, because it was new, for it was a sort of retrograde and degenerate novelty. "Ryland and novelty (says he) led the way, and fashion and Bartolozzi followed it."

Mr. Landseer proceeds through four pages, stigmatizing this art in an idle and unqualified way, without adducing one proof in support of his assertions, and then says: "At length this interesting art (of which if I *seem*, I *only* seem to make sport,) fetching a few noble bounds, has escaped from the toils of its pursuers, and now roves at leisure, when as a means of translating pictures it is more worthy than ever of being pursued."

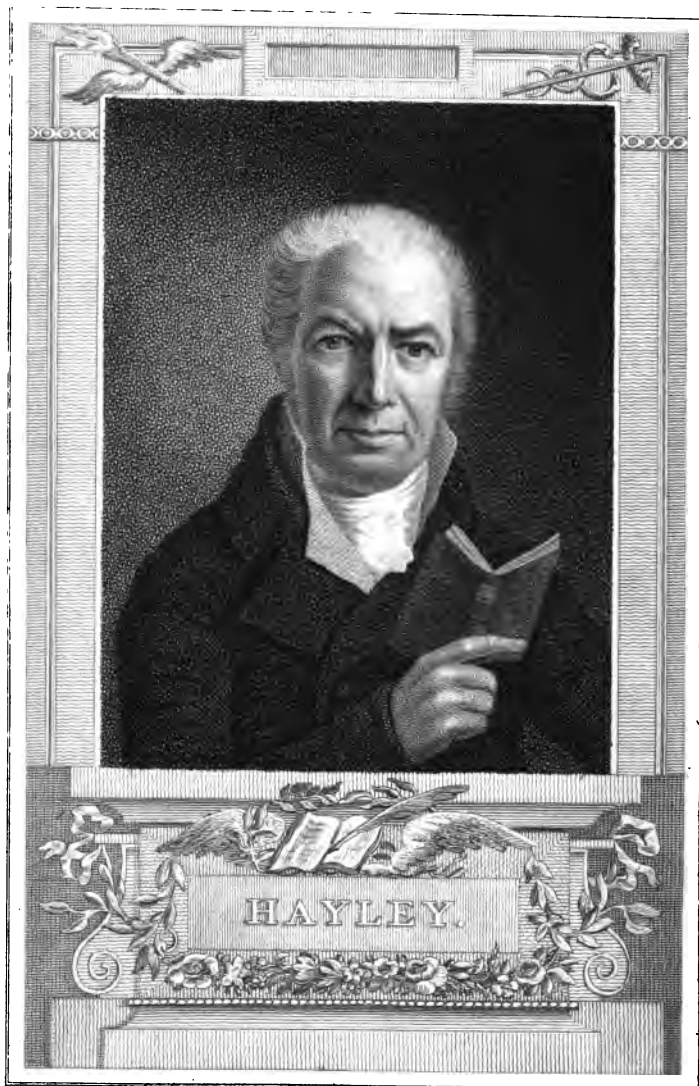
Nothing can more fully expose the *palpable obscure* and the gross contradiction of Mr. Landseer's manner of writing, than the comparison of what we have before cited with this quotation; we leave the task to him of reconciling "retrograde and degenerate novelty," with "this interesting art fetching noble bounds." He then goes on thus: "Upon what principles I am led to perceive that this province of engraving has recently disclosed more various, extensive, and richer tracts than it

was formerly known to contain, I shall have the pleasure to explain at another time." Whether Mr. Landseer means that, *after* having written his four pages to expose this "degenerate novelty," he discovered those "richer tracts," we cannot determine. It must be remembered that all these contradictions are contained in his third lecture; he afterwards delivers three more lectures to his auditors, and publishes the whole of them, without ever noticing those "*richer tracts*," and consequently his abuse of this art is sent into the world unqualified by any mention of its merits.

Now let us examine how far Mr. Landseer is competent to talk in this dictatorial and dogmatical manner of any mode of art whatever; and to come to this knowledge we are naturally led to an examination of the works of art *he* has produced, and the talents he has therein displayed; and also how *those works of art have been produced*. He is only known to artists as a vignette landscape engraver; in this minor walk of art it must be confessed he has given proofs of some talent, united with much prettiness of execution, and had he confined his lectures to that part of the art which he had actually, and creditably practised, he might have exhibited some claim to attention; but, unfortunately this man, who has spent his time among fore-grounds, back-grounds, foliage, and stumps of trees (the mere secondary objects in an historical engraving) with unhallowed hand approaches the human figure, and without putting off his sandals, enters the holy of the antique.

From Aristotle and Longinus to Addison and Johnson, every sound critic in literature has been able to write well himself. Those men could perform well, and were thence enabled to judge of the performances of others. If this be true in literature, how much more necessary in art! for, the artist has no means of acquiring knowledge, but by the very *act* of drawing, which is only to be obtained, as Sir Joshua Reynolds justly observes, by a *variety of arts*. By this indispensable and only criterion, let Mr. Landseer's claim to the elevated chair of criticism be tried.

Has Mr. Landseer ever as an artist studied the human figure? Has he ever drawn from the antique? Will any man prove that he has ever made one solitary effort? does any work in his own art, actually performed by



Haines pinx.

H. R. Cook sculp.

Published Sept. 1st 1807; by Mathews & Leigh.

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THE
CABINET;
OR, MONTHLY REPORT OF
POLITE LITERATURE.

SEPTEMBER, 1807.

WILLIAM HAYLEY, Esq.

THE following particulars respecting one of the best (perhaps the very best) of our living poets we believe to be correct.

William Hayley was born at Chichester, in the month of October, 1745. His parents were Thomas, the only son of Thomas Hayley, Dean of Chichester, and Mary, daughter of Colonel Yates, member for that city. Our poet lost his father before he had reached his third year, and was educated by an admirable mother, whom he has justly described as a woman equally distinguished by personal beauty, by strength of understanding, and by tenderness of heart.

The lines at the end of the fourth epistle of the Essay on Epic Poetry, beginning with

“O thou fond spirit, who with pride hast smil’d,

“And frown’d with fear on thy poetic child;

“Pleas’d, yet alarm’d, when in his boyish time

“He sigh’d in numbers, or he laugh’d in rhyme;” &c.

containing a little reference to his own illness, and a lively description of his mother’s tenderness and watchings, when reason had threatened for ever to leave him, are exquisitely beautiful. Even the *counterpart* of this description in Pope is not more sweet.

“Rocking the cradle of declining age,” &c.

He was sent early to Kingston school, and suffered there from an epidemical fever; on his recovery, after years of

illness and decrepitude, he had a domestic tutor, who prepared him for Eton; on leaving school he was entered at Trinity Hall in Cambridge, and before he resided there wrote the first of his poems that appeared in print, an Ode on the Birth of the Prince of Wales, inserted in the Cambridge collection. On leaving the university he passed several months in Scotland, on a visit to some young friends who were then students of physic in Edinburgh. In the year 1769, he married Elizabeth, daughter of the Reverend Thomas Ball, Dean of Chichester; which lady died about ten years ago; and after residing some years in London, he settled in 1774 in his native county at Earham; where he continues to reside in lettered ease and elegance, in a situation remarkable for health and beauty, and which his taste has created, improved, and embellished.

His epistles to his friend Mr. Romney were published in 1778; epistle on the Death of Mr. Thornton, Ode to Howard, and epistles to Gibbon, in 1780; the Triumphs of Temper in 1781, and the Essay on Epic Poetry in 1782. The public received, in the year 1784, from the fertile and amusing pen of our author, a volume of plays, containing three comedies and two tragedies, each in three acts. The comedies are in rhyme, but such rhyme, so familiar, so easy, so flowing, that prose itself can scarcely appear more natural, more convenient for the purposes of dialogue, or the business of the drama. Like the ancient Iambic, recommended by Aristotle, and characterised by Horace, as the measure peculiarly suited to the scene: *Natum rebus agendis*.

Of the *Two Connoisseurs*, the second comedy in the collection, it is hardly possible to speak in terms of sufficient approbation. The compactness of the fable, the natural humour of the characters, the justness and delicacy of the sentiments, and the elegant vivacity of the dialogue, are all severally and equally admirable.

From this time declining health interrupted his literary pursuits; but such a mind as Mr. Hayley's, so fertile in genius, so rich in literary acquirements, could not remain altogether inactive; and he has since favoured the world with an elegy on that "all accomplished" man, Sir William Jones, and a life of our immortal poet, Milton; in which he defends his character from the harsh and malignant strictures of his former biographer. In this latter production he records his

intimacy with Mr. Cowper, the divine author of *The Task*, and gives him those commendations, valuable both on account of the pen from which they proceeded, and the high merit of the object upon whom they were bestowed. It is extremely honourable to Mr. Hayley, that he has never prostituted his praise upon mere wealth and greatness; but conscious of its value, has confined it to genius, to virtue, and to talents. The names of Romney, Howard, Gibbon, Mason, Sir William Jones, and Cowper, derive and impart lustre to the productions of Hayley.

In addition to the works published with his name, the world have agreed in ascribing to him, with some probability, though they were never publicly acknowledged, the *Elegy on the Greek model*, addressed to Bishop Lowth, the *Essay on Old Maids*, and the novel of the *Young Widow*.

Mr. Hayley has also published the *Memoirs and Correspondence of Cowper*, a poet with whom, as already observed, he lived upon the most friendly and intimate terms; and it is fortunate for the public that such a poet should have had so competent a biographer.

The last production of Mr. Hayley's muse is perhaps not a performance upon which he would wish to rest his claims as a poet. The *Triumphs of Music* is not to be perused throughout without a little exercise of the *Triumphs of Temper*. For the subject of this poem we refer our readers to an article in our first Number, entitled ALESSANDRO STRADELLI. The reader will discover in this production much morality, more piety, but very little poetry.

As the subject of this memoir is still living, and may he long continue to charm and bless the world with the exertion of his talents, and the practice of his virtues! we shall forbear to enter into any farther particulars of a life, which is spent in the exercise of every thing that is social and benevolent.

INGENIOUS CONTRIVANCE OF A DEAF PERSON.

A REPUTABLE merchant of Wesel, in the Duchy of Cleves, a venerable, hoary old man of seventy-eight, had, as early as his twentieth year, a great difficulty of hearing, which, as far as he could recollect, was occa-

sioned, either by a violent fall, or by a profuse bleeding at the nose. The most promising means against this disorder proved ineffectual, it rather growing upon him from year to year, till, at last, he became quite deaf, unable to understand a single word, without bawling loud in his ears. Both German and Dutch physicians, who were consulted on this occasion, could not, with all their art and skill, afford any relief: at length, after an accurate examination of the external organs of hearing, the case was deemed incurable. However, he procured a variety of acoustic tubes from Amsterdam, in order to afford some relief to those who wanted to speak with him: but their use was afterwards laid aside, as being attended either with much inconvenience, or as never procuring any distinct degree of hearing.

Afterwards marrying, and having two of his eldest children, a son and a daughter, taught to play on the spinnet, he often came up to it, and eagerly wished to hear the music: as the music-master once happened to say, that it was very possible for him to hear, if, according to an old, and well-known experiment, he held a thin stick, or a tobacco-pipe, with the one end on the bridge of the sound-board, and with the other to the upper teeth; this he instantly tried, and was greatly pleased, that he could both plainly distinguish each note, and, as he thought, much stronger than formerly, at his best hearing. But all this was ineffectual to make him understand persons speaking, till an accidental trial procured him also this happiness.

In the year 1749, he had the good fortune to light, by mere accident, on a peculiar method, by which any person, at the distance of twenty, or even thirty paces, may, without greatly straining his voice, speak to be understood. This happened as follows: As one time this deaf person had all his family about him, and was pleasing himself with his daughter's playing, by means of his tobacco-pipe; his brother, who happened to be present, alledged, that as he could plainly distinguish the sounds or notes of the spinnet, he might also, in the same manner, understand the articulate sounds of a speaker. For this purpose, his brother took a speaking-trumpet, and holding the narrow part, or mouth-piece, to the upper teeth of the deaf person, he uttered a few words at the upper or wider part thereof: this trial, however, proved unsuccessful, the deaf man not being

sensible of the least articulate sound. But he himself directly fell upon a device, which proved more successful. The brother was to hold the rim of the wide end of the speaking-trumpet to his upper teeth, and he himself to do the like with the lower end, or mouth-piece: upon which, his brother had scarce uttered a couple of words, but he directly repeated them with the greatest joy, and also assured him, that he understood them more distinctly than if he had bawled them in the loudest manner in his ear.

The deaf man did not stop here: in order to be convinced, whether the success was not owing to the structure of the speaking-trumpet, or whether the same thing might not succeed with other bodies; he directly tried, in the same manner, his tobacco-pipe, and a little wooden stick, and to his great joy found it not only possible, but that the speaker might even speak as low as he pleased, so the voice was only audible. The curiosity of this man and his friends did not rest here; they wanted to know, at what distance one might converse with him: for this purpose, they took thin sticks or slips of wood, of different lengths, and one, in particular, six feet long, an inch broad, and of the thickness of the back of a knife. At Wesel, and in the country round about, they call such sticks flooring-slips or laths, which they use in filling up the openings of the boards of the flooring, when starting asunder: and such slips are the more commodious, as being thin, they the less hinder the pronunciation, and as in other respects, they produce the same effect in propagating sound: and even, by means of a bundle of them tied together, the lowest sound is distinctly audible, when the by-standers can scarce perceive any.

The farther trials and observations, which were made in the use of this method, have been confirmed by the following experiments. In the first place, upon bawling in the loudest manner, in the mouth of the deaf person, through a large tin funnel, without touching the teeth, or even without the funnel, not a single word was understood. Secondly, if the slip of wood be held too fast with the finger, or laid hold on with shut lips, the voice proves very indistinct. But, thirdly, if held with the teeth, the sensation is extremely weak. Fourthly, if the slip be held to the under teeth, there is not the least sense of hearing. Whereas, fifthly, the voice

is perceptible and distinct, upon bringing, in using the slip, the tongue to the palate or to the teeth. Sixthly, the voice is less perceptible on joining the teeth together, than on their standing asunder. Seventhly, though the mouth be full of water, the hearing is not in the least diminished. Eighthly, when a brass or iron wire is held to the teeth, the deaf person hears nothing at all; but held between the teeth, a little. Ninthly, the deaf person may hear very well, on holding, by the lower rim, a beer-glass, to the upper teeth; or if, with the mouth shut, he presses it somewhat hard just under the nose, and another person directs his voice up the glass, close to it; all which answers not with a wine-glass. Tenthly and lastly, the speaker must have good sound teeth, without any loose ones, at least in the upper jaw, as then the voice is very indistinct.

MELANGE.

No. VI.

Chacun à son gout.

MONSIEUR DE VIVONNE.—M. de V, who was general of the expedition against Messina, writing from that place to the king, closed his letter in these words: *To finish the affair, we only want ten thousand men.* He gave his letter to seal to Du Terron, commissioner for the army, who was bold enough to add, *and a general.*

ANECDOTE FOR THE FRENCH EMPEROR.—When Themistocles went to Andrus to demand a levy of money, he said, *I bring two Gods with me, FORCE and PERSUASION.* He was answered, *and we have two stronger, WANT and IMPOSSIBILITY,*

THE USE OF THE EYES.—Such is the reputation of Democritus, that almost all the world is persuaded that he put his eyes out upon moral and honourable principles. Aulus Gellius assures us that he took this resolution, in order to concentrate his ideas, and to enable him more effectually to contemplate those mysteries of Nature, into which his eyes did not suffer him to pene-

trate. He quotes those verses of Laberius, wherein he says that Democritus lost his sight by looking too steadfastly on the sun. But, according to that philosopher, Democritus had a different view in parting with his sight: He suffered this, that he might not be mortified with looking on vicious men. Plutarch, who had mentioned this before Aulus Gellius, considers it as an imposture. The assertion, says he, that Democritus deprived himself of sight, by looking on a burning-glass, is certainly false; yet it is true that those who accustom themselves to mental labour, find the senses rather troublesome than useful. For this reason the retreats of study, and the temples of the muses are generally in solitudes; and probably too, for the same reason it is that the Greeks call the night *Euphrona*, that is the good thinker. Because the time that is least subject to dissipation and variety is most favourable to thought.

Thus, Plutarch is persuaded that the man who cannot see, has a considerable advantage in point of meditation; and it was, undoubtedly, under this idea that Pythagoras shut himself up a whole winter in a subterraneous cave.

Lactantius, on the other hand, says that the mind discerns the object through the medium of the eye, as through a window. It is so essentially there, that through the same medium you may read what passes in it. Lucretius has made use of a very trifling argument to refute this. If, says he, the soul looks through the eye, it would certainly see much better, were the eye taken away. Remove the gates, and surely more light will enter. Certainly, continues Lactantius, Lucretius and Epicurus must have lost their eyes, when they could not see that the removal of them would destroy the passage of light.

JACOB TONSON.—There is a singular defect in the picture of King Charles the first, in whole length in armour, by Vandyke; both the gauntlets being drawn for the right hand.

When this picture was in the Wharton Collection, old Jacob Tonson, who had remarkably ugly legs, was finding fault with the two gauntlets. Lady Wharton said, Mr. Tonson, why might not one man have two right hands, as well as another two left legs!

Till I saw this anecdote, as related by the late Horace

Walpole, I was at a loss to comprehend what Pope intended by the two following lines in the *Dunciad*:

With arms extended Bernard rows his state,
And left-legged Jacob seems to emulate.

These lines were afterwards thus altered:

With legs expanded Bernard urged the race,
And seemed to emulate great Jacob's pace.

Dr. Warton has inserted the first couplet in his edition, and as he has no annotation upon it, probably was not acquainted with its meaning. [*Beloe.*]

PARLIAMENTARY ELOQUENCE.—Some years ago, a member of parliament having heard many speeches in the house, to the great applause of the speakers, grew ambitious of rising into rival glory by his oratory; and accordingly watched for a favourable opportunity to open. At length an occasion presented itself. A motion was made in the house for enforcing the execution of some statute; on which the orator in embryo rose solemnly up, and after giving three loud hems, spoke as follows: "Mr. Speaker—have we laws, or have we not laws? If we have laws, and they are not observed, to what end were those laws made?" so saying, he sat himself down, his chest heaving high with conscious consequence; when another rose up, and delivered his thoughts in these words: "Mr. speaker—did the honourable gentleman who spoke last, speak to the purpose, or not speak to the purpose; if he did not speak to the purpose, to what purpose did he speak?" This *à-propos* reply set the house in a roar of laughter, and the unfortunate orator, like *Old Doiley* in the farce, was content to be *dummy* ever after.

KOTZEBUE FURTHER DETECTED.

MR. CONDUCTOR,

YOUR correspondent "Detector," in No. IV. of the Cabinet, exposes Kotzebue's plagiarism in having borrowed the story of "*The Little Lie*" from the *Adventurer*; but he has omitted noticing that the story entitled "*Shun the Appearance of Vice*" is equally pilfered from the same source; being a literal copy (variation of names excepted,) of the story of *Desdemona*, Vol. IV. Nos. 117. 118.

A CONSTANT READER.

AN ESSAY ON BRUCE'S TRAVELS,
AND
THE SOURCE OF THE NILE.

Resumed from page 15.

AMONG the thousand improbabilities attending the supposition that the great river of Abyssinia, ever was or could be considered as the *Astapus*, it will not escape notice, that this branch is always treated as one infinitely inferior in consequence to the *Astaber*, though in point of magnitude and importance, it bears the same proportion to the *Mareb*, *Tacazze* and *Dender*, as London to Dublin, or a Patagonian to a Laplander.

The accounts of Herodotus are entirely irrelevant. He was told, it seems, by the Secretary of the Temple of Minerva, that the sacred river issued out of vast lakes to the southward, which he placed near Syene, the modern Assouan in Upper Egypt.—Granting even that he had, or rather Herodotus had, mistaken the name of the place, nothing is thence proved in favour of the *Bahar el Abiad*, which has no connection with any lake. The description can only suit the Blue River, or perhaps the Maleg. The information he details as given by the inhabitants of interior Africa with whom he conversed, has already been shewn to apply to the river called the Niger.

It is almost unnecessary to mention more modern accounts, since they are all more or less copied from Ptolemy. The river mentioned by Juba, (as quoted by Pliny) is clearly the Niger, and no other river which runs eastward. It may not be improper to remark, that *Esduri*, the Arabian geographer, servilely copies Ptolemy in his account of the Nile, joining much romantic nonsense of his own. He admits however what is abundantly sufficient for our purpose. He asserts that the natives of Africa declared the "*Blue River*," (which he conceives to be the *Astapus*) to be the true Nile, which he pretends to deny, *not from his own knowledge*, but from his own mistaken notion of the authority of Ptolemy. That the *Bahar el Azergue* was generally considered by the natives of those countries to be the

river of Egypt, is a matter of fact which he positively attests; his own opinions, founded on a groundless theory, merit no attention.

In truth the whole information Ptolemy or any of his age could give, seems little more than an amplification of that communicated by Eratosthenes, as quoted by Strabo. He mentions the Astaberas, and Astapus, which some call the Astosabas as falling into the Nile, and adds "but they say there is another running from the south out of certain lakes, and that this nearly makes up the straight body of the Nile, and that the summer rains occasion its overflowing." These two latter circumstances, clearly point out the great river of Abyssinia, as they are applicable to no other of the streams which join the Nile.

But it may still be objected, that however at variance with one another, and with the truth, all accounts agree that the source of the Nile is in the *Mountains of the Moon*, which are not in Abyssinia. (By the way I know not that these mountains are mentioned previous to Ptolemy.) But where are these Mountains of the Moon? If by that name be meant the range of hills intersecting Africa from east to west a few degrees north of the equator, or even the highest part of them, I assert that the appellation is just as well suited to those of Abyssinia, as of any to the westward. No doubt we see in the modern maps the Mountains of the Moon, but these are merely the dreams of Arabian geographers following Ptolemy. There is not the vestige of a proof that any part of these ranges of mountains ever bore that name in any part of Africa. The Abyssinian mountains are probably the highest of that extensive range; at least very near the sources of the rivers falling into the Abay, streams take their rise and flow into the Indian Ocean. It will not avail the supporters of the argument deduced from the "Lunar Mountains," that their name might have been acquired from the worship of that luminary by the inhabitants, seeing this will apply to all the Pagan inhabitants of Nubia, whether on the mountains or the plains, whether on the banks of the Blue or White Rivers, the Maleg or the Dender, in fact to all the Polytheists of Africa, and perhaps every where else. A late Reviewer very neatly and truly observes (vide Eclectic Review) that

“the Mountains of the Moon, are less known than the Mountains in the Moon.”

If Major Rennel have not deviated from his usual accuracy, or if I mistake him not, I apprehend the question, at least this branch of it, to be decided in favour of the claims of the Blue River.—It was a favourite opinion of the ancients, that the Niger and Nile rose from the same lake; nay that the Niger fell into the Nile; that at any rate the connection between them was so intimate that we continually find them associated in the minds of poets.—Nay, if we can believe Browne, Horneman, &c. it is still the opinion of the natives that they are one and the same river.—If by the Niger, the *Jollabola* described by Park be meant, how rivers whose sources are near two thousand miles distant, could ever be supposed to originate in one lake, is not easily accounted for, but upon some idea of the gross ignorance of the ancients, or perhaps of the vast extent of that range of hills now called Mountains of the Moon. But the belief of their connection was generally received, and is, it seems, still entertained.—But by what river, in the opinion of the Africans, does this junction take place? why this very Bahar el Azergue, and not by the Bahar el Abiad, if we are to credit, and if I mistake not the meaning of, the greatest geographer in the world. This opinion cannot be founded on observation, but must rest upon traditionary reports, founded perhaps on the legends of Egyptian priests or Greek geographers; it proves, however, that those narratives of the Niger and the Nile referred to the river of Abyssinia. The absurdity of any such real connection, Major Rennel proves by the best of arguments, *i. e.* that the source of the Nile, probably as high as that of the Niger, must be many thousand feet more elevated than the latter at the end of its immense course. It is merely of the ancient opinion of their connection I speak, and thence infer, that it was the river of Abyssinia alone, they (the ancients) viewed as the true Nile.

As I write entirely from recollection, not having the advantage of a single book to refer to, I may in this, as in some other points, have mistaken the meaning of Major Rennel. The several arguments, as will be hereafter shewn, in favour of Bruce, can be but little affected by it.

audience with the King and Queen, an interview of which he has given a particular account. It is curious, and, though it has been published before, our readers we think, will be pleased with an extract from it.

"We were received in the most gracious manner possible, by both their Majesties. I had the honour of a conversation with them (no body else being present but Dr. Majendie) for upwards of an hour, on a great variety of topics, in which both the King and Queen joined, with a degree of cheerfulness, affability and ease, that was to me surprising, and soon dissipated the embarrassment which I felt at the beginning of the conference. They both complimented me, in the highest terms, on my "Essay," which, they said, was a book they always kept by them; and the King said he had one copy of it at Kew, and another in town, and immediately went and took it down from a shelf. I found it was the second edition. "I never stole a book but one," said his Majesty, "and that was yours (speaking to me); I stole it from the Queen, to give it to Lord Hertford to read." He had heard that the sale of "Hume's Essays" had failed, since my book was published; and I told him what Mr. Strahan had told me, in regard to that matter. He had even heard of my being in Edinburgh, last summer, and how Mr. Hume was offended on the score of my book. He asked many questions about the second part of the "Essay," and when it would be ready for the press. I gave him, in a short speech, an account of the plan of it; and said, my health was so precarious, I could not tell when it might be ready, as I had many books to consult before I could finish it; but that if my health were good, I thought I might bring it to a conclusion in two or three years. He asked, how long I had been in composing my "Essay?" praised the caution with which it was written; and said, he did not wonder that it had employed me five or six years. He asked about my poems. I said, there was only one poem of my own, on which I set any value (meaning the "Minstrel"), and that it was first published about the same time with the "Essay." My other poems, I said, were incorrect, being but juvenile pieces, and of little consequence, even in my own opinion. We had much conversation on moral subjects; from which both their Majesties let it appear, that they were warm friends to Christianity; and so little inclined to infidelity, that they could hardly believe that any thinking man could really be an atheist, unless he could bring himself to believe that he made himself; a thought which pleased the King exceedingly; and he repeated it several times to the Queen. He asked, whether any thing had been written against me. I spoke of the late pamphlet, of which I gave an account, telling him, that I never had met with any man who had read it, except one quaker. This brought on some discourse about the quakers, whose moderation, and mild behaviour, the King and Queen commended. I was asked many questions about the Scots universities, the revenues of the Scots clergy, their mode of praying and preaching, the medical college of Edinburgh, Dr. Gregory, (of whom I gave a particular character), and Dr. Cullen; the length of our vacation at Aberdeen, and the closeness of our attendance during the winter; the number of students that attend my lectures, my mode of lecturing, whether from

notes, or completely written lectures: about Mr. Hume and Dr. Robertson, and Lord Kinnoull, and the Archbishop of York, &c. &c. His Majesty asked what I thought of my new acquaintance, Lord Dartmouth? I said, there was something in his air and manner, which I thought not only agreeable, but enchanting, and that he seemed to me to be one of the best of men; a sentiment in which both their Majesties heartily joined. "They say that Lord Dartmouth is an enthusiast," said the King; but surely he says nothing on the subject of religion, but what every Christian may, and ought to say." He asked, whether I did not think the English language on the decline at present? I answered in the affirmative; and the King agreed, and named the "Spectator" as one of the best standards of the language. When I told him that the Scots clergy sometimes prayed a quarter, or even half an hour, at a time, he asked whether that did not lead them into repetitions? I said it often did. "That," said he, "I don't like in prayers; and excellent as our liturgy is, I think it somewhat faulty in that respect."

Some advances were made to our strenuous and successful advocate for *Truth*, to tempt him over to the Church of England, but he declined the proposal.

"Might it not (says he) have the appearance of levity and insincerity, and, by some, be construed into a want of principle, if I were at those years (for I am now thirty-eight) to make such an important change in my way of life, and to quit without any *apparent* motive than that of bettering my circumstances, that church of which I have hitherto been a member? If my book has any tendency to do good, as I flatter myself it has, I would not, for the wealth of the Indies do any thing to counteract that tendency; and I am afraid that tendency might in some measure be counteracted, (at least in this country), if I were to give the adversary the least ground to charge me with inconsistency."

Dr. Beattie suffered much from domestic calamity. His wife became insane; and both his sons died, after attaining maturity. His spirits gradually sunk under these afflictions, and the loss of his youngest son, Montagu, affected his mind almost to derangement.

"The death of his only surviving child (says Sir William Forbes) completely unhinged the mind of Dr. Beattie, the first symptom of which, ere many days had elapsed, was a temporary but almost total loss of memory respecting his son. Many times he could not recollect what had become of him; and after searching in every room of the house, he would say to his niece, Mrs. Glennie, "You may think it strange, but I must ask you if I have a son, and where he is? She then felt herself under the painful necessity of bringing to his recollection his son Montagu's sufferings, which always restored him to reason. And he would often, with many tears, express his thankfulness, that he had no child, saying, "How could I have borne to see their elegant minds mangled with madness!" When he looked for the last time on the body of his son, he said, "I have now done with the world;" and he ever after seemed to act as if he thought so. For he never applied himself to any sort of study, and answered but few of the letters he received from the

formation respecting Egypt and the Nile, and there curiosity is not disappointed. Captain Wilford, from these sources, has written a long and most ingenious dissertation upon Egypt and the Nile, but, as was natural, his conclusions are often questionable. Indeed it has already been stated, that his *Nanda*, which he will have to be the Nile of Abyssinia, can be no other than the Tacazze, and his little *Chrishna* the Mareb, (the Astaberas and Astosabas or Astapus of the Greeks :) it appears however, that it was from these books, that Ptolemy received at Alexandria, from the learned Indians he owns his obligations to, much of the information he details regarding Egypt, Meroe, &c.

But from these sources, one fact most material to this question seems to be established—I mean the original name of the river of Egypt. Now it is demonstrated, what indeed has long been suspected, that all the ancient names of this river, denoted the colour of its waters. Thus Nil or Niler, a pure Sanscrit word, signifies *blue* or dark azure: Cali and Chrishna (other Sanscrit names of this river) denote the colour dark blue, or azure. The Greek name *Melos*, was, it seems, merely a translation of the Egyptian name of the holy river. It now therefore is clear, that the original name of the most celebrated river of the world, is at this very moment applied to it, by all the inhabitants of Nubia and Barbara. Those who know the river in question, from Abyssinia to Egypt, give it the appellation of *Bahar el Azergue*, a literal translation of Nile, Neel, Cali, &c. the epithets applied to it by almost every ancient nation, during a course of many thousand years. Both above and below its junction with the *Bahar el Abiad* or White River, it retains the same name, though the original one (Nile or Neel) is not altogether unknown; and that among various nations, some of these originally from the banks of the White River, or Pseudo Nile, who would naturally wish to arrogate to their native stream the right of giving its name to the most famous of all rivers. When we thus see those nations differing from each other in almost every thing else, without one dissenting voice, concurring in bestowing upon this river, both above and below its junction with the White River, an appellation which it has continued to bear for thousands of years, thus unanimously asserting that it is the main branch of

the great river, we should naturally expect that incredulity itself, if it still should distrust the pretensions of Bruce, would do so with modesty and deference, never in the tone of arrogant contempt, or in the language of scurrility. The character of Mr. Bruce, little as it can be affected, in the opinion of those knowing any thing of the parties, by the abuse of Pinkerton, &c. &c. may challenge from any quarter the most rigid scrutiny. Failings he undoubtedly had; his self love was carried to a length, which even *his* merits could hardly excuse: but of deliberate fraud, or wilful imposture he was as incapable as are some of his libellers of the feelings and expressions of men of honour and gentlemen.

Were all the above facts and arguments to fall to the ground, still the claims of our countryman would not thereby be invalidated. The Nile is composed of three great streams, the middle one of which, and indeed much of the last, he completely explored. This branch (the middle one) was in Europe for centuries almost universally considered to be the true Nile. To reach its fountains was the object of his journey, which he attained amidst difficulties and dangers almost unparalleled. Duly to appreciate his merits, we ought to contrast his, with the efforts of others. Numbers before, and all since have, after every exertion, been unable to trace his footsteps, even in the least inaccessible of the countries he traversed. Midst savage hordes, mortal enemies to the very name of Europeans, sanguinary, cruel, and atrociously perfidious, his courage, his sagacity, his circumspection procured him not only safety but respect. Among the bloodiest of fanatics and the most brutal of savages he prosecuted and advanced science with an ardour and success, which great minds can alone feel and accomplish: this, not as a wretched fugitive, in disguise sneaking into those countries, but with the state of a gentleman and the apparatus of a philosopher. Above 400 articles added to natural history; the revolutions and history of a most celebrated and ancient nation; geography enriched by most accurate charts of near 20 degrees of latitude of an unknown part of the globe. A collection the most superb ever formed of the remains of ancient art; the most accurate and interesting delineations of society, manners and customs of numerous nations but just known by name, which ever were presented to the public; such are the true claims of James

Forgotten then, the thundering break
 Of waves, that in the tempest rise,
 The falling cliff, the shutter'd wreck,
 The howling blast, the sufferer's cries;
 For soft the breeze of evening sighs,
 And murmuring seems in Fancy's ear
 To whisper fairy ballads,
 That tributary waters bear
 From precipices, dark with piny woods,
 And inland rocks, and heathy solitudes.

The other poems are thus entitled; *The Truant Dove*, a fable from Pilpay; *The Lark's Nest*, from Esop; *The Swallow*; *Flora*; *The Horologe of the Fields*; *Saint Monica*; *A Walk in the Shrubbery*, &c. The notes occupy about a third of the volume. They chiefly explain the names of plants, flowers and birds, which Mrs. Smith was always fond of introducing with rather too much affectation of science. Upon the whole we do not think these productions will add much to her reputation.

Flora and Studies by the Sea, are reprinted from her "Conversations for the Use of Children and Young Persons."

Anthologia. A Collection of Epigrams, ludicrous Epitaphs, Sonnets, Tales, Miscellaneous Anecdotes, &c. &c. interspersed with Originals. 12mo. 4s. Highley, 1807.

The title is not very appropriate. W. T. of the *Middle Temple* has collected more *weeds* than *flowers*, and some of the former are rather of a noxious quality. We will transcribe two or three of the epitaphs, not tempted however so much from their novelty, as from the assurance in the title page that *decies repetita placebunt*.

On the Tomb of Dr. Fuller, at Oxford.

Here lies Fuller's Earth.

On William Williams.

Here lies the body of W. W.

Whoever more will trouble you, trouble you.

At Seven-Oaks, Kent.

Grim Death took me without any warning,
 I was well at night, and dead at nine in the morning.

Another.

The wedding-day appointed was,
 The wedding-clothes provided;
 But, ere that day did come, alas!
 He sicken'd, and he die did.

F

Affection; with other Poems. By Henry Smithers; of the Adelphi. Large 8vo. Plates, 1l. 1s. Miller; 1807.

The plan and execution of the poem of *Affection* are entitled to the highest commendation. The subject, in itself so interesting, and so fitted for poetical expansion and illustration, is treated with no less judgment than taste; and the author frequently succeeds in awakening and soothing the most delicate feelings of our nature. The poem thus opens :

Is there a passion of the human mind,
That lifts to rapture, or that sinks to woe,
Which more inspires the muses' harmonies,
Than sweet affection? Plant imperishable!
That in profusion, round the throne of God
Immortal bloom'd; long ere yon radiant sun
Had dawn'd on paradise; and rich will bloom,
When worlds shall burn, and time shall cease to roll.

The poet then proceeds to trace the influence of affection through the vegetable and animal world. The loves of the plants are *delicately* alluded to; we say *delicately*, for this subject has not always been so treated. He instances the woodbine twining round every neighbouring shoot; the ivy enfolding the oak; the complaints of the nightingale—

Robb'd of her mate, and of her unfledg'd brood;
the horse, the dog, the elephant, the white bear of Greenland, one of the most ferocious of the savage race, of whose fondness for their offspring an interesting anecdote is furnished from Bewick.

“The white bear proves a ferocious and dangerous enemy to those who approach the inclement shores of Greenland; and both from its rude appearance, and from the inhospitable climate which it inhabits, we should conclude it to be among the most hardened of the savage race. Yet even in this animal some remarkable traits of instinctive tenderness have been observed. Some sailors belonging to a Greenlandman, in putting off from the shore, observed a bear, with her cub, stealing away from the place where she had been lurking for them. They fired, and the cub fell. Next day, as they approached the shore in the same place, they were surprised to discover the bear at the very spot where they had fired upon her. By the help of a glass, they could

perceive her crouched by the side of her dead cub, licking it with her tongue, and occasionally employing her paw to move it towards her dug, as if she would have tempted it to take its usual nourishment. As they advanced, she made no effort to escape; and when they fired, her writhing and groans gave symptoms of her having received a severe wound; yet still she did not stir from the place where her dead cub lay. A second shot put an end to the sufferings of this savage animal, which had displayed a maternal tenderness that would have been admired in the human race."

But most in man, Affection doth unfold
Its choicest sweets: for him it truly blooms
An amarathine flower of richest hues,
Diffusing fragrance through the wastes of time.
Not only where the sun of science shines;
Amid the deep impenetrable shades,
The tangled brakes of Aveyron's thick woods,
Ev'n there some glimmerings of affection's flame,
The untaught lesson of the savage life,
Have kindled towards some well remember'd haunt.

The story of Prince Lee Boo is here very naturally introduced, and the affectionate anxiety of his father, Abba Thullé, for the prince's return, at the expiration of the time limited for his absence, pathetically described. Man's natural affection for his home, a subject so beautifully exemplified at large by Polwhele in his *Influence of Local Attachment*, occupies a few interesting pages. The fondness with which we recur to pleasures long past, and to friends beloved separated by death, the affection of a patriot towards his country, the national regard for distinguished public characters, and its grief for their loss, are touched upon with uncommon felicity. The author's Address to England, p. 15, beginning "My country, O my country!" is animated and poetical in a degree beyond the usual standard of the composition; and his apprehension arising from the increase of luxury, strengthened by the experience of history, cannot be considered as groundless. We have long felt the same fears as the author that—

So shall it be
Some distant day—

and fervently echo his prayer—

but be it distant far
That England's foes shall triumph o'er her fate,
And hail her fallen.

Mr. Smithers then traces the progress of affection among relatives; he notices the early display of it by children:—

(See with what eager, with what fond embrace
It clings delighted to the parent breast,
And bids its playful fingers tell its joy:
Repeated kindness, daily, hourly given,
Binds the loved child with firm but welcomed chains
In strong affection—)

sexual affection in its purity, whence arises the conjugal, paternal, filial, and fraternal. The consequences of *misplaced* affection are described in an episode, which we shall give at length. It closes the first part of the poem:

See! yon poor Maniac! shivering in her cell,
With hair dishevell'd, and with bosom bare;
Once bless'd with innocence, each hour was gay,
Till in her breast convulsing passions strove,
And rais'd a dark and wild tornado there,
That in its progress burst the slight barrier,
Which in each fine wrought mind but feebly guards
The seat of intellect: all, all was then
A splendid ruin, and an awful wreck.

Mark her, ye gay seducers! mark her well!
For who like you should feel the awful change?
And tell me if the transient joys you knew
When virtue sunk the victim of your art,
Can e'er compensate your atrocious guilt,
Or wipe away the bitter, bitter tears,
Which prostrate virtue sheds when reason dares
Resume, at intervals, her desert throne,
And points the happy heights whence she has fallen?

Go, bid imagination's magic power
Roll back on time, and tell what once she was—
Form'd to delight the circle where she moved.
Esteem'd, admired by all; Olivia bloom'd
In the rich garden of parental love,
And promised fairest fruit: nursed in delight,
Each charm or grace her opening mind display'd.
Was cultured with a fond assiduous care,
And, as her growing virtues burst on view,
She reign'd unrivall'd 'mid her blooming plains;
In sweet simplicity her youth roll'd on,
Till in a ruthless hour a plunderer came,
All skill'd to lure her unsuspecting soul,
And win her heart, ere he betray'd his own.

overpowering glare, by which all these are as totally hid, as the spots of the sun by the lustre of his beams. Were not this so, how is it, that impudence shall make impressions to advantage: shall procure admission to the highest personages, *and no questions asked*; shall suffice (in short) to make a man's fortune, when no merit could even render itself visible? * I ask no more to insure success, than that there be but enough of it: † without success a man is ruined and undone, there being no mean. Should one ravage half the globe, and destroy a million of his fellow-creatures, yet, if at length he arrive at empire, as Cæsar did, he shall be admired while living as an hero, and adored perhaps as a god when dead: though were the very same person, like Catiline to fail in the attempt, he would be hanged as a little scoundrel robber, and his name devoted to infamy or oblivion. ‡

* "Impudence," says *Osborn*, "is no virtue, yet able to beggar them all; being for the most part in good plight, when the rest starve, and capable of carrying her followers up to the highest preferments: as useful in a court, as armour in a camp. Scotchmen have ever made good the truth of this, who will go farther with a shilling, than an Englishman can ordinarily pass for a crown." *Advice to a Son*.—But this to my thinking is rather a mark of superior wisdom, than of superior impudence: I suspect an error of the press, and that instead of *Scotchmen* it should have been *Irishmen*. Not that I approve of national strictures: there is no occasion to apply either to *Scotland* or *Ireland* for impudence of the very first metal.

† *Qui semel verecundiæ fines transierit, oportet esse gnaviter impudentem.* Cicero.

‡ This comparison of a hero with a robber hath been often made. "Father Mascaron told us from the pulpit to-day," says *Madam de Maintenon*, "that the hero was a robber, who did at the head of an army, what a highwayman did alone. Our master," she adds, "was not pleased with the comparison:" *notre maître n'a pas été content de la comparaison.* *Lettres*, 9 Fev. 1675.—*Boileau's* language is equally forcible, in *Sat. xi. v. 75.*

*Un injuste guerrier, terreur de l'univers,
N'est qu'un plus grand voleur, que du Teste, &c.*

"I am a pirate," said one of that order to Alexander, "because I have only a single vessel: had I a great fleet, I should be a conqueror."—Seneca calls conquerors *magnos et furiosos latrones*; and justly: *quid enim*, as *St. Augustin* says, *sunt regna, remotâ justitiâ, nisi magna latrocinia?*

Pray, what do you think the elder Pliny suggests, when he affirms it to be "the prerogative of the Art of Healing, that any man, who professes himself a physician, is instantly received as such?" * He certainly suggests, that such sort of professors in his days, like the itinerant and advertising doctors of ours, had a more than ordinary portion of that bold, self-important, and confident look and manner, which, with a very little heightening, may justly be called impudence. And what but this could enable a little paltry physician, of no name or character, to gain so mighty an ascendancy over such a spirit, as that of Lewis XI. of France? Read the account in Philip de Commine; and then blame me, if you can, for thinking so highly of this accomplishment.—True it is, that Lewis was afraid of death even to horror, and so as not to bear the sound of the word; and I grant, that on this same fear the empire of physic, as well as the empire of divinity, is chiefly founded: but I insist, that neither the one nor the other will ever be raised effectually, without the aid and co-operation of this great and sovereign quality.

Pope Gregory VII. who governed the church from 1073 to 1085, is celebrated for having carried ecclesiastical dominion to the height: for he was the first who maintained and established, that popes, by excommunication, may depose kings from their states, and loose subjects from their allegiance. And how did he effect this? Not by genius or eloquence; not by a knowledge of canon law, and the constitutions of the holy see; no, nor by the arts of policy and grimaces of his religion (with all which he was amply endowed) but by a most insolent, daring, usurping spirit. He seized the papal chair by force, as it were; threw the church into confusion to gratify his ambition;

* *In hac artium sola evenit, ut cuicumque medicum se professo statim credatur.* Nat. Hist. xxix.—I cannot, however, confine this to physic: it is true, more or less, of all the professions:

For he that has but impudence

To all things has a fair pretence.

And, certainly, it is most true of divinity. Let any peasant or village mechanic start forth as a preacher, without any preparation or qualification of any kind, will he not instantly be followed, and listened to as a divine?

made kings his slaves, and bishops his creatures; and established in his own person a tyranny over things both spiritual and temporal.—But my admiration of impudence transports me too far: I will say no more upon it. S.

THE EMPIRE OF AVA

CONVERTED TO THE RELIGION OF MAHOMET.

AN ORIENTAL ANECDOTE OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

From the French.

PART II.

TA-HAIDER knew that his beloved Nahela was the favourite sultana of the emperor of Ava; he had confided a part of his secret to the missionary Dervises, and these reverend persons, whose opinion was sanctioned by the court of Cochin-China, thought they saw in all this the finger of providence, pointing out the mode of converting a great empire.

In the suite of the ambassador was an old Cochin-Chinese dwarf who sold articles of jewellery.

Nahela was young and pretty; she was consequently a coquette, and fond of jewels; the emperor proposed that the dwarf should be brought to her; he struck the ground with his *tam-tam*, and the six thousand eunuchs cried out: "the emperor is about to speak."

"Let the dwarf approach," said the emperor, and the dwarf advanced; he walked upon little crutches, and was known by the name of the *little Mustapha*.

"Truly, little Mustapha," said Nahela to him, "you have all the appearance of a sorcerer." "I am a mussulman, madam," replied the little Mustapha, rather drily, "and I am come to shew you some jewels." He displayed before her some of his most valuable commodities; the Sultana turned them carelessly over. "Here is a Cochin-Chinese ring," said the dwarf.

Nahela eagerly seized it. "It is very pretty," said she, endeavouring to conceal her agitation. "Keep it," said the Sultan to her, and he placed it on her finger.

"Here are some others," continued the dwarf. Na-

hela discovered that all the rings were very pretty, and one after the other, they all found their way on her fingers.

She had perceived on the enamel of the first of these rings, the cipher of Ta-Haider; she saw inscribed on each of the others Cochin-Chinese characters, scarcely perceptible, and expressions of love conveyed in hieroglyphicks. Nahela had learned to decipher the mysteries which these hieroglyphicks concealed, and while affecting to admire the several brilliants, she read the following words.

“Ta-Haider, thy faithful Ta-Haider still loves thee;—dost thou, Nahela, still love thy Ta-Haider?—Doth ever a thought of him possess thy bosom?—He is a mussulman;—follow his example;—the Dervises are our friends. The dwarf will bring me thine answer. Ta-Haider dies, if Nahela no longer loves him.”

Nahela instantly formed her resolution. “You are a mussulman, you say,” addressing the little Mustapha, and without waiting for an answer she turned to the Sultan, “Signor,” said she, with an earnestness more than usual, “may Tien and Brahma unite to bless the days of your glorious reign; but for your slave she can never be happy, ’till she become a Mahometan. It is an odd fancy, I grant; but I feel something within (placing her hand on her heart) that tells me no other religion can bestow true happiness.”

This was an answer to Ta-Haider’s *billet*, and the little Mustapha, after nine prostrations, retired. The emperor threw out some objections which appeared to him conclusive, but which had no such effect on the mind of the Sultana, on whom the spirit of the prophet operated so rapidly, that the good Kein-Hang willing to gratify her, struck the earth once more with his *tam-tam*, and said to the chief of the eunuchs, “Go, and see whether there are any Dervises in my antichamber.”

The seraglios of the East have not what we call antichambers, but they have halls which resemble them, where for a century and a half, either Dervises or Santons were usually to be met with.—It was at this time, the grand æra for propagating Mahometanism. It is not therefore surprizing that Dervises should be found in the antichambers of the seraglio of Ava; they there converted more or less the slaves and eunuchs; these

converted the damsels of the court, who in their turn attempted the conversion of their mistresses; and the Sultan Kein-Hang, *the Light of the Lights that illuminate the East*, was, without suspecting any thing, almost the only person in the palace, who was not a little of a mussulman.

He who appeared to be the principal Dervise, was ordered to approach. He had attained the rank of chief of the Asiatic missions in Cochin-China, Pegu, Tonquin, Ava, and other neighbouring kingdoms known or unknown. He had already run a laborious career in China. He was a philosopher, a great mathematician, and a profound astronomer; he was in other respects, a good sort of man; easy, accommodating, polite, indulgent, somewhat of a hypocrite if you will, and loved all the world, the Santons only excepted. The Cochin-Chinese called him *Father Tutto*. Father Tutto converted for conversion sake; he fulfilled all the duties of his mission, and strictly conformed to the instructions of the grand Mufti; he did not scruple at times to resort to a few miracles; he could not indeed carry a quarter of the moon in his sleeve, as the prophet had done; but he restored dead persons to life, and walked over rivers with dry feet. One day his chaplet fell into the sea, and it was brought back to him by a crab. The authors of the golden legend of the mussulmen relate, that the crab not thinking it right to turn his posteriors on so holy a man, retreated backwards, and they very gravely add, that ever since this event, crabs have moved in the same retrograde manner.

The Dervise was introduced. Kien-Hang was a tolerant monarch; a Chinese by his father's, a Hindoo by the mother's side, he made no difference between Tohi and Vishnou; the images of both these deities equally embellished the hall in which his throne was erected, and Father Tutto, after having prostrated himself nine times before the Sultan, saluted the two gods, one after the other, with a profound inclination of the head.

Nahela had let down two of her three veils. Kien-Hang, who was only jealous because it was then the custom to be so in the empire of Ava, was at the bottom superior to this weakness. He lifted up the veils of his favourite himself.

"Is there not here," said he familiarly to the Dervise, "wherewithal to make a very pretty Mahometan?"

The father replied: "God is good; there is no God but one, and Mahomet is one of his prophets." He added that he perceived symptoms of faith in the large black eyes of Nahela.

The Sultan continued: "they say father, your religion is a very good one." "It would be still more so," replied the Dervise, "if there were no Santons among us;" and he immediately related the history of a violent persecution which the Santon missionaries had excited against the Dervises in the kingdom of Siam.

Kien-Hang desired the Dervise to give him some idea of the doctrines and mysteries of his religion. Tutto satisfied him upon every point; he made him acquainted with the angel Gabriel and the Koran; he next spoke slightly of the prohibition against the drinking of wine, but expatiated at large on the delights of Paradise, and the *Houris*; the *Houris* seemed to please his highness mightily.

Of all the mysteries, that of *transformation* appeared to the emperor the most simple. As Vishnou was incarnated nine times, and transformed three times to a horse, Mahomet he thought, might easily enough be changed twice into a dromedary. It is true that the Sultan had no great faith in this story, but all his wives gave full credit to it.

When the Dervise had left off speaking, Nahela asked the sublime Sultan, with apparent enthusiasm, what he thought of the matter. He said it was well enough, but he did not feel quite convinced; the favourite, on the contrary, was dying with impatience to receive the last seal of her conversion. The good Dervise, before he took his leave, gave the Sultana a phial, which contained, he said, the tears and sighs of a young Cochin-Chinese, who died for his religion; he also presented her with a beautiful relic, curiously wrought with hair; the hair was likewise that of a Cochin-Chinese martyr. Nahela conveyed these precious gifts to her lips, and fervently kissed them.

The father promised to send her a Cochin-Chinese convert to finish her instruction; the Sultan did not think that absolutely necessary: but he was in love, and whatever gave pleasure to the Sultana, was agreeable to him.

The convert, some days after, was introduced. The reader may easily conjecture who he was; but he will not so readily guess the sort of scene which was preparing to give the finishing stroke to the conversion of this mighty empire.

"Heavens! it is my brother," exclaimed Nahela.— "Gracious powers!" cried Ta-Haider, "my sister!" and before any body had time to prevent it, they were clasped in each other's embrace. The attendants hastened to separate them, when both fell backwards, pale, and dying.—

"What does all this mean," said Kien-Hang, "God is good," said the Dervise—"don't you see that a brother has found a sister in the Sultana?"

The sister was placed on one sofa, the brother on another. They seemed as if struck with death.

"She is dead," sorrowfully exclaimed the wise Kien-Hang, the *Light of the Lights that illuminate the East*. The physicians, the fakirs, the talapoins, the bouzes, the eunuchs, all declared that she was dead. Kien-Hang was inconsolable, tore his hair, and disfigured his countenance. The Dervise, after repeating very often "*God is good*," appeared absorbed in the most profound meditation.

"Father," said Kien-Hang, "I am told that you have the power of restoring the dead." "I have sometimes succeeded," replied Tutto, "in reviving mussulmen, but the miracle has never been worked upon two at once; besides Nahela has not yet received the prophet's faith. I will therefore, to render glory to Allah, and to gratify you, signor, restore the brother who has been circumcised."

"Leave the Cochín-Chinese as he is," replied the Sultan, "but restore Nahela to me, and to-morrow I will embrace your faith." "This promise," said the Dervise, "will be received by the prophet, who will revive not only the sister, but the brother also. Signor, retire awhile."

Kien-Hang withdrew, but whispered to the Dervise as he went out, that he need not give himself any trouble about the Cochín-Chinese.

The reader must know, that the relic given by Tutto to the Sultana, inclosed a billet in which the plot of this scene was explained to her; the phial filled with sighs and tears, contained a subtle spirit, prepared by the

Dervise. Ta-Haider and Nahela were to inhale the liquid both at the same time, and they executed this part of the contrivance very adroitly; the first effect of the spirit, was to cause a fainting away, more or less prolonged in proportion to its strength; an icy coldness next took possession of the limbs; a livid hue spread over the countenance, and the whole frame became stiff and motionless.

The Sultan had no sooner left them than Tutto applied another spirit to his two patients, which counteracted the effects of the former, and immediately restored them to their senses.

"The time presses," my children, said the Dervise: "you have only one moment to say that you still love each other. The prophet will bless your union: the conversion of the empire of Ava——"

He would have said a good deal more, but Nahela and Ta-Haider were already occupied in attending to his first suggestion.

The good father retired to a corner to pray. In the mean time the heralds announced to the city of Ava, that a Dervise had worked a miracle in the palace, and that the circumcision of the emperor was immediately to take place. The report soon reached every corner of the empire, and some Santons who had just arrived on the frontiers, were forced to turn back, and take up their residence in the adjoining countries.

Having finished his devotions, the Dervise announced to the impatient Kien-Hang, that Nahela was brought to life again. The Sultan hastened to embrace her: he was followed by his eight hundred and thirty-five other wives, and their six thousand eunuchs; his ten thousand elephants were ranged in the courts of the palace, and his hundred thousand men were under arms. The two rivers of Irrouaddy resounded with the cry of *Allah! Allah!*

The poets of the court celebrated the favourite Sultana, her charms, her virtues, her little cocked-up nose, her large black eyes, her love for the Sultan, and her affection for her brother.

The Sultan was every day more and more enamoured of Nahela; the brother was named chief mandarin; the Dervise received the appointment of grand astronomer of the empire; his brethren made the almanacks, calculated the eclipses, and converted the

infidels; the grand astronomer reformed the calendar of the country, and no Santon was ever again suffered to pass the frontiers of Ava. * * *

THE ARTS.

No. VII.

REPLY TO THE APOLOGY FOR THE CHALK MANNER OF ENGRAVING.

"Be thou as chaste as ice—as pure as snow,
Thou shalt not escape *Calumny*."

MR. CONDUCTOR,

A correspondent of your's who professes to write "An Apology for the Chalk manner of Engraving," has attempted to impose on your readers by an envious and very illiberal attack on the professional character of Mr. Landseer. It appeared in your last number, and as an antidote cannot be administered too soon after poison, I rely on the candour which has hitherto presided in your *Cabinet* council, for an immediate insertion of the following lines; of which the object is less to vindicate Mr. L., for that is less necessary, than to expose the insidious, ungenerous, and uncalled-for conduct of your Apologist, and set on their guard such of your readers (if any such there be) as do not see what bulges the cloak of this assassin: The lecturer may rely on what he has written, and on what he may further intend, and may say with the Spartan, "*strike but hear*:" but malevolent designs should still be exposed, that the public may repel with deserved abhorrence every attempt to stigmatise innocence, or to invade the peaceful abodes of studious retirement.

It is fortunate for society that bad men in their reasonings, frequently overlook very important points. A distinguished artist very wittily encountered a witticism of Garth, by saying that he "would take any thing from the doctor, but—his prescriptions." Your correspondent (who also would be thought a distinguished artist)

is of quite opposite sentiments: he will take nothing from Mr. L. but what is personally administered. He seems not to be aware that the public—looking beyond the cloud of sophistry with which he craftily attempts to obscure their perceptions—will see that the TRUTH of what Mr. L. has advanced, is not, and cannot be, at all affected, by what he has, or has not engraven. If he had never cut a line, or if he were the author of as many plates as Bartolozzi, and as admirable as your correspondent would insinuate his own performances to be, his account of the introduction of Chalk engraving into this country, which has so highly offended your *generous* correspondent, would neither be verified the less on that account, nor can be falsified the more. Your *generous*, your *liberal* correspondent, professes himself to be the advocate of Chalk engraving, and would insist that no person is competent to speak of an art, but who practically excels in that art. It is fair to infer that he is prepared to prove not only that ‘Garth did not write his own Dispensary,’ but that Mr. Clarke of Edinburgh, who never commanded a ship, (nor was even ever at sea, if common report may be credited) was not the author of the system of naval tactics—or else that the system is idle and illusory which taught Rodney and Nelson, and all the best and bravest of our admirals to conquer: it is just to conclude, that he will send Sir Joshua Reynolds to the drawing school, before he allows the smallest credit to his discourses; that he will compel Mr. Payne Knight to produce statues from his own chisel, and pictures from his own pencil, ere he listens to that gentleman’s criticisms on Art, or ‘principles of taste;’ and that he will set the committee of taste which the House of Commons has selected, to model public monuments, before he allows them to sit in judgment on the models of others. Further, it is reasonable to expect, that if your *logical* and *candid* correspondent does not conclude his apology with his own name, we shall at least be surprised and edified by a *line* which shall vie with those of Protogenes and Apelles of old.

Mr. L’s account of the introduction of Chalk engraving into England, is perhaps not the best written part of his volume of Lectures, yet is a detail of facts * (not

* In justice to your readers and to the other parties concerned, would it not be well for you to print the whole, if you can find room

a chain of reasoning which might possibly be fallacious) which the writer before me, does not, and I suppose cannot, and has recourse to the lowest artifice of the lowest vulgar; that of filling up the deficient measure of his argument with an overflow of invective. He mingles reverence for the antique, with scandalous scurrility, and seems to imagine that your readers will be agreeably surprised while he discloses how near Billingsgate the Castalian fount may bubble. By the shallow artifice of passing over three pages, in order to bring together and confound, literal with figurative expression, he hopes to impose an idea upon those who have not read *Mr. L's book*, that that gentleman's "manner of writing is palpably obscure and grossly contradictory:" now, he who essays to convict another of false metaphor, should at least be careful of his own, yet we find your apologist prating in p. 25, of a *Sun* striking with *lightning* a tiara, &c. and darting his *meridian* rays across the Alps. That the public might see the Sun, this kind apologist holds a candle, and flattering himself that he has caught the public attention, he here stops to snuff it, with a *professional* flourish that might have done honour to the first theatrical candle-snuffer of the past century.

This writer appears to be actuated—I had almost said *blinded*, by a *particular interest*, in inculcating that the Chalk manner is the superior mode of engraving. If he were some wretched dotter of the lowest class who was fearful of being left out of employ, he could not shew more anxiety that Mr. L. and all the world should join in his anthem of 'Glory be to thee O Dot!'

I say not these things however, from any dislike of his favourite branch of the Art, but of base and ungenerous behaviour. I will even allow that this man (if he be a man) may possibly on this point of the superiority of Chalk engraving be in the right. He may be able to shew that Bartolozzi's chalk engravings are better than his Clytie, his Circumcision, his Silence, or his Diploma; he may prove to the satisfaction of persons of the purest taste that Woollett ought to have dotted after Wilson, and ought to have dotted the death of General Wolfe and battle of La Hogue. I only desire you to notice,

in your next number, of those four pages, (including the Note on Alderman Boydell's pamphlet) of Mr. Landseer's Third Lecture, which this write: has made the pretence for his attack?

Sir, that he has not yet proved these things, nor disproved a single syllable of what Mr. L. has advanced on the subject before us.

It may not be less worthy of our notice, that notwithstanding the acrimony of his hostility towards the Lecturer, I cannot find that Mr. L. has any where declared an opinion as to the superior mode of engraving. Perhaps he conceives that such a preference is unnecessary, or would be indelicate or invidious. I would not however anticipate what I dare believe he will one day communicate to the public—for it is obvious from his book that he has been prevented from delivering what he intended, on the subject of modern engraving: I do not suppose that he will allow himself to be forced into any premature disclosure of his sentiments, or that he will condescend to notice at all such attacks as those of your correspondent; but I think you may infer from what he has already published, that his opinion on this point, does not materially differ from my own, which may be expressed by a slight alteration of a celebrated couplet of Pope.

*For modes of Sculpturing let Fools contest
That which is best administered, is best.*

To conclude, Mr. Editor, it requires no great depth of penetration to perceive—not that this *Apologist* is in the wrong—but that he himself entertains more than a latent suspicion that he is not in the right; for nothing can betray more the conscious baseness of a man who believes he is maintaining a bad cause, than that common artifice of crafty and venal advocates, of attacking the character of their opponent, when they cannot controvert his argument or bear down the facts he produces: and the rancour with which it is executed, is always in proportion to the baseness in which it is conceived. Conscious of being weak in truth, a bad man foolishly flatters himself that he shall prove strong in falsehood. I have said thus much sir, that such characters as this *Apologist* may not in future abuse the confidence of your readers, nor soil the polish of your Cabinet.

And am, Sir,

Your obedient Servant,

22nd Aug. 1807.

PHILOGRAPHICUS.

MR. LANDSEER'S REMARKS ON CHALK ENGRAVING.

“ Stippling is a mode of producing prints by means of combinations of dots, which are either round or multangular, as the conical point, or point of the graver, is employed to form them. Stippling with the graver, was occasionally practised both by Martin Schoen and Albert Durer, in the very infancy of the art: the latter employed it in imitating the texture of beaver hats, and other similar objects. Perceiving that it was peculiarly expressive of softness, Agostino Veneziano, and Boullanger, sometimes stippled their flesh, and Julio Campagnola his back-grounds also. Almost a century afterward, it was observed by De Marteau that by etching some of the dots and engraving others, very successful imitations of drawings hatched with chalk, might be produced; and hence it has been called the *CHALK manner* of engraving.

“ In England, the chalk manner is new, having been imported from Paris not many years ago, † by Ryland, who employed it so as rather to imitate such drawings as are done with crayons, or *stumped*, than such as are *hatched* with chalk. It was run after, however, with avidity by the public, chiefly because it *was* new, for it was but a sort of retrograde and degenerate novelty as it was practised by the immediate imitators of Ryland. Yet, with so much heedless anxiety was it pursued, that people never stopt to consider whether even red-chalk or stumped drawings themselves (of which these prints were professed imitations) were so good representations of nature, or afforded a more happy and efficient means of transfusing the soul of painting, than the art of engraving in lines, as it was then exercised by Bartolozzi, Vivares, Woollett, and Strange, who were all living at the time; but—Ryland and novelty led the way, and fashion and Bartolozzi followed.

“ Perhaps Bartolozzi perceived that this stippling mode of engraving, was capable of more easily bestowing that soft blending and infantile indefinity, which are conspicuous in his style;—perhaps he recollected the fate of Milton, Corregio, and Collins, and saw that the existing state of the public taste, would neither appreciate nor reward the solitary efforts of a line-engraver who should regulate his aims by exalted views of the per-

† About fifty.

fectibility of his art; and perhaps he knew that in executing his plates in the chalk manner, he could much sooner avail himself of the assistance of his pupils than in the more arduous practice of engraving in lines, and thus perform more rapidly the numerous commissions of the print dealers. However this may have been, certain it is that he bowed down his great abilities, and made a willing or a reluctant sacrifice of principle on the altar of fashion: an aberration which persons of real taste have not ceased to regret.

“The print dealers upon mistaken notions of private advantage, are ever exhausting the permanent hopes of the art: they are always ready, like Mr. Windham’s savage, to cut down the tree in order to obtain its fruit. The novelty of chalk engraving, by calling forth their ignorant exertions, coincided with, and increased this mania of the public, and except for the landscapes of Vivares, Rooker, and Woollett, which required and exhibited, more vigour and more detail of drawing than stippling could bestow; and that now and then an historical engraving by Strange and Bartolozzi, and the series from Mr. West’s History of England, (of which the death of General Wolfe was the first,) attested the existence and maintained the dignity of the legitimate art—with these illustrious exceptions, I say the engravers of Great Britain were compelled to feel and silently to acknowledge, that since ‘ignorance was bliss,’ ’twas folly to be wise.’

“For myself,—though very young at the time, I could not help seeing with concern, that this re-discovery of, and rage for dotting, had happened at a most unfortunate period for the progress of engraving: It seemed to me as if a premature dotage had overtaken its manly prime. It has since turned out to be only one of those diseases which arise from the redundancy of particular humours—a sort of influenza, for which (if my opinion of Academies be right) the Royal Academy of Arts should have provided a remedy, but which the natural vigour of the constitution of engraving has since overcome.

“The dealers in fashionable articles, may be compared to dogs, that after a longer or a shorter chase, generally hunt their game to death. The Royal Academy had cleared no roads, and set up no directing posts, and even those among the well-intending public who were

fondest of the sport—following these hounds, lost their way in the intricate and desultory chase. As at the Easter hunt, some stop short, others are thrown from their hobbies, and others again follow the dogs to the last—so it has been with regard to the fashion of engraving so as to imitate chalk or crayon drawings. At length, however, this interesting art (of which, if I *seem*, I only seem to make sport) fetching a few noble bounds, has escaped from the toils of its pursuers, and now roves at leisure, when, as a means of translating pictures, it is more worthy than ever of being pursued.*

Upon what principles I am led to perceive that this province of engraving has recently disclosed more various and extensive, and richer tracts than it was formerly

* In a pamphlet lately printed, under the signature of Mr. Josiah Boydell, which professes to contain "a Plan for the encouragement of Arts," &c. (which is in my opinion one of the most radically defective plans ever attempted to be obtruded on the public, and founded in such gross mistake, that it might with more propriety be termed a Plan for the discouragement of the Arts) we find Mr. Boydell very free in reprobating the "dotting manner," and in censuring the public for their bad taste in engraving. In speaking of the different modes of engraving, his pamphlet might have sparkled with a little useful light, if he had been able and willing to have enlightened his readers on the subject; Yet, he gives no reasons why one manner of engraving is to be preferred to another: nor endeavours to inform, nor to reform the Public Taste, but by reproaching that public with having been "the promoters of such publications," as he now affects to condemn, i. e. such as are engraven in the manner of his own Shakspeare. He seems to expect that we should now believe *line*-engraving to be the superior art, for no other reason than he formerly expected or wished us to believe that *chalk* engraving was so. Upon venturing some years ago, to speak in favour of engraving in *lines*, at the Shakspeare gallery, I was told, by a person related to the present alderman, that, compared with the mode of engraving of which he now finds it expedient to speak as above, "line engraving was but an inferior art—a kind of *tattooing*, which was going fast out of fashion,"—and this was spoken as if *fashion* were known and acknowledged to be the arbiter of art.

The truth now appears to be, that the conductors of the Shakspeare kept the dotting manner in *fashion* as long as they could, (let the larger engravings for Boydell's Shakspeare contradict me, if I am wrong) for reasons which he himself divulges in the pamphlet before me, namely—because "the difference both as to time and expence is as three to one," and because they therefore found it "answer to the publisher;" and that now the public taste is emancipating itself from the slavery of fashion, and that Messrs. Boydell and Co. find themselves in danger of being left in the minority, they

known to contain, I shall have the pleasure to explain at another time."

* * To *hear both sides* is the only way to come at a just decision. We have therefore readily admitted the above communication from an advocate of Mr. Landseer, in reply to the Apologist for *Chalk Engraving*. It would be well if controversy could be conducted with less acrimony, but when men feel warmly they are apt to express themselves intemperately. The Apologist conceiving that Mr. Landseer had, in his volume of Lectures lately published, written disrespectfully of *dotting engraving*, without sufficient knowledge of his subject, and that his observations were calculated to injure the numerous engravers who practise that branch of Art, has not merely acted on the *defensive*, but has given *blow for blow*, and followed the assailant into his own trenches. Perhaps also he has used the *tomahawk* when he should only have employed the sword.

The zeal of PHILOGRAPHICUS carries him likewise a little too far. We do not apprehend that a literary champion, who appears in vindication of a favourite Art which he thinks has been illiberally attacked and unjustly degraded by a Public Lecturer, is to be considered as a *bad man*, and actuated by *base* motives. We see nothing in the article to which this is a reply that authorizes the application of these strong epithets; but if there *be* any *private malice* in it, of which we repeat we are not aware, we shall certainly feel much regret at having given it an insertion. Our readers, however, will judge between the combatants, and decide which has the best of the battle. One good effect at least will arise from the contest. The merits of a very popular style of engraving will be fully discussed and properly ascertained.

We shall hereafter have an opportunity of noticing Mr. Landseer's Lectures in our *Review*, and of course, of expressing our *own* sentiments upon the point at issue: in the mean time, as lovers and promoters of the ARTS, and friends to a spirited discussion of whatever appertains to them, we leave the two letters *pro* and *con* to the deliberate examination of the Readers of the *Cabinet*.

are endeavouring to accommodate their principles to the change. Thus verifying the position I have laid down in another discourse, that to follow, flatter, and degrade, not to lead, exalt, and refine, the public taste, is the constant object of these mock *Mæcenates* of modern engraving—at least the constant tendency of their *profitable* endeavours.

THE COLLECTOR.

No. 1.

Undique collatis membris.—HOR.

BOWANNY,

THE WIFE OF A HINDOO OF DISTINCTION IN THE PROVINCE OF DAIRA, WHO BURNT HERSELF ON THE DEATH OF HER HUSBAND, IN 1776.

[Upon this Story Miss Starke founded her Tragedy of the Widow of Malabar.]

As this practice, the origin of which is lost in antiquity, has been the admiration and regret of so many ages, I have thought proper to bring forward one instance, respecting which an English gentleman, at that time of authority in the district, has kindly furnished me with authentic documents.

The ladies of Hindostan are allowed to marry once only; but, on the death of their husbands, they are legally entitled to a considerable share of his fortune, and may survive him without incurring any reproach; the contrary practice is rare; yet there are still found victims of a false but heroic enthusiasm, who still prevent it from falling into disuse.

Seen by no other man but their husband, and confined within the walls of their apartments, ambition and vanity can only act on things of little import. The applause of the multitude, or future fame, would be faint inducements to such a sacrifice. The Hindoo women are not influenced either by those considerations, or entirely by affection or despair. Their law assures them, that this act ensures not only their own and their husband's salvation, but that of the children and parents of each. The heat of the climate makes it necessary to bury the same day on which a death happens. The widow who has formed this resolution, and repents before she has left the house and been exposed to public view, may be allowed to draw back; but when this is once done, the severity of their manners will not permit it.

Bowanny had been married about twelve years, and had three children. She had been tenderly attached to her husband, insomuch that she chose to dress his food with her own hands, and perform many duties, from which her rank exempted her. She attended him during his illness with the greatest solicitude, and her health

and spirits seemed to fluctuate with his. About two months before his death, on his disorder increasing, he asked her, if he died, whether she would accompany him, which she promised, and never swerved from this resolution. As his fate grew more certain, her assiduities became more constant; she did not even withdraw at the entrance of his brothers, or hide her face from them. "For whom," said she, "should I now conceal myself?" On his death, in the morning of the 12th of March, 1776, she immediately declared her intention to burn with him, went and took out her bridal vestments for the occasion, and ordered other necessary preparations with the greatest calmness. Her temper was so mild, that she would never resent an injury or an affront, but would say "it was the will of heaven she should suffer it." For the last two months she had never been seen to shed a tear.

As soon as they were acquainted with her determination, her family, relations, and friends, persuaded her to break it; and particularly the mother and brothers of the deceased. They brought her children before her, and said they would want her care; but she replied, that "her soul was already gone; that she lived but for him she had lost; and that she was bent upon a great business." She attended the body all the day, frequently looking at the countenance with smiles, and pressed for dispatch, saying, "she would go before night, and view the world on leaving it." Messages from the English chief were answered in the same way as the others had been, and when at length opposition ceased, she expressed the highest joy. She offered, if the family doubted her resolution, or feared she should disgrace them by timid behaviour, to give any proof, by suffering any torture, as a trial; but nothing of this kind was permitted. She refused to see her children; but a speech she made to her mother-in-law, bespoke her interest in their welfare. "You have excited disputes against my husband," said she, "and of course against me; but when we are gone, be kind to my children; they have not offended you. You see how this world passes away, act, then, with reference to a future state." The other wept; but did not speak a word in answer.

About an hour before sunset, the procession began. Bowanny was carried on a litter upon men's shoulders. She sat upright, by the side of her husband's body,

which was covered with a linen cloth. She scattered about pieces of the money of that country, and some red powder. As they drew nearer the spot, the curtains of the litter were opened; and though the sun had been some time set, the strong illumination presented her distinctly to view. She kept one hand upon a tassel, which hung from the top of the litter, whilst with the other she held a fan over the corpse. Her figure was graceful, and rather larger than that of the generality of Hindoo women. She was dressed in the fashion of the country, in a red gauze striped and edged with gold, and had various gold and silver ornaments. The whole of her forehead was stained with vermillion, as is customary on the day of marriage. By this she was rather disfigured; but the lower parts of her face had some marks of beauty: while a placid countenance, bordering on melancholy, shewed a mind steady and collected. She was talking in a pleasant tone of voice to the bramins who walked beside her; and frequently raised her eyes to look around, without the least sign of confusion or disquiet at the sight of the numbers by whom she was surrounded. She once stayed the litter, to bless the English chief and his company, who from curiosity and interest had joined the train—and prayed at intervals, till they arrived at the burning place of the family.

No preparation had been made there for the ceremony; and when it was begun, a fearful time! Bowanny appeared still calm, but sometimes rather faint, as if from weakness, when she was supported by the bramins and her husband's brothers, and retired into a temple, where her mother-in-law constantly resided. During this time her husband's body was uncovered. He was a handsome man, about thirty, and dressed in his bridal habiliments. An hour was employed in bringing wood and materials for the pile. It was made of large beams and moist plantain wood, laid cross-wise, over which was spread dry rushes, and a quantity of small billets of wood. While it was preparing, Bowanny sent twice to complain of the delay. After it had been raised about two feet from the ground, the litter, with the husband's body, was laid upon it, and soon afterwards she came from the temple, supported by the bramins, her husband's brothers, and four female attendants. She appeared weak, and often reclined her head. She repeated prayers dictated by the bramins, when near the pile,

with her eyes lifted up to heaven. When close to it, she sate down upon the ground ; they gave her the liquor of a cocoa-nut, and read over some ancient writing. She went only once round the pile, instead of three times, on account of her extreme weakness ; and, when seated upon it, laid her hands upon the heads of those who crouded round, to bless them ; but what she said was drowned by the hum of the people, and the noise of the music, which accompanied the procession. For a few moments, she appeared in a state of suspense, either affected with what she was going to suffer, or trying to recollect if more was necessary to be done. She then began to give away her ornaments, arranged the pillows of the bed, and, without the least discomposure, laid down on the left side of her husband, throwing one arm around him, and striving to support his head with the other. A sheet was then spread over them—on which rushes and sticks, sprinkled with ghee and oil, were laid to the height of two or three feet ; when her son, a pretty boy about nine years old, lighted a taper, and, after walking round the pile, set fire to it, just beneath his mother's head. This signal being given, it was lighted on every side. At least ten minutes must have passed, after she lay down, before this took place, during which the pile appeared to heave ; but the people who were near affirmed, she had not spoken one word or moved since she lay down ; and that the motion was occasioned by people passing round it.

At first a thick black smoke arose, from the oil and moist boughs, which, perhaps, was humanely contrived to suffocate the victim. All remained steady ; and when her death was certain, a general shout was raised by her attendants, who boasted of her fortitude to one another.

Some persons, from the superstitious idea that people near death have foresight into events, asked her, on the way to the burning place, to inform them of something they wished to know ;—to which she meekly asked, if they took her for an astrologer ?

When distributing her ornaments at the last, her husband's brother observed that a division of them at that time might create confusion ; and that she had better finish what she had to do, when they might be taken out of the ashes by any who would search for them. "Very well," said she, "then I will lie down."

REVIEW OF BOOKS.

 PROBATQUE CULPATQUE.

The Reign of Charlemagne, considered chiefly with reference to Religion, Laws, Literature and Manners, by Henry Card, A. M. of Pembroke College, Oxford. In One Octavo Volume, price 7s. Longman, Hurst, Rees and Orme. 1807.

THIS is a work which has long been a desideratum among the readers of history. "The name of Charlemagne," observes the author, who is already known to the public by his history of the Revolutions of Russia, and other valuable performances, "is not less familiar to the learned, than to the unlearned reader: yet his reign has been exposed to great, and I will venture to add, undeserved neglect." Which defect, of curiosity respecting the life and character of a man, of whose fame the annals of Europe are full, is rightly attributed by Mr. Card, to the remoteness of the period in which Charlemagne flourished. Indeed with the sole exception of Gibbon, (and he has only viewed the reign of Charlemagne in such a manner as to provoke, rather than satisfy our curiosity,) no other writer has manifested any desire to render the English reader familiar with the military and political operations of that renowned hero. To produce then a work, which, in a popular and elegant style, should delineate Charlemagne in his public and private character, and trace the line of policy pursued by him to impart knowledge, and to create a spirit of improvement, among his people, has been attempted, and we may safely add, in most respects performed by Mr. Card.

The book is divided into five chapters: and the first contains an eloquent but summary account of the warlike achievements of Charlemagne; for Mr. Card has expressly stated in his preface, "that the chief, or rather, sole object of his research, has been to reflect some light on the legislative acts of Charlemagne, the least known, though the most loudly extolled." The

mind of the reader, is however, judiciously relieved, even in this chapter, from the dull uniformity of sieges and battles in war, by digressions illustrative of the methods which Charlemagne adopted to disseminate a better system of government throughout his extensive dominions.

"When the race of Clovis," says our author, "invested their sons with the government of a province, they soon aspired openly to an independent authority; but Charlemagne, in committing any part of his territories to the jurisdiction of his sons, always considered and treated them in the light of subjects: he taught them to view their appointments as gifts which were bestowed, and might be resumed by his despotic will. They were his representatives, or lieutenants; they were the canals by which his irresistible mandate reached the most remote part of his empire. He sent therefore, often for the young princes to receive his orders, as well as his reprimands: and to be instructed by him what remedies they should apply to the abuses which they had introduced or tolerated. When the young king of Aquitaine, who had then entered his seventeenth year, was on the eve of departing to his territories, Charlemagne addressed him with that tone of authority which never failed to make a deep impression on the minds of his auditors 'Henceforth,' said he, 'you are no longer to consider yourself as a boy destitute of all experience; it is now time, that you should exercise yourself, a proper controul over the ministers, nobles, and subjects of your kingdom: you have come to our court with the equipage only of a private person, but you shall enter your dominions with a stately train. I am aware likewise, that in the presents you have wished me to make, necessity has often compelled you to seek from your domestics, the means of thus gratifying your inclinations: but that practice must no longer be followed in your present elevation; since it will make you in the end, an object of contempt to your people, which of all things, is the most to be feared and avoided by a sovereign."

The second, third, fourth, and fifth chapters, contain an account of the state of religion, laws, literature, and manners, in the reign of Charlemagne. Under the head of religion, we discover the strenuous efforts which the emperor of the West made by his opposition to the decrees of the second Nicene council, to stop the torrent of superstition which then poured itself over Europe. Mr. Card has presented us with an elaborate review of Charlemagne's system of legislation, which strikingly demonstrates the great, and permanent revolution he wished to effect in the moral and political condition of his numerous subjects. In proof of this assertion we subjoin the following passages.

"It is our command, that you explain to us, without disguise or reserve, what is to be understood from the import of that phrase among you, to renounce the business and pleasures of the world, and to devote your lives to God. By what means are we to distinguish those who abjure society, from those who mix in it? Are we to rank those only in the list of monks, who embrace a life of celibacy, and appear without arms? Must we consider that person as exclusively aspiring to the virtues of the monastic profession, who labours unceasingly by every artifice in his power, to augment his possessions; or must we view him in that light who by menacing one time the punishments of hell, by promising another time the blessings of Paradise, endeavours to entice people both rich and poor, without learning or judgment, to strip themselves and their legitimate heirs, of the goods which belonged to them? Is he to be considered as resigning himself to a life of penance and solitude, who lusts for the property of another; and, in order to procure it, brings false witnesses in support of claims before a judge devoid alike of faith or discernment? What opinion must be entertained of those, who under a specious pretext of a love of God, his saints, and martyrs, transport from one spot to another, the bones and reliques of the saints, in order to erect new churches, and to engage people by every art of seduction and flattery, to reduce themselves for their use, to a state of beggary in their life time, or else to bequeath their inheritance to them upon their death.

"The *Missi Dominici*, or royal envoys or inspectors, owed their establishment to Charlemagne, and if history had left us no other memorial than this institution to evince his affection for the public good, and his wisdom to attain it, we should deem it sufficient to place him in the eyes of posterity, as worthy of swaying the destinies of a great empire. The beginning of his reign was disturbed, according to a former observation, by a crowd of factious nobles, but by his valor and firmness, address in dividing, eloquence in re-uniting, art in penetrating all, he had succeeded in frustrating every attempt against his own person. Yet to protect the people at large from the oppression of these nobles and their train of dependants, by the due administration of justice, and to provide for its regular security, required views of political justice more liberal and enlightened, and efforts of resolution more systematic and steady, than those which had guided the conduct of his predecessors. Before Charlemagne ascended the throne of France, numberless were the vexations inflicted by these potent chieftains and their satellites over the middle and more indigent classes of the state, and some of the most turbulent and daring spirits among their order, even carried their pretensions so far as to usurp a great part of the royal revenues, and to exercise almost the whole judicial power. By tolerating these proceedings any longer, the monarch clearly foresaw that industry would be stifled, the cultivation of the lands neglected, and commerce, then in its infancy, ruined. To find, therefore, an immediate and permanent remedy for these evils, the *Missi Dominici* were created, by whose means the administration of justice was ultimately brought into the hands of the sovereign. Appointed by him, and attached by every motive of interest and gratitude to his person, Charlemagne felt

no apprehensions in delegating to them an authority almost regal, to ensure the reduction of the higher ranks of the community, to some degree of dependence and subordination. These confidential servants of the crown, were empowered to hold assemblies in the different provinces of the kingdom, four times in the year; to which the bishops, abbots, counts, judges, and other chief magistrates, ecclesiastical and civil, were obliged to repair, either in person or by deputy. In them the affairs of the province were discussed, wrongs redressed, grievances removed, and whatever related to the public or private service, finally settled and arranged. Thus supported by the prince and entirely at his disposal, the *Missi Dominici* were admirably formed to accomplish effectually his entire wishes. To profit by the jealousy of his rebellious lords, to divide them by their mutual hatred, to inspire them with a love of loyalty, to flatter their ambition by dignities, their vanity by praises; to restrain some by fear, some by shame, and others by honour; in short, to derive from each passion, each vice, and each virtue, some impression favourable to the national tranquility and happiness. Independent of this institution making so great a figure in the reign of Charlemagne from the substantial benefits it imparted to the great mass of the people, it also possesses claims to our notice as serving in the judgment of several historians and antiquaries, for the model of the subsequent parliaments of France."

Our limits will not allow us to give any extracts from the fourth and fifth chapters, but of these it may be said, without any exaggerated praise, that they treat of many things worthy of being handed down to posterity. Indeed, it is our opinion, that in this part of the work, the greatest portion of original matter is displayed and set off in the author's happiest manner. In the fifth chapter there is a story relative to the birth of Charlemagne, well calculated to form the ground work of an interesting play or romance. We cannot dismiss this work without remarking, that although every page of it establishes Mr. Card's claims to great research, and minute investigation, yet he is to be censured not a little, for omitting to quote constantly the valuable authorities which he has consulted. This way of writing history, savours too much of the French method, and it may be justly regarded as the chief blemish in the celebrated work of the Abbé Raynal. In justice however, to Mr. Card, we must add, that he has given us a list, in his preface, of the writers to which he has referred, for the new and important facts he has introduced in his history, and this list, affords sufficient evidence of the union of laborious research with discriminating knowledge, exhibited in this undertaking.

The Political and Military State of Europe; (1807). An Address to the British Nation; exhibiting the sole means of preserving the Independence and Liberties of the British Empire, and of rescuing those of Europe from the tyranny of the French Government. By Alexander Walker, Esq. Large 8vo. 5s. Crosby and Co. 1807.

The first part of this Address states a general principle upon which the revolutions of nations, commonly depend; the second gives a rapid sketch of the state of Europe before and after the French revolution; the third exhibits the only certain means of preserving the liberty and independence of the British Empire, and of rescuing those of the continent from the tyranny of the French government; the fourth points out the probable consequences of neglecting scientific measures; and the fifth forms the conclusion.

This is the train of the author's argument. The great cause of revolutions is *neglect of talent*. It subverted the Grecian and Roman States. The converse of this principle is also true; and he instances the present greatness of France, "for nations have always been formidable after internal convulsions, solely, because, during them, it becomes the interest of governments, or of the public, to reward talent, which, while prosperous, they as uniformly avoid."

The battles of Austerlitz and Jena were lost through ignorance of political and tactical science. The Austrians, the Russians, the Prussians are sufficiently brave, but they pursue an erroneous system of warfare. and *ignorance* is the sole cause of all their misfortunes: "what consequently have we to expect, we who so servilely imitate the tactical system of Prussia?"

"Tell not me (says the author) of Alexandria, of Acre, or of Maida, as proofs of tactical skill. Great though they be, they are single achievements, uniformly gained at the point of the bayonet, and by the personal bravery of our men; and so France may boast some naval triumphs. But were her existence dependent upon naval success, or that of Britain on the sum of her military exploits, what would be the consequence? And shall not the military glory of Britain revive? shall the triumphs of Marlborough be forgotten? shall the days of Poitiers, Cressy, and Agincourt never return."

The author then proposes the establishment of various schools of political and diplomatic philosophy, that the offices of the state may be competently filled; but

particularly of free military schools in every city of the empire. We want good statesmen and generals. With regard to the people, all is as it ought to be. Some of the regulations proposed for the schools are excellent; of others, we very much doubt the expediency. Among the former are the following:—the rank of captain should not be filled till all the lieutenants of the same corps have undergone examinations and military exercises, and the same with respect to the rank of major, colonel, or general. Even the private should be admitted to be examined as to his qualifications for an officer.

“ In proof of the propriety, the justice, the necessity of so liberal a measure, it may be observed, that the exclusive advancement of the nobility, the preference of fortune to merit in the army, preceded in France, a destructive revolution, and in Prussia, a total overthrow; and so convinced is the latter of this being a chief cause of her misfortunes, that, since her defeat, it is the first law she has annulled. May Britain benefit by her experience, and avoid her misfortunes! For although it is not to be supposed, that one in ten thousand privates can ever arrive at the rank of general, yet, the motives which such inducements afford, would have an incredible effect, both in recruiting the army, and in producing excellent soldiers.”

It is indeed disgraceful to the government and the country, that promotion should be the consequence of purchase rather than merit. Bonaparte rewards the latter, and thus his army is so well officered. “ What may to us be the consequence (adds Mr. Walker) of ignorant boys, being so often placed at the heads of companies in the service of Britain? Horror seizes me at the sight. Its inevitable consequence must be, that from their misconduct, the bravery of our men would, in action, be unavailing; defeat, in spite of their heroism, would break their spirits, and the national disgrace of Britons would unavoidably follow.” He enforces the necessity of attending to *talent* in the selection of officers by many other remarks equally cogent. He cautions his countrymen not to abandon the war before the tyranny of France is destroyed, and she has no longer power to disturb the peace of Europe.

“ By war, skilfully conducted, Britain will best increase her own naval power, and destroy that of France; while she will at the same time secure all those nations between which and France the sea intervenes, from the open plunder or secret theft of her needy and unprincipled government; but peace, on the contrary, will lessen the strength of our navy, permit that of France to increase, and lay open to her schemes Asia, Africa and America.”

sensible of the least articulate sound. But he himself directly fell upon a device, which proved more successful. The brother was to hold the rim of the wide end of the speaking-trumpet to his upper teeth, and he himself to do the like with the lower end, or mouth-piece: upon which, his brother had scarce uttered a couple of words, but he directly repeated them with the greatest joy, and also assured him, that he understood them more distinctly than if he had bawled them in the loudest manner in his ear.

The deaf man did not stop here: in order to be convinced, whether the success was not owing to the structure of the speaking-trumpet, or whether the same thing might not succeed with other bodies; he directly tried, in the same manner, his tobacco-pipe, and a little wooden stick, and to his great joy found it not only possible, but that the speaker might even speak as low as he pleased, so the voice was only audible. The curiosity of this man and his friends did not rest here; they wanted to know, at what distance one might converse with him: for this purpose, they took thin sticks or slips of wood, of different lengths, and one, in particular, six feet long, an inch broad, and of the thickness of the back of a knife. At Wesel, and in the country round about, they call such sticks flooring-slips or laths, which they use in filling up the openings of the boards of the flooring, when starting asunder: and such slips are the more commodious, as being thin, they the less hinder the pronunciation, and as in other respects, they produce the same effect in propagating sound: and even, by means of a bundle of them tied together, the lowest sound is distinctly audible, when the by-standers can scarce perceive any.

The farther trials and observations, which were made in the use of this method, have been confirmed by the following experiments. In the first place, upon bawling in the loudest manner, in the mouth of the deaf person, through a large tin funnel, without touching the teeth, or even without the funnel, not a single word was understood. Secondly, if the slip of wood be held too fast with the finger, or laid hold on with shut lips, the voice proves very indistinct. But, thirdly, if held with the teeth, the sensation is extremely weak. Fourthly, if the slip be held to the under teeth, there is not the least sense of hearing. Whereas, fifthly, the voice

is perceptible and distinct, upon bringing, in using the slip, the tongue to the palate or to the teeth. Sixthly, the voice is less perceptible on joining the teeth together, than on their standing asunder. Seventhly, though the mouth be full of water, the hearing is not in the least diminished. Eighthly, when a brass or iron wire is held to the teeth, the deaf person hears nothing at all; but held between the teeth, a little. Ninthly, the deaf person may hear very well, on holding, by the lower rim, a beer-glass, to the upper teeth; or if, with the mouth shut, he presses it somewhat hard just under the nose, and another person directs his voice up the glass, close to it; all which answers not with a wine-glass. Tenthly and lastly, the speaker must have good sound teeth, without any loose ones, at least in the upper jaw, as then the voice is very indistinct.

MELANGE.

No. VI.

Chacun à son gout.

MONSIEUR DE VIVONNE.—M. de V, who was general of the expedition against Messina, writing from that place to the king, closed his letter in these words: *To finish the affair, we only want ten thousand men.* He gave his letter to seal to Du Terron, commissioner for the army, who was bold enough to add, *and a general.*

ANECDOTE FOR THE FRENCH EMPEROR.—When Themistocles went to Andrus to demand a levy of money, he said, *I bring two Gods with me, FORCE and PERSUASION.* He was answered, *and we have two stronger, WANT and IMPOSSIBILITY,*

THE USE OF THE EYES.—Such is the reputation of Democritus, that almost all the world is persuaded that he put his eyes out upon moral and honourable principles. Aulus Gellius assures us that he took this resolution, in order to concentrate his ideas, and to enable him more effectually to contemplate those mysteries of Nature, into which his eyes did not suffer him to pene-

trate. He quotes those verses of Laberius, wherein he says that Democritus lost his sight by looking too steadfastly on the sun. But, according to that philosopher, Democritus had a different view in parting with his sight: He suffered this, that he might not be mortified with looking on vicious men. Plutarch, who had mentioned this before Aulus Gellius, considers it as an imposture. The assertion, says he, that Democritus deprived himself of sight, by looking on a burning-glass, is certainly false; yet it is true that those who accustom themselves to mental labour, find the senses rather troublesome than useful. For this reason the retreats of study, and the temples of the muses are generally in solitudes; and probably too, for the same reason it is that the Greeks call the night *Euphrona*, that is the good thinker. Because the time that is least subject to dissipation and variety is most favourable to thought.

Thus, Plutarch is persuaded that the man who cannot see, has a considerable advantage in point of meditation; and it was, undoubtedly, under this idea that Pythagoras shut himself up a whole winter in a subterraneous cave.

Lactantius, on the other hand, says that the mind discerns the object through the medium of the eye, as through a window. It is so essentially there, that through the same medium you may read what passes in it. Lucretius has made use of a very trifling argument to refute this. If, says he, the soul looks through the eye, it would certainly see much better, were the eye taken away. Remove the gates, and surely more light will enter. Certainly, continues Lactantius, Lucretius and Epicurus must have lost their eyes, when they could not see that the removal of them would destroy the passage of light.

JACOB TONSON.—There is a singular defect in the picture of King Charles the first, in whole length in armour, by Vandyke; both the gauntlets being drawn for the right hand.

When this picture was in the Wharton Collection, old Jacob Tonson, who had remarkably ugly legs, was finding fault with the two gauntlets. Lady Wharton said, Mr. Tonson, why might not one man have two right hands, as well as another two left legs!

Till I saw this anecdote, as related by the late Horace

Walpole, I was at a loss to comprehend what Pope intended by the two following lines in the Dunciad :

With arms extended Bernard rows his state,
And left-legged Jacob seems to emulate.

These lines were afterwards thus altered :

With legs expanded Bernard urged the race,
And seemed to emulate great Jacob's pace.

Dr. Warton has inserted the first couplet in his edition, and as he has no annotation upon it, probably was not acquainted with its meaning. [*Beloe.*]

PARLIAMENTARY ELOQUENCE.—Some years ago, a member of parliament having heard many speeches in the house, to the great applause of the speakers, grew ambitious of rising into rival glory by his oratory; and accordingly watched for a favourable opportunity to open. At length an occasion presented itself. A motion was made in the house for enforcing the execution of some statute; on which the orator in embryo rose solemnly up, and after giving three loud hems, spoke as follows: "Mr. Speaker—have we laws, or have we not laws? If we have laws, and they are not observed, to what end were those laws made?" so saying, he sat himself down, his chest heaving high with conscious consequence; when another rose up, and delivered his thoughts in these words: "Mr. speaker—did the honourable gentleman who spoke last, speak to the purpose, or not speak to the purpose; if he did not speak to the purpose, to what purpose did he speak?" This *à-propos* reply set the house in a roar of laughter, and the unfortunate orator, like *Old Doiley* in the farce, was content to be *dummy* ever after.

KOTZEBUE FURTHER DETECTED.

MR. CONDUCTOR,

YOUR correspondent "Detector," in No. IV. of the Cabinet, exposes Kotzebue's plagiarism in having borrowed the story of "*The Little Lie*" from the *Adventurer*; but he has omitted noticing that the story entitled "*Shun the Appearance of Vice*" is equally pilfered from the same source; being a literal copy (variation of names excepted,) of the story of *Desdemona*, Vol. IV. Nos. 117. 118.

A CONSTANT READER.

AN ESSAY ON BRUCE'S TRAVELS,
AND
THE SOURCE OF THE NILE.

Resumed from page 15.

AMONG the thousand improbabilities attending the supposition that the great river of Abyssinia, ever was or could be considered as the *Astapus*, it will not escape notice, that this branch is always treated as one infinitely inferior in consequence to the *Astaberas*, though in point of magnitude and importance, it bears the same proportion to the *Mareb*, *Tacazze* and *Dender*, as *London* to *Dublin*, or a *Patagonian* to a *Laplander*.

The accounts of *Herodotus* are entirely irrelevant. He was told, it seems, by the Secretary of the Temple of *Minerva*, that the sacred river issued out of vast lakes to the southward, which he placed near *Syene*, the modern *Assouan* in Upper Egypt.—Granting even that he had, or rather *Herodotus* had, mistaken the name of the place, nothing is thence proved in favour of the *Bahar el Abiad*, which has no connection with any lake. The description can only suit the *Blue River*, or perhaps the *Maleg*. The information he details as given by the inhabitants of interior Africa with whom he conversed, has already been shewn to apply to the river called the *Niger*.

It is almost unnecessary to mention more modern accounts, since they are all more or less copied from *Ptolemy*. The river mentioned by *Juba*, (as quoted by *Pliny*) is clearly the *Niger*, and no other river which runs eastward. It may not be improper to remark, that *Esduri*, the Arabian geographer, servilely copies *Ptolemy* in his account of the Nile, joining much romantic nonsense of his own. He admits however what is abundantly sufficient for our purpose. He asserts that the natives of Africa declared the "*Blue River*," (which he conceives to be the *Astapus*) to be the true Nile, which he pretends to deny, *not from his own knowledge*, but from his own mistaken notion of the authority of *Ptolemy*. That the *Bahar el Azergue* was generally considered by the natives of those countries to be the

river of Egypt, is a matter of fact which he positively attests; his own opinions, founded on a groundless theory, merit no attention.

In truth the whole information Ptolemy or any of his age could give, seems little more than an amplification of that communicated by Eratosthenes, as quoted by Strabo. He mentions the Astaberas, and Astapus, which some call the Astosabas as falling into the Nile, and adds "but they say there is another running from the south out of certain lakes, and that this nearly makes up the straight body of the Nile, and *that the summer rains occasion its overflowing.*" These two latter circumstances, clearly point out the great river of Abyssinia, as they are applicable to no other of the streams which join the Nile.

But it may still be objected, that however at variance with one another, and with the truth, all accounts agree that the source of the Nile is in the *Mountains of the Moon*, which are not in Abyssinia. (By the way I know not that these mountains are mentioned previous to Ptolemy.) But where are these Mountains of the Moon? If by that name be meant the range of hills intersecting Africa from east to west a few degrees north of the equator, or even the highest part of them, I assert that the appellation is just as well suited to those of Abyssinia, as of any to the westward. No doubt we see in the modern maps the Mountains of the Moon, but these are merely the dreams of Arabian geographers following Ptolemy. There is not the vestige of a proof that any part of these ranges of mountains ever bore that name in any part of Africa. The Abyssinian mountains are probably the highest of that extensive range; at least very near the sources of the rivers falling into the Abay, streams take their rise and flow into the Indian Ocean. It will not avail the supporters of the argument deduced from the "Lunar Mountains," that their name might have been acquired from the worship of that luminary by the inhabitants, seeing this will apply to all the Pagan inhabitants of Nubia, whether on the mountains or the plains, whether on the banks of the Blue or White Rivers, the Maleg or the Dender, in fact to all the Polytheists of Africa, and perhaps every where else. A late Reviewer very neatly and truly observes (vide Eclectic Review) that

"the Mountains of the Moon, are less known than the Mountains *is* the Moon."

If Major Rennel have not deviated from his usual accuracy, or if I mistake him not, I apprehend the question, at least this branch of it, to be decided in favour of the claims of the Blue River.—It was a favourite opinion of the ancients, that the Niger and Nile rose from the same lake; nay that the Niger fell into the Nile; that at any-rate the connection between them was so intimate that we continually find them associated in the minds of poets.—Nay, if we can believe Browne, Horneman, &c. it is still the opinion of the natives that they are one and the same river.—If by the Niger, the *Jollabola* described by Park be meant, how rivers whose sources are near two thousand miles distant, could ever be supposed to originate in one lake, is not easily accounted for, but upon some idea of the gross ignorance of the ancients, or perhaps of the vast extent of that range of hills now called Mountains of the Moon. But the belief of their connection was generally received, and is, it seems, still entertained.—But by what river, in the opinion of the Africans, does this junction take place? why this very Bahar el Azergue, and not by the Bahar el Abiad, if we are to credit, and if I mistake not the meaning of, the greatest geographer in the world. This opinion cannot be founded on observation, but must rest upon traditionary reports, founded perhaps on the legends of Egyptian priests or Greek geographers; it proves, however, that those narratives of the Niger and the Nile referred to the river of Abyssinia. The absurdity of any such real connection, Major Rennel proves by the best of arguments, *i. e.* that the source of the Nile, probably as high as that of the Niger, must be many thousand feet more elevated than the latter at the end of its immense course. It is merely of the ancient opinion of their connection I speak, and thence infer, that it was the river of Abyssinia alone, they (the ancients) viewed as the true Nile.

As I write entirely from recollection, not having the advantage of a single book to refer to, I may in this, as in some other points, have mistaken the meaning of Major Rennel. The several arguments, as will be hereafter shewn, in favour of Bruce, can be but little affected by it.

The information to be derived from the ancients, merely amounts to this:—that the Nile rose from an immense lake or lakes far to the south, and to the eastward of Egypt, indeed near the Indian Ocean, and which lakes were situated in the *Mountains of the Moon*, or that range of hills which intersects Africa from east to west, from Cape Gardafan to Cape Verd:—that in its course it partly enclosed *Meroe*; receiving other rivers particularly the *Astaberis* and *Astapus*, now the *Tecazze* and the *Mareb*, (perhaps by the latter sometimes was meant the *Dender*, or even at times the *Guangue*;)—that it (the Nile) was so intimately connected with another large river, usually called the *Niger*, that in the opinion of some, they originated from the same lake, and according to others, ultimately formed the same river. Even these circumstances are not uniformly adhered to; the very names of the different auxiliary rivers; nay, the situation of *Meroe* itself, though almost at their very doors, were not precisely ascertained by ancient writers. These two points only seem universally agreed upon, viz. that the source of the Nile lay to the south eastward, and that it issued from immense lakes, situated in the highest part of the African peninsula where rivers also took their rise and course to the Indian Ocean. These particulars can apply to the river of Abyssinia only:—the *Bahar el Abiad* does not possess a single feature of resemblance to the above description. The appellation “Mountains of the Moon,” the very existence of which is unproved, seems to have been more universal than that of *Caucasus*, *Ararat* or *Taurus*, the very site or limits of which are to this day the object of dispute. Such an appellation was most probably of astronomical or mythological origin, and might as well apply to the mountains of Abyssinia, as to those in *Dar Fur*, or any where else. The greatest adversaries of Bruce, even Browne, have not pretended or indeed insinuated, that a lake of any kind exists at the source of the “*White River*.” We are of course, on every principle of fair reasoning, bound to believe that the Nile of the ancients, like that of the moderns, rose in the mountains of Abyssinia, and flowed into the immense lake *Dembea*, which alone merits the epithets bestowed upon that from which the “*Sacred River*,” flowed; that the religious worship still paid to the *Abay* by the present Pagan natives, is the

remnant of that which was bestowed on the river of Egypt from its source to its embouchure in the Mediterranean.

But to proceed to the second branch of this question. The names of mountains and rivers, particularly the latter, in sultry climates especially, are seldom subject to the revolutions of language, but generally retain those bestowed upon them by the aboriginal inhabitants of the countries in which they are situated. Notwithstanding the Roman, Saxon, Danish and Norman conquests and colonizations of south Britain the greatest parts of the rivers and mountains of that country, still retain their Celtic denominations. These appellations express the form, or figure, or other quality of the objects they are meant to express. It is indeed from these names, that a clue is afforded for tracing the original inhabitants of any territory. Occasionally the original name, when descriptive of known qualities, may be, and actually is, translated into the language of the conqueror, but in those circumstances the original appellation can easily be traced.

The river in question has borne the name of Nile or Neel from such remote antiquity, as to induce the supposition that it was bestowed by the most ancient inhabitants of Egypt, of Nubia, and Ethiopia.—Unfortunately little is known of the ancient language of Egypt, or of Meroe, but happily the industry of modern times has unfolded to the present age the stores of literature of a nation perhaps equally ancient, equally learned, and possessing a religion wonderfully similar. How or when the intercourse between Egypt and India commenced:—whether the latter received with colonies her religion, language, and polity from the former, is still unknown, (thanks for this, and some other things, to the *caution* of the Asiatic Society.) But that a great intercourse and a most intimate connection subsisted between them in times now most remote, is firmly established by the sacred books of the Hindoos, in which are found vast remains of the religion, customs, nay, the very legendary tales of the countries lying on the banks of the Nile. The topography of these, seems nearly as well known, and is almost as fully described in the Puranas, as that of the territories watered by the *Indus*, by the *Ganges*, or the still greater *Buhampoote*. There curiosity naturally looks for in-

formation respecting Egypt and the Nile, and there curiosity is not disappointed. Captain Wilford, from these sources, has written a long and most ingenious dissertation upon Egypt and the Nile, but, as was natural, his conclusions are often questionable. Indeed it has already been stated, that his *Nanda*, which he will have to be the Nile of Abyssinia, can be no other than the Tacazze, and his little *Chrishna* the Mareb, (the Astaberas and Astosabas or Astapus of the Greeks :) it appears however, that it was from these books, that Ptolemy received at Alexandria, from the learned Indians he owns his obligations to, much of the information he details regarding Egypt, Meroe, &c.

But from these sources, one fact most material to this question seems to be established—I mean the original name of the river of Egypt. Now it is demonstrated, what indeed has long been suspected, that all the ancient names of this river, denoted the colour of its waters. Thus Nil or Niler, a pure Sanscrit word, signifies *blue* or dark azure: Cali and Chrishna (other Sanscrit names of this river) denote the colour dark blue, or azure. The Greek name *Melos*, was, it seems, merely a translation of the Egyptian name of the holy river. It now therefore is clear, that the original name of the most celebrated river of the world, is at this very moment applied to it, by all the inhabitants of Nubia and Barbara. Those who know the river in question, from Abyssinia to Egypt, give it the appellation of *Bahar el Azergue*, a literal translation of Nile, Neel, Cali, &c. the epithets applied to it by almost every ancient nation, during a course of many thousand years. Both above and below its junction with the *Bahar el Abiad* or White River, it retains the same name, though the original one (Nile or Neel) is not altogether unknown; and that among various nations, some of these originally from the banks of the White River, or Pseudo Nile, who would naturally wish to arrogate to their native stream the right of giving its name to the most famous of all rivers. When we thus see those nations differing from each other in almost every thing else, without one dissenting voice, concurring in bestowing upon this river, both above and below its junction with the White River, an appellation which it has continued to bear for thousands of years, thus unanimously asserting that it is the main branch of

the great river, we should naturally expect that incredulity itself, if it still should distrust the pretensions of Bruce, would do so with modesty and deference, never in the tone of arrogant contempt, or in the language of scurrility. The character of Mr. Bruce, little as it can be affected, in the opinion of those knowing any thing of the parties, by the abuse of Pinkerton, &c. &c. may challenge from any quarter the most rigid scrutiny. Failings he undoubtedly had; his self love was carried to a length, which even *his* merits could hardly excuse: but of deliberate fraud, or wilful imposture he was as incapable as are some of his libellers of the feelings and expressions of men of honour and gentlemen.

Were all the above facts and arguments to fall to the ground, still the claims of our countryman would not thereby be invalidated. The Nile is composed of three great streams, the middle one of which, and indeed much of the last, he completely explored. This branch (the middle one) was in Europe for centuries almost universally considered to be the true Nile. To reach its fountains was the object of his journey, which he attained amidst difficulties and dangers almost unparalleled. Duly to appreciate his merits, we ought to contrast his, with the efforts of others. Numbers before, and all since have, after every exertion, been unable to trace his footsteps, even in the least inaccessible of the countries he traversed. Midst savage hordes, mortal enemies to the very name of Europeans, sanguinary, cruel, and atrociously perfidious, his courage, his sagacity, his circumspection procured him not only safety but respect. Among the bloodiest of fanatics and the most brutal of savages he prosecuted and advanced science with an ardour and success, which great minds can alone feel and accomplish: this, not as a wretched fugitive, in disguise sneaking into those countries, but with the state of a gentleman and the apparatus of a philosopher. Above 400 articles added to natural history; the revolutions and history of a most celebrated and ancient nation; geography enriched by most accurate charts of near 20 degrees of latitude of an unknown part of the globe. A collection the most superb ever formed of the remains of ancient art; the most accurate and interesting delineations of society, manners and customs of numerous nations but just known by name, which ever were presented to the public; such are the true claims of James

Bruce to public regard. In a word the travels of Bruce rank in the first class of those scientific undertakings which are almost the exclusive ornaments of the present reign, whether we consider the boldness and arduous nature of his attempts the importance of their object, or the felicity of their execution. Such was the man whose ashes hardly cold, must be raked up, his well earned fame tarnished, and his moral character degraded by, I am ashamed to say, a Scotsman. But to return—

The opinion of all Europe for centuries respecting the situation of the sources of the Nile, was a sufficient motive to induce Mr. Bruce to seek it in Abyssinia. In this opinion every native of that country concurred. From the earliest times the inhabitants of Habbesh (Abyssinia) have understood the river of Egypt to have its principal source in their country where it cannot be denied that by far the greatest part of the rain falls which inundates and fertilizes the territories near the Nile, as besides the Abay (Bahar el Azergue) the Maleg (a very large river which joins the Bahar el Abiad, and for which Mr. Bruce and others seem to have mistaken it) the Dender, the Tacazze, the Mareb, &c. *all* have their sources and supplies.

But if the right of the inhabitants of a country where a river rises, and through which it flows, to give to it the proper appellation be called in question, whose title are we to admit? not only the Abyssinians but the natives of Senaar, themselves too originally from the western branch, concur in declaring the Abay or Blue River to be the true river of Egypt, but those Nubians and Arabs inhabiting its banks, both above and below its junction with the Bahar el Abiad, unite in expressing their firm conviction that it is the main branch of the Nile. What testimony can be decisive if this be insufficient? But besides this, the very name of the full stream from Egypt to Senaar, is that of Bahar el Azergue, by which it was denominated previous to its junction with the western branch, and this name, or one denoting the same idea as has already been shewn, it has continued to bear from the remotest antiquity. What can entitle any stream to be considered as the main one, if the preserving its name unchanged, even after its junction with others the names of which are then lost, shall be set at nought? Are the surmises or interpretations of bookworms founded upon

the supposed opinions of men dead above twenty centuries ; these opinions always obscure or false, nay their very authors clearly ignorant of the truth or falsehood of what they assert ; are *these* to cut down testimony so clear, so pointed, so decisive ? in that event we must have a new nomenclature for all rivers, hills and mountains ; no one must name the river on the banks of which he was born, as his ancestors, and all the world have done from time immemorial, because modern writers pretend to discover that two thousand years ago such a stream had a different appellation bestowed upon it by old writers who knew almost nothing about it.

But say these writers, the largest of two uniting streams should communicate its own name to the river thereby formed. But is this necessarily the case ? such an innovation would be attended with the *slight* inconvenience of having christened anew many of the greatest rivers, which under their present appellations are the boundaries of kingdoms, of provinces, and private properties. It is generally understood that of two or more branches forming a river that which has the slightest course, or deviates the least from the meridian, should confer the name upon the mutual river, unless its magnitude should be prodigiously disproportioned to the other. The Forth, before its junction with the Teath, is little more than a broad, deep, muddy, almost still ditch, not contributing the one fourth of the waters of the mutual stream of the greatest river of Scotland, and yet this insignificant puddle (so to speak) retains its name from its source to its discharge in the ocean, notwithstanding the *rights* of the far greater river (Teath). The river Galla, before its junction with the Heriot, is hardly visible, yet it continues to give its name to the large stream almost entirely furnished by the latter. The name of the Ohio, though infinitely of greater magnitude, is with its waters lost in the Mississippi. But it is needless to multiply examples ; the same thing takes place in numberless instances within any ones recollection. Magnitude therefore is a criterion neither universal, nor even general. The course of the Bahar el Azergue, which deviates less from the meridian than that of the Bahar el Abiad, confers upon the former an unquestionable title to bestow its name upon the mutual branch, even admitting its inferiority in bulk.

Even this point, immaterial as we have shewn it to be, is not yet to be yielded by the *Bahar el Azergue*. It is

not enough, in determining the question of *magnitude*, that one stream be bulkier to appearance than another for a few miles ; it ought to retain its superiority during the greater part of its course. The Maleg (which rises in Abyssinia) joins the "*white*" not far above its junction with the *Blue* river, and may, for ought we yet know, be the bulkier stream of the two: at all events, this, and I believe many other rivers, must add a very considerable proportion of its waters to the western branch, whereas the Blue river gains (with the exception of the Dender) but little from its issuing out of the Lake Deinbea, to its junction with the Bahar el Abiad.

Indeed I do not believe that the contributions of the "*Blue river*" to the common stream are exceeded by those of the "*White river*." The latter is said to be very deep, but to run so slowly that its motion is imperceptible. Now a very small stream, rapid as the Blue river, may in a given time contribute much more water than the Bahar el Abiad, the bulky appearance of which, at one or two particular places, may be entirely fallacious. What convinces me of the inferiority of the western branch is the fact, admitted I think by Browne, *i. e.* that the Bahar el Azergue is *broad*er, and its current infinitely more rapid than the Bahar el Abiad. Let it be remembered, too, that the latter (chiefly from the Maleg) has the advantage of some months longer rains than the former, by which means its current never fails. The deep interest which the Nile has always excited is owing to the inundation and fertilization of Egypt, and the countries in its vicinity. Now, from a comparison of Mr. Bruce's register of the weather, kept in Abyssinia, with the average increase of the inundations at Cairo, it appears clear to me that it is the Bahar el Azergue which contributes the most to the overflowing of Egypt, &c. In fact the inundation *subsides when the rains cease in Abyssinia* (*i. e.* early in September) *though the western branch continues full (indeed should rise) considerably above a month afterwards.* Even therefore upon the principle of *magnitude*, it would be rash to arrogate the superiority to the Bahar el Abiad, at least until we possess better information than what has yet reached Europe. So far as it affects the question at issue, the matter is but of trivial importance.

From these considerations, (and many others might be stated) I think it clearly appears, that the objections

to Mr. Bruce's claim of having explored the sources of the true Nile, are equally groundless with those other calumnious reports which have so long assailed the character of that great Man, the falsehood of which, time and investigation have already demonstrated, and will continue more and more to demonstrate. It would be to the advantage of the reputation, and augment the utility of modern travellers, were they, instead of eagerly seeking occasions of detracting from the merits of the most illustrious of their predecessors, to imitate his excellencies—his intrepidity, his daring adventurous spirit, his independence of mind, his zeal and his knowledge.

I have already hinted that the above observations are collected from recollection, circumstances preventing for the present any reference to printed books in any language which treat of this subject. Should I find, upon such reference, sufficient cause to enlarge or alter these remarks in whole or in part, or reason to change my present opinion upon this subject, I shall have to entreat you for the insertion of another letter in your valuable Cabinet.

I am, &c.

Carronside, June, 1807.

JUSTUS.

A PANEGYRIC UPON IMPUDENCE.

ORATORS and men of wit have frequently amused themselves with maintaining paradoxes. Thus, Erasmus has written a panegyric upon *folly*: Montaigne has said fine things upon *ignorance*, which he somewhere calls "the softest pillow a man can lay his head upon:" and Cardan, in his *Encomium Neronis*, has, I suppose, defended every vice and every folly. It is astonishing to me, that no one has yet done justice to *impudence*; which has so many advantages, and for which so much may be said. Did it never strike you, what simple, naked, uncompounded *impudence* will do? what strange and astonishing effects it will produce? Aye, and without birth, without property, without principle, without even artifice and address, without indeed any single quality, but the *æs frontis triplex*, "the front of three-fold brass."—Object not folly, vice, or villainy however black: these are puny things: from a visage truly bronzed and seared, from features muscularly fixed and hardened, issues forth a broad

overpowering glare, by which all these are as totally hid, as the spots of the sun by the lustre of his beams. Were not this so, how is it, that impudence shall make impressions to advantage: shall procure admission to the highest personages, *and no questions asked*; shall suffice (in short) to make a man's fortune, when no merit could even render itself visible? * I ask no more to insure success, than that there be but enough of it: † without success a man is ruined and undone, there being no mean. Should one ravage half the globe, and destroy a million of his fellow-creatures, yet, if at length he arrive at empire, as Cæsar did, he shall be admired while living as an hero, and adored perhaps as a god when dead: though were the very same person, like Catiline to fail in the attempt, he would be hanged as a little scoundrel robber, and his name devoted to infamy or oblivion. ‡

* "Impudence," says *Osborn*, "is no virtue, yet able to beggar them all; being for the most part in good plight, when the rest starve, and capable of carrying her followers up to the highest preferments: as useful in a court, as armour in a camp. Scotchmen have ever made good the truth of this, who will go farther with a shilling, than an Englishman can ordinarily pass for a crown." *Advice to a Son*.—But this to my thinking is rather a mark of superior wisdom, than of superior impudence: I suspect an error of the press, and that instead of *Scotchmen* it should have been *Irishmen*. Not that I approve of national strictures: there is no occasion to apply either to *Scotland* or *Ireland* for impudence of the very first metal.

† *Qui semel verecundia fines transierit, oportet esse graviter impudentem.* Cicero.

‡ This comparison of a hero with a robber hath been often made. "Father Mascaron told us from the pulpit to-day," says *Madam de Maintenon*, "that the hero was a robber, who did at the head of an army, what a highwayman did alone. Our master," she adds, "was not pleased with the comparison:" *notre maître n'a pas été content de la comparaison.* Lettres, 9 Fev. 1675.—*Boileau's* language is equally forcible, in Sat. xi. v. 75.

*Un injuste guerrier, terreur de l'univers,
N'est qu'un plus grand voleur, que du Teste, &c.*

"I am a pirate," said one of that order to Alexander, "because I have only a single vessel: had I a great fleet, I should be a conqueror."—Seneca calls conquerors *magno et furiosos latrones*; and justly: *quid enim*, as St. Augustin says, *sunt regna, remotâ justitiâ, nisi magna latrocinia?*

Pray, what do you think the elder Pliny suggests, when he affirms it to be "the prerogative of the Art of Healing, that any man, who professes himself a physician, is instantly received as such?" * He certainly suggests, that such sort of professors in his days, like the itinerant and advertising doctors of ours, had a more than ordinary portion of that bold, self-important, and confident look and manner, which, with a very little heightening, may justly be called impudence. And what but this could enable a little paltry physician, of no name or character, to gain so mighty an ascendancy over such a spirit, as that of Lewis XI. of France? Read the account in Philip de Commine; and then blame me, if you can, for thinking so highly of this accomplishment.—True it is, that Lewis was afraid of death even to horror, and so as not to bear the sound of the word; and I grant, that on this same fear the empire of physic, as well as the empire of divinity, is chiefly founded: but I insist, that neither the one nor the other will ever be raised effectually, without the aid and co-operation of this great and sovereign quality.

Pope Gregory VII. who governed the church from 1073 to 1085, is celebrated for having carried ecclesiastical dominion to the height: for he was the first who maintained and established, that popes, by excommunication, may depose kings from their states, and loose subjects from their allegiance. And how did he effect this? Not by genius or eloquence; not by a knowledge of canon law, and the constitutions of the holy see; no, nor by the arts of policy and grimaces of his religion (with all which he was amply endowed) but by a most insolent, daring, usurping spirit. He seized the papal chair by force, as it were; threw the church into confusion to gratify his ambition;

* *In hac artium sola evenit, ut cuicumque medicum se professo statim credatur.* Nat. Hist. xxix.—I cannot, however, confine this to physic: it is true, more or less, of all the professions:

For he that has but impudence
To all things has a fair pretence.

And, certainly, it is most true of divinity. Let any peasant or village mechanic start forth as a preacher, without any preparation or qualification of any kind, will he not instantly be followed, and listened to as a divine?

made kings his slaves, and bishops his creatures; and established in his own person a tyranny over things both spiritual and temporal.—But my admiration of impudence transports me too far: I will say no more upon it. S.

THE EMPIRE OF AVA

CONVERTED TO THE RELIGION OF MAHOMET.

AN ORIENTAL ANECDOTE OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

From the French.

PART II.

TA-HAIDER knew that his beloved Nahela was the favourite sultana of the emperor of Ava; he had confided a part of his secret to the missionary Dervises, and these reverend persons, whose opinion was sanctioned by the court of Cochin-China, thought they saw in all this the finger of providence, pointing out the mode of converting a great empire.

In the suite of the ambassador was an old Cochin-Chinese dwarf who sold articles of jewellery.

Nahela was young and pretty; she was consequently a coquette, and fond of jewels; the emperor proposed that the dwarf should be brought to her; he struck the ground with his *tam-tam*, and the six thousand eunuchs cried out: "the emperor is about to speak."

"Let the dwarf approach," said the emperor, and the dwarf advanced; he walked upon little crutches, and was known by the name of the *little Mustapha*.

"Truly, little Mustapha," said Nahela to him, "you have all the appearance of a sorcerer." "I am a mussulman, inadam," replied the little Mustapha, rather drily, "and I am come to shew you some jewels." He displayed before her some of his most valuable commodities; the Sultana turned them carelessly over. "Here is a Cochin-Chinese ring," said the dwarf.

Nahela eagerly seized it. "It is very pretty," said she, endeavouring to conceal her agitation. "Keep it," said the Sultan to her, and he placed it on her finger.

"Here are some others," continued the dwarf. Na-

hela discovered that all the rings were very pretty, and one after the other, they all found their way on her fingers.

She had perceived on the enamel of the first of these rings, the cipher of Ta-Haider; she saw inscribed on each of the others Cochin-Chinese characters, scarcely perceptible, and expressions of love conveyed in hieroglyphicks. Nahela had learned to decipher the mysteries which these hieroglyphicks concealed, and while affecting to admire the several brilliants, she read the following words.

“Ta-Haider, thy faithful Ta-Haider still loves thee;—dost thou, Nahela, still love thy Ta-Haider?—Doth ever a thought of him possess thy bosom?—He is a mussulman;—follow his example;—the Dervises are our friends. The dwarf will bring me thine answer. Ta-Haider dies, if Nahela no longer loves him.”

Nahela instantly formed her resolution. “You are a mussulman, you say,” addressing the little Mustapha, and without waiting for an answer she turned to the Sultan, “Signor,” said she, with an earnestness more than usual, “may Tien and Brahma unite to bless the days of your glorious reign; but for your slave she can never be happy, ’till she become a Mahometan. It is an odd fancy, I grant; but I feel something within (placing her hand on her heart) that tells me no other religion can bestow true happiness.”

This was an answer to Ta-Haider’s *billet*, and the little Mustapha, after nine prostrations, retired. The emperor threw out some objections which appeared to him conclusive, but which had no such effect on the mind of the Sultana, on whom the spirit of the prophet operated so rapidly, that the good Kein-Hang willing to gratify her, struck the earth once more with his *tam-tam*, and said to the chief of the eunuchs, “Go, and see whether there are any Dervises in my anti-chamber.”

The seraglios of the East have not what we call anti-chambers, but they have halls which resemble them, where for a century and a half, either Dervises or Santons were usually to be met with.—It was at this time, the grand æra for propagating Mahometanism. It is not therefore surprizing that Dervises should be found in the antichambers of the seraglio of Ava; they there converted more or less the slaves and eunuchs; these

converted the damsels of the court, who in their turn attempted the conversion of their mistresses; and the Sultan Kein-Hang, *the Light of the Lights that illuminate the East*, was, without suspecting any thing, almost the only person in the palace, who was not a little of a mussulman.

He who appeared to be the principal Dervise, was ordered to approach. He had attained the rank of chief of the Asiatic missions in Cochin-China, Pegu, Tonquin, Ava, and other neighbouring kingdoms known or unknown. He had already run a laborious career in China. He was a philosopher, a great mathematician, and a profound astronomer; he was in other respects, a good sort of man; easy, accommodating, polite, indulgent, somewhat of a hypocrite if you will, and loved all the world, the Santons only excepted. The Cochin-Chinese called him *Father Tutto*. Father Tutto converted for conversion sake; he fulfilled all the duties of his mission, and strictly conformed to the instructions of the grand Mufti; he did not scruple at times to resort to a few miracles; he could not indeed carry a quarter of the moon in his sleeve, as the prophet had done; but he restored dead persons to life, and walked over rivers with dry feet. One day his chaplet fell into the sea, and it was brought back to him by a crab. The authors of the golden legend of the mussulmen relate, that the crab not thinking it right to turn his posteriors on so holy a man, retreated backwards, and they very gravely add, that ever since this event, crabs have moved in the same retrograde manner.

The Dervise was introduced. Kien-Hang was a tolerant monarch; a Chinese by his father's, a Hindoo by the mother's side, he made no difference between Tohi and Vishnou; the images of both these deities equally embellished the hall in which his throne was erected, and Father Tutto, after having prostrated himself nine times before the Sultan, saluted the two gods, one after the other, with a profound inclination of the head.

Nahela had let down two of her three veils. Kien-Hang, who was only jealous because it was then the custom to be so in the empire of Ava, was at the bottom superior to this weakness. He lifted up the veils of his favourite himself.

"Is there not here," said he familiarly to the Dervise, "wherewithal to make a very pretty Mahometan?"

The father replied: "God is good; there is no God but one, and Mahomet is one of his prophets." He added that he perceived symptoms of faith in the large black eyes of Nahela.

The Sultan continued: "they say father, your religion is a very good one." "It would be still more so," replied the Dervise, "if there were no Santons among us;" and he immediately related the history of a violent persecution which the Santon missionaries had excited against the Dervises in the kingdom of Siam.

Kien-Hang desired the Dervise to give him some idea of the doctrines and mysteries of his religion. Tutto satisfied him upon every point; he made him acquainted with the angel Gabriel and the Koran; he next spoke slightly of the prohibition against the drinking of wine, but expatiated at large on the delights of Paradise, and the *Houris*; the *Houris* seemed to please his highness mightily.

Of all the mysteries, that of *transformation* appeared to the emperor the most simple. As Vishnou was incarnated nine times, and transformed three times to a horse, Mahomet he thought, might easily enough be changed twice into a dromedary. It is true that the Sultan had no great faith in this story, but all his wives gave full credit to it.

When the Dervise had left off speaking, Nahela asked the sublime Sultan, with apparent enthusiasm, what he thought of the matter. He said it was well enough, but he did not feel quite convinced; the favourite, on the contrary, was dying with impatience to receive the last seal of her conversion. The good Dervise, before he took his leave, gave the Sultana a phial, which contained, he said, the tears and sighs of a young Cochin-Chinese, who died for his religion; he also presented her with a beautiful relic, curiously wrought with hair; the hair was likewise that of a Cochin-Chinese martyr. Nahela conveyed these precious gifts to her lips, and fervently kissed them.

The father promised to send her a Cochin-Chinese convert to finish her instruction; the Sultan did not think that absolutely necessary: but he was in love, and whatever gave pleasure to the Sultana, was agreeable to him.

The convert, some days after, was introduced. The reader may easily conjecture who he was; but he will not so readily guess the sort of scene which was preparing to give the finishing stroke to the conversion of this mighty empire.

"Heavens! it is my brother," exclaimed Nahela.— "Gracious powers!" cried Ta-Haider, "my sister!" and before any body had time to prevent it, they were clasped in each other's embrace. The attendants hastened to separate them, when both fell backwards, pale, and dying.—

"What does all this mean," said Kien-Hang, "God is good," said the Dervise—"don't you see that a brother has found a sister in the Sultana?"

The sister was placed on one sofa, the brother on another. They seemed as if struck with death.

"She is dead," sorrowfully exclaimed the wise Kien-Hang, the *Light of the Lights that illuminate the East*. The physicians, the fakirs, the talapoints, the bouzes, the eunuchs, all declared that she was dead. Kien-Hang was inconsolable, tore his hair, and disfigured his countenance. The Dervise, after repeating very often "*God is good*," appeared absorbed in the most profound meditation.

"Father," said Kien-Hang, "I am told that you have the power of restoring the dead." "I have sometimes succeeded," replied Tutto, "in reviving mussulmen, but the miracle has never been worked upon two at once; besides Nahela has not yet received the prophet's faith. I will therefore, to render glory to Allah, and to gratify you, signor, restore the brother who has been circumcised."

"Leave the Cochin-Chinese as he is," replied the Sultan, "but restore Nahela to me, and to-morrow I will embrace your faith." "This promise," said the Dervise, "will be received by the prophet, who will revive not only the sister, but the brother also. Signor, retire awhile."

Kien-Hang withdrew, but whispered to the Dervise as he went out, that he need not give himself any trouble about the Cochin-Chinese.

The reader must know, that the relic given by Tutto to the Sultana, inclosed a billet in which the plot of this scene was explained to her; the phial filled with sighs and tears, contained a subtle spirit, prepared by the

Dervise. Ta-Haider and Nahela were to inhale the liquid both at the same time, and they executed this part of the contrivance very adroitly; the first effect of the spirit, was to cause a fainting away, more or less prolonged in proportion to its strength; an icy coldness next took possession of the limbs; a livid hue spread over the countenance, and the whole frame became stiff and motionless.

The Sultan had no sooner left them than Tutto applied another spirit to his two patients, which counteracted the effects of the former, and immediately restored them to their senses.

"The time presses," my children, said the Dervise: "you have only one moment to say that you still love each other. The prophet will bless your union: the conversion of the empire of Ava——"

He would have said a good deal more, but Nahela and Ta-Haider were already occupied in attending to his first suggestion.

The good father retired to a corner to pray. In the mean time the heralds announced to the city of Ava, that a Dervise had worked a miracle in the palace, and that the circumcision of the emperor was immediately to take place. The report soon reached every corner of the empire, and some Santons who had just arrived on the frontiers, were forced to turn back, and take up their residence in the adjoining countries.

Having finished his devotions, the Dervise announced to the impatient Kien-Hang, that Nahela was brought to life again. The Sultan hastened to embrace her: he was followed by his eight hundred and thirty-five other wives, and their six thousand eunuchs; his ten thousand elephants were ranged in the courts of the palace, and his hundred thousand men were under arms. The two rivers of Irrouaddy resounded with the cry of *Allah ! Allah !*

The poets of the court celebrated the favourite Sultana, her charms, her virtues, her little cocked-up nose, her large black eyes, her love for the Sultan, and her affection for her brother.

The Sultan was every day more and more enamoured of Nahela; the brother was named chief mandarin; the Dervise received the appointment of grand astronomer of the empire; his brethren made the almanacks, calculated the eclipses, and converted the

infidels; the grand astronomer reformed the calendar of the country, and no Santon was ever again suffered to pass the frontiers of Ava. * * *

THE ARTS.

No. VII.

REPLY TO THE APOLOGY FOR THE CHALK MANNER OF ENGRAVING.

"Be thou as chaste as ice—as pure as snow,
Thou shalt not escape *Calumny*."

MR. CONDUCTOR,

A correspondent of your's who professes to write "An Apology for the Chalk manner of Engraving," has attempted to impose on your readers by an envious and very illiberal attack on the professional character of Mr. Landseer. It appeared in your last number, and as an antidote cannot be administered too soon after poison, I rely on the candour which has hitherto presided in your *Cabinet* council, for an immediate insertion of the following lines; of which the object is less to vindicate Mr. L., for that is less necessary, than to expose the insidious, ungenerous, and uncalled-for conduct of your Apologist, and set on their guard such of your readers (if any such there be) as do not see what bulges the cloak of this assassin: The lecturer may rely on what he has written, and on what he may further intend, and may say with the Spartan, "*strike but hear*:" but malevolent designs should still be exposed, that the public may repel with deserved abhorrence every attempt to stigmatise innocence, or to invade the peaceful abodes of studious retirement.

It is fortunate for society that bad men in their reasonings, frequently overlook very important points. A distinguished artist very wittily encountered a witticism of Garth, by saying that he "would take any thing from the doctor, but—his prescriptions." Your correspondent (who also would be thought a distinguished artist)

is of quite opposite sentiments: he will take nothing from Mr. L. but what is personally administered. He seems not to be aware that the public—looking beyond the cloud of sophistry with which he craftily attempts to obscure their perceptions—will see that the TRUTH of what Mr. L. has advanced, is not, and cannot be, at all affected, by what he has, or has not engraven. If he had never cut a line, or if he were the author of as many plates as Bartolozzi, and as admirable as your correspondent would insinuate his own performances to be, his account of the introduction of Chalk engraving into this country, which has so highly offended your *generous* correspondent, would neither be verified the less on that account, nor can be falsified the more. Your *generous*, your *liberal* correspondent, professes himself to be the advocate of Chalk engraving, and would insist that no person is competent to speak of an art, but who practically excels in that art. It is fair to infer that he is prepared to prove not only that ‘Garth did not write his own Dispensary,’ but that Mr. Clarke of Edinburgh, who never commanded a ship, (nor was even ever at sea, if common report may be credited) was not the author of the system of naval tactics—or else that the system is idle and illusory which taught Rodney and Nelson, and all the best and bravest of our admirals to conquer: it is just to conclude, that he will send Sir Joshua Reynolds to the drawing school, before he allows the smallest credit to his discourses; that he will compel Mr. Payne Knight to produce statues from his own chisel, and pictures from his own pencil, ere he listens to that gentleman’s criticisms on Art, or ‘principles of taste;’ and that he will set the committee of taste which the House of Commons has selected, to model public monuments, before he allows them to sit in judgment on the models of others. Further, it is reasonable to expect, that if your *logical* and *candid* correspondent does not conclude his apology with his own name, we shall at least be surprised and edified by a *line* which shall vie with those of Protogenes and Apelles of old.

Mr. L’s account of the introduction of Chalk engraving into England, is perhaps not the best written part of his volume of Lectures, yet is a detail of facts * (not

* In justice to your readers and to the other parties concerned, would it not be well for you to print the whole, if you can find room

a chain of reasoning which might possibly be fallacious) which the writer before me, does not, and I suppose cannot, and has recourse to the lowest artifice of the lowest vulgar; that of filling up the deficient measure of his argument with an overflow of invective. He mingles reverence for the antique, with scandalous scurrility, and seems to imagine that your readers will be agreeably surprised while he discloses how near Billingsgate the Castalian fount may bubble. By the shallow artifice of passing over three pages, in order to bring together and confound, literal with figurative expression, he hopes to impose an idea upon those who have not read Mr. L's book, that that gentleman's "manner of writing is palpably obscure and grossly contradictory:" now, he who essays to convict another of false metaphor, should at least be careful of his own, yet we find your apologist prating in p. 25, of a Sun striking with lightning a tiara, &c. and darting his meridian rays across the Alps. That the public might see the Sun, this kind apologist holds a candle, and flattering himself that he has caught the public attention, he here stops to snuff it, with a *professional* flourish that might have done honour to the first theatrical candle-snuffer of the past century.

This writer appears to be actuated—I had almost said *blinded*, by a *particular interest*, in inculcating that the Chalk manner is the superior mode of engraving. If he were some wretched dotter of the lowest class who was fearful of being left out of employ, he could not shew more anxiety that Mr. L. and all the world should join in his anthem of 'Glory be to thee O Dot!'

I say not these things however, from any dislike of his favourite branch of the Art, but of base and ungenerous behaviour. I will even allow that this man (if he be a man) may possibly on this point of the superiority of Chalk engraving be in the right. He may be able to shew that Bartolozzi's chalk engravings are better than his Clytie, his Circumcision, his Silence, or his Diploma; he may prove to the satisfaction of persons of the purest taste that Woollett ought to have dotted after Wilson, and ought to have dotted the death of General Wolfe and battle of La Hogue. I only desire you to notice,

in your next number, of those four pages, (including the Note on Alderman Boydell's pamphlet) of Mr. Landseer's Third Lecture, which this writer has made the pretence for his attack?

Sir, that he has not yet proved these things, nor disproved a single syllable of what Mr. L. has advanced on the subject before us.

It may not be less worthy of our notice, that notwithstanding the acrimony of his hostility towards the Lecturer, I cannot find that Mr. L. has any where declared an opinion as to the superior mode of engraving. Perhaps he conceives that such a preference is unnecessary, or would be indelicate or invidious. I would not however anticipate what I dare believe he will one day communicate to the public—for it is obvious from his book that he has been prevented from delivering what he intended, on the subject of modern engraving: I do not suppose that he will allow himself to be forced into any premature disclosure of his sentiments, or that he will condescend to notice at all such attacks as those of your correspondent; but I think you may infer from what he has already published, that his opinion on this point, does not materially differ from my own, which may be expressed by a slight alteration of a celebrated couplet of Pope.

*For modes of Sculpturing let Fools contest
That which is best administered, is best.*

To conclude, Mr. Editor, it requires no great depth of penetration to perceive—not that this *Apologist* is in the wrong—but that he himself entertains more than a latent suspicion that he is not in the right; for nothing can betray more the conscious baseness of a man who believes he is maintaining a bad cause, than that common artifice of crafty and venal advocates, of attacking the character of their opponent, when they cannot controvert his argument or bear down the facts he produces: and the rancour with which it is executed, is always in proportion to the baseness in which it is conceived. Conscious of being weak in truth, a bad man foolishly flatters himself that he shall prove strong in falsehood. I have said thus much sir, that such characters as this *Apologist* may not in future abuse the confidence of your readers, nor soil the polish of your Cabinet.

And am, Sir,

Your obedient Servant,

22nd Aug. 1807.

PHILOGRAPHICUS.

MR. LANDSEER'S REMARKS ON CHALK ENGRAVING.

“ Stippling is a mode of producing prints by means of combinations of dots, which are either round or multangular, as the conical point, or point of the graver, is employed to form them. Stippling with the graver, was occasionally practised both by Martin Schoen and Albert Durer, in the very infancy of the art: the latter employed it in imitating the texture of beaver hats, and other similar objects. Perceiving that it was peculiarly expressive of softness, Agostino Veneziano, and Boullanger, sometimes stippled their flesh, and Julio Campagnola his back-grounds also. Almost a century afterward, it was observed by De Marteau that by etching some of the dots and engraving others, very successful imitations of drawings hatched with chalk, might be produced; and hence it has been called the *CHALK manner* of engraving.

“ In England, the chalk manner is new, having been imported from Paris not many years ago, † by Ryland, who employed it so as rather to imitate such drawings as are done with crayons, or *stumped*, than such as are *hatched* with chalk. It was run after, however, with avidity by the public, chiefly because it *was* new, for it was but a sort of retrograde and degenerate novelty as it was practised by the immediate imitators of Ryland. Yet, with so much heedless anxiety was it pursued, that people never stooped to consider whether even red-chalk or stumped drawings themselves (of which these prints were professed imitations) were so good representations of nature, or afforded a more happy and efficient means of transfusing the soul of painting, than the art of engraving in lines, as it was then exercised by Bartolozzi, Vivares, Woollett, and Strange, who were all living at the time; but—Ryland and novelty led the way, and fashion and Bartolozzi followed.

“ Perhaps Bartolozzi perceived that this stippling mode of engraving, was capable of more easily bestowing that soft blending and infantile indefiniteness, which are conspicuous in his style;—perhaps he recollected the fate of Milton, Corregio, and Collins, and saw that the existing state of the public taste, would neither appreciate nor reward the solitary efforts of a line-engraver who should regulate his aims by exalted views of the per-

† About fifty.

fectibility of his art; and perhaps he knew that in executing his plates in the chalk manner, he could much sooner avail himself of the assistance of his pupils than in the more arduous practice of engraving in lines, and thus perform more rapidly the numerous commissions of the print dealers. However this may have been, certain it is that he bowed down his great abilities, and made a willing or a reluctant sacrifice of principle on the altar of fashion: an aberration which persons of real taste have not ceased to regret.

“The print dealers upon mistaken notions of private advantage, are ever exhausting the permanent hopes of the art: they are always ready, like Mr. Windham’s savage, to cut down the tree in order to obtain its fruit. The novelty of chalk engraving, by calling forth their ignorant exertions, coincided with, and increased this mania of the public, and except for the landscapes of Vivares, Rooker, and Woollett, which required and exhibited, more vigour and more detail of drawing than stippling could bestow; and that now and then an historical engraving by Strange and Bartolozzi, and the series from Mr. West’s History of England, (of which the death of General Wolfe was the first,) attested the existence and maintained the dignity of the legitimate art—with these illustrious exceptions, I say the engravers of Great Britain were compelled to feel and silently to acknowledge, that since ‘ignorance was bliss,’ ’twas folly to be wise.’

“For myself,—though very young at the time, I could not help seeing with concern, that this re-discovery of, and rage for dotting, had happened at a most unfortunate period for the progress of engraving: It seemed to me as if a premature dotage had overtaken its manly prime. It has since turned out to be only one of those diseases which arise from the redundancy of particular humours—a sort of influenza, for which (if my opinion of Academies be right) the Royal Academy of Arts should have provided a remedy, but which the natural vigour of the constitution of engraving has since overcome.

“The dealers in fashionable articles, may be compared to dogs, that after a longer or a shorter chase, generally hunt their game to death. The Royal Academy had cleared no roads, and set up no directing posts, and even those among the well-intending public who were

fondest of the sport—following these hounds, lost their way in the intricate and desultory chase. As at the Easter hunt, some stop short, others are thrown from their hobbies, and others again follow the dogs to the last—so it has been with regard to the fashion of engraving so as to imitate chalk or crayon drawings. At length, however, this interesting art (of which, if I *seem*, I *only* seem to make sport) fetching a few noble bounds, has escaped from the toils of its pursuers, and now roves at leisure, when, as a means of translating pictures, it is more worthy than ever of being pursued.*

Upon what principles I am led to perceive that this province of engraving has recently disclosed more various and extensive, and richer tracts than it was formerly

* In a pamphlet lately printed, under the signature of Mr. Josiah Boydell, which professes to contain "a Plan for the encouragement of Arts," &c. (which is in my opinion one of the most radically defective plans ever attempted to be obtruded on the public, and founded in such gross mistake, that it might with more propriety be termed a Plan for the discouragement of the Arts) we find Mr. Boydell very free in reprobating the "dotting manner," and in censuring the public for their bad taste in engraving. In speaking of the different modes of engraving, his pamphlet might have sparkled with a little useful light, if he had been able and willing to have enlightened his readers on the subject; Yet, he gives no *reasons* why one manner of engraving is to be preferred to another: nor endeavours to inform, nor to reform the Public Taste, but by reproaching that public with having been "the promoters of such publications," as he now affects to condemn, *i. e.* such as are engraven in the manner of his own Shakspeare. He seems to expect that we should now believe *line*-engraving to be the superior art, for no other reason than he formerly expected or wished us to believe that *chalk* engraving was so. Upon venturing some years ago, to speak in favour of engraving in *lines*, at the Shakspeare gallery, I was told, by a person related to the present alderman, that, compared with the mode of engraving of which he now finds it expedient to speak as above, "*line* engraving was but an inferior art—a kind of *tattooing*, which was going fast out of fashion,"—and this was spoken as if *fashion* were known and acknowledged to be the arbiter of art.

The truth now appears to be, that the conductors of the Shakspeare kept the dotting manner *in fashion* as long as they could, (let the larger engravings for Boydell's Shakspeare contradict me, if I am wrong) for reasons which he himself divulges in the pamphlet before me, namely—because "the difference both as to time and expence is as three to one," and because they therefore found it "answer to the publisher," and that now the public taste is emancipating itself from the slavery of fashion, and that Messrs. Boydell and Co. find themselves in danger of being left in the minority, they

known to contain, I shall have the pleasure to explain at another time."

* * * To *hear both sides* is the only way to come at a just decision. We have therefore readily admitted the above communication from an advocate of Mr. Landseer, in reply to the Apologist for *Chalk Engraving*. It would be well if controversy could be conducted with less acrimony, but when men feel warmly they are apt to express themselves intemperately. The Apologist conceiving that Mr. Landseer had, in his volume of *Lectures* lately published, written disrespectfully of *dotting engraving*, without sufficient knowledge of his subject, and that his observations were calculated to injure the numerous engravers who practise that branch of Art, has not merely acted on the *defensive*, but has given *blow for blow*, and followed the assailant into his own trenches. Perhaps also he has used the *tomahawk* when he should only have employed the sword.

The zeal of PHILOGRAPHICUS carries him likewise a little too far. We do not apprehend that a literary champion, who appears in vindication of a favourite Art which he thinks has been illiberally attacked and unjustly degraded by a Public Lecturer, is to be considered as a *bad man*, and actuated by *base* motives. We see nothing in the article to which this is a reply that authorizes the application of these strong epithets; but if there *be* any *private malice* in it, of which we repeat we are not aware, we shall certainly feel much regret at having given it an insertion. Our readers, however, will judge between the combatants, and decide which has the best of the battle. One good effect at least will arise from the contest. The merits of a very popular style of engraving will be fully discussed and properly ascertained.

We shall hereafter have an opportunity of noticing Mr. Landseer's *Lectures* in our *Review*, and of course, of expressing our *own* sentiments upon the point at issue: in the mean time, as lovers and promoters of the ARTS, and friends to a spirited discussion of whatever appertains to them, we leave the two letters *pro* and *con* to the deliberate examination of the Readers of the *Cabinet*.

are endeavouring to accommodate their principles to the change. Thus verifying the position I have laid down in another discourse, that to follow, flatter, and degrade, not to lead, exalt, and refine, the public taste, is the constant object of these mock *Mæcenates* of modern engraving—at least the constant tendency of their *profitable* endeavours.

THE COLLECTOR:

No. 1.

Undique tollatis membris.—HOR.

BOWANNY,

THE WIFE OF A HINDOO OF DISTINCTION IN THE PROVINCE OF DAIRA, WHO BURNT HERSELF ON THE DEATH OF HER HUSBAND, IN 1776.

[Upon this Story Miss Starke founded her Tragedy of the Widow of Malabar.]

As this practice, the origin of which is lost in antiquity, has been the admiration and regret of so many ages, I have thought proper to bring forward one instance, respecting which an English gentleman, at that time of authority in the district, has kindly furnished me with authentic documents.

The ladies of Hindostan are allowed to marry once only; but, on the death of their husbands, they are legally entitled to a considerable share of his fortune, and may survive him without incurring any reproach; the contrary practice is rare; yet there are still found victims of a false but heroic enthusiasm, who still prevent it from falling into disuse.

Seen by no other man but their husband, and confined within the walls of their apartments, ambition and vanity can only act on things of little import. The applause of the multitude, or future fame, would be faint inducements to such a sacrifice. The Hindoo women are not influenced either by those considerations, or entirely by affection or despair. Their law assures them, that this act ensures not only their own and their husband's salvation, but that of the children and parents of each. The heat of the climate makes it necessary to bury the same day on which a death happens. The widow who has formed this resolution, and repents before she has left the house and been exposed to public view, may be allowed to draw back; but when this is once done, the severity of their manners will not permit it.

Bowanny had been married about twelve years, and had three children. She had been tenderly attached to her husband, insomuch that she chose to dress his food with her own hands, and perform many duties, from which her rank exempted her. She attended him during his illness with the greatest solicitude, and her health

and spirits seemed to fluctuate with his. About two months before his death, on his disorder increasing, he asked her, if he died, whether she would accompany him, which she promised, and never swerved from this resolution. As his fate grew more certain, her assiduities became more constant: she did not even withdraw at the entrance of his brothers, or hide her face from them. "For whom," said she, "should I now conceal myself?" On his death, in the morning of the 12th of March, 1776, she immediately declared her intention to burn with him, went and took out her bridal vestments for the occasion, and ordered other necessary preparations with the greatest calmness. Her temper was so mild, that she would never resent an injury or an affront, but would say "it was the will of heaven she should suffer it." For the last two months she had never been seen to shed a tear.

As soon as they were acquainted with her determination, her family, relations, and friends, persuaded her to break it; and particularly the mother and brothers of the deceased. They brought her children before her, and said they would want her care; but she replied, that "her soul was already gone; that she lived but for him she had lost; and that she was bent upon a great business." She attended the body all the day, frequently looking at the countenance with smiles, and pressed for dispatch, saying, "she would go before night, and view the world on leaving it." Messages from the English chief were answered in the same way as the others had been, and when at length opposition ceased, she expressed the highest joy. She offered, if the family doubted her resolution, or feared she should disgrace them by timid behaviour, to give any proof, by suffering any torture, as a trial; but nothing of this kind was permitted. She refused to see her children; but a speech she made to her mother-in-law, bespoke her interest in their welfare. "You have excited disputes against my husband," said she, "and of course against me; but when we are gone, be kind to my children; they have not offended you. You see how this world passes away, act, then, with reference to a future state." The other wept; but did not speak a word in answer.

About an hour before sunset, the procession began. Bowanny was carried on a litter upon men's shoulders. She sat upright, by the side of her husband's body,

which was covered with a linen cloth. She scattered about pieces of the money of that country, and some red powder. As they drew nearer the spot, the curtains of the litter were opened; and though the sun had been some time set, the strong illumination presented her distinctly to view. She kept one hand upon a tassel, which hung from the top of the litter, whilst with the other she held a fan over the corpse. Her figure was graceful, and rather larger than that of the generality of Hindoo women. She was dressed in the fashion of the country, in a red gauze striped and edged with gold, and had various gold and silver ornaments. The whole of her forehead was stained with vermilion, as is customary on the day of marriage. By this she was rather disfigured; but the lower parts of her face had some marks of beauty: while a placid countenance, bordering on melancholy, shewed a mind steady and collected. She was talking in a pleasant tone of voice to the bramins who walked beside her; and frequently raised her eyes to look around, without the least sign of confusion or disquiet at the sight of the numbers by whom she was surrounded. She once stayed the litter, to bless the English chief and his company, who from curiosity and interest had joined the train—and prayed at intervals, till they arrived at the burning place of the family.

No preparation had been made there for the ceremony; and when it was begun, a fearful time! Bowanny appeared still calm, but sometimes rather faint, as if from weakness, when she was supported by the bramins and her husband's brothers, and retired into a temple, where her mother-in-law constantly resided. During this time her husband's body was uncovered. He was a handsome man, about thirty, and dressed in his bridal habiliments. An hour was employed in bringing wood and materials for the pile. It was made of large beams and moist plantain wood, laid cross-wise, over which was spread dry rushes, and a quantity of small billets of wood. While it was preparing, Bowanny sent twice to complain of the delay. After it had been raised about two feet from the ground, the litter, with the husband's body, was laid upon it, and soon afterwards she came from the temple, supported by the bramins, her husband's brothers, and four female attendants. She appeared weak, and often reclined her head. She repeated prayers dictated by the bramins, when near the pile,

with her eyes lifted up to heaven. When close to it, she sate down upon the ground ; they gave her the liquor of a cocoa-nut, and read over some ancient writing. She went only once round the pile, instead of three times, on account of her extreme weakness ; and, when seated upon it, laid her hands upon the heads of those who crouded round, to bless them ; but what she said was drowned by the hum of the people, and the noise of the music, which accompanied the procession. For a few moments, she appeared in a state of suspence, either affected with what she was going to suffer, or trying to recollect if more was necessary to be done. She then began to give away her ornaments, arranged the pillows of the bed, and, without the least discomposure, laid down on the left side of her husband, throwing one arm around him, and striving to support his head with the other. A sheet was then spread over them—on which rushes and sticks, sprinkled with ghee and oil, were laid to the height of two or three feet ; when her son, a pretty boy about nine years old, lighted a taper, and, after walking round the pile, set fire to it, just beneath his mother's head. This signal being given, it was lighted on every side. At least ten minutes must have passed, after she lay down, before this took place, during which the pile appeared to heave ; but the people who were near affirmed, she had not spoken one word or moved since she lay down ; and that the motion was occasioned by people passing round it.

At first a thick black smoke arose, from the oil and moist boughs, which, perhaps, was humanely contrived to suffocate the victim. All remained steady ; and when her death was certain, a general shout was raised by her attendants, who boasted of her fortitude to one another.

Some persons, from the superstitious idea that people near death have foresight into events, asked her, on the way to the burning place, to inform them of something they wished to know ;—to which she meekly asked, if they took her for an astrologer ?

When distributing her ornaments at the last, her husband's brother observed that a division of them at that time might create confusion ; and that she had better finish what she had to do, when they might be taken out of the ashes by any who would search for them. "Very well," said she, "then I will lie down."

REVIEW OF BOOKS.

PROBATQUE CULPATQUE.

The Reign of Charlemagne, considered chiefly with reference to Religion, Laws, Literature and Manners, by Henry Card, A. M. of Pembroke College, Oxford. In One Octavo Volume, price 7s. Longman, Hurst, Rees and Orme. 1807.

THIS is a work which has long been a desideratum among the readers of history. "The name of Charlemagne," observes the author, who is already known to the public by his history of the Revolutions of Russia, and other valuable performances, "is not less familiar to the learned, than to the unlearned reader: yet his reign has been exposed to great, and I will venture to add, undeserved neglect." Which defect of curiosity respecting the life and character of a man, of whose fame the annals of Europe are full, is rightly attributed by Mr. Card, to the remoteness of the period in which Charlemagne flourished. Indeed with the sole exception of Gibbon, (and he has only viewed the reign of Charlemagne in such a manner as to provoke, rather than satisfy our curiosity,) no other writer has manifested any desire to render the English reader familiar with the military and political operations of that renowned hero. To produce then a work, which, in a popular and elegant style, should delineate Charlemagne in his public and private character, and trace the line of policy pursued by him to impart knowledge, and to create a spirit of improvement, among his people, has been attempted, and we may safely add, in most respects performed by Mr. Card.

The book is divided into five chapters: and the first contains an eloquent but summary account of the warlike achievements of Charlemagne; for Mr. Card has expressly stated in his preface, "that the chief, or rather, sole object of his research, has been to reflect some light on the legislative acts of Charlemagne, the least known, though the most loudly extolled." The

mind of the reader, is however, judiciously relieved, even in this chapter, from the dull uniformity of sieges and battles in war, by digressions illustrative of the methods which Charlemagne adopted to disseminate a better system of government throughout his extensive dominions.

"When the race of Clovis," says our author, "invested their sons with the government of a province, they soon aspired openly to an independent authority; but Charlemagne, in committing any part of his territories to the jurisdiction of his sons, always considered and treated them in the light of subjects: he taught them to view their appointments as gifts which were bestowed, and might be resumed by his despotic will. They were his representatives, or lieutenants; they were the canals by which his irresistible mandate reached the most remote part of his empire. He sent therefore, often for the young princes to receive his orders, as well as his reprimands: and to be instructed by him what remedies they should apply to the abuses which they had introduced or tolerated. When the young king of Aquitaine, who had then entered his seventeenth year, was on the eve of departing to his territories, Charlemagne addressed him with that tone of authority which never failed to make a deep impression on the minds of his auditors 'Henceforth,' said he, 'you are no longer to consider yourself as a boy destitute of all experience; it is now time, that you should exercise yourself, a proper controul over the ministers, nobles, and subjects of your kingdom: you have come to our court with the equipage only of a private person, but you shall enter your dominions with a stately train. I am aware likewise, that in the presents you have wished me to make, necessity has often compelled you to seek from your domestics, the means of thus gratifying your inclinations: but that practice must no longer be followed in your present elevation; since it will make you in the end, an object of contempt to your people, which of all things, is the most to be feared and avoided by a sovereign.'"

The second, third, fourth, and fifth chapters, contain an account of the state of religion, laws, literature, and manners, in the reign of Charlemagne. Under the head of religion, we discover the strenuous efforts which the emperor of the West made by his opposition to the decrees of the second Nicene council, to stop the torrent of superstition which then poured itself over Europe. Mr. Card has presented us with an elaborate review of Charlemagne's system of legislation, which strikingly demonstrates the great, and permanent revolution he wished to effect in the moral and political condition of his numerous subjects. In proof of this assertion we subjoin the following passages.

mendation, and we know of no actor now on the stage, who would make a better stand in it. *Don Ferolos* and *Tilburinus* by Mr. and Mrs. Liston, were irresistible. The latter was dressed in the true style of Queen Elizabeth, and stalked and tragedized most ludicrously. The *Confidante* was excellently caricatured.

It is rather singular that *Tom Thumb* the last time it was played at Covent Garden; and the *Critic* when last acted at Drury Lane, were both sainted with strong marks of disapprobation.

August 7th. Mr. Carr who performed *Corporal Fass*, displayed much merit, and will no doubt be useful; though we thought he gave the part rather too coarse a colouring. Mrs. Grove is an actress of great provincial celebrity in the old women and her performance of *Lucretia Mac Tab* on this evening, fully justified the character which we had heard of her.

On Saturday the 15th August, Mrs. Powell performed her character in the new comedy, and *Mrs. Dangle* in the *Critic*. She played both parts with unusual animation, but was taken ill in the night, and died the following morning. She had for some months suffered under a disorder which was expected to terminate fatally, though there was no apprehension of immediate danger. She was, as the public well knows, an excellent actress in her particular line of character, and was off the stage so well-bred and intelligent a woman that her circle of acquaintance was very extensive, and of course her loss has been proportionably lamented. She was sister to Mrs. Ward of Manchester, and the widow of Mr. Powell late of the C. G. company. She was buried at St. Paul's Covent Garden, on Wednesday the 19th, and her funeral was most respectably attended.

17th. August.—Mrs. Grove on the spur of the occasion undertook the disagreeable, and, under the circumstance of the night, the melancholy office of reading the part of *Betty Barnes*. She has also performed several other of Mrs. Powell's characters in an excellent style; but being engaged with the Bath managers, she played only for a few nights, and Mrs. Davenport has been resorted to, to supply the vacancy for the remainder of the season.

20th. August.—Taylor's *Imitations*—we just notice to observe that they appear to us to be the very perfection of mimicry. All preceding imitators fade in the comparison.

Mr. De Camp conceiving himself to have been illiberally treated by the managers, on what account we do not exactly know, withdrew himself from the company on this night. He is a very respectable actor, and in usefulness few performers can be found to excel him.

Mr. Farley, being in town, very obligingly lent his services, at the solicitation of the Managers, for the rest of the present season.

The new comedy of *ERRORS EXCEPTED* is the production of Mr. T. Dibdin, an author to whom the public are indebted for so considerable a share of its dramatic amusement. The plot is of a light texture, and the dialogue and incidents are marked by the usual whimsicality of this writer. The effect of the whole is to excite incessant laughter, and though he has not succeeded so eminently in this instance as in the *Five Miles Off* and some other of his pieces, there is much ingenuity in the arrangement of the fable; the interest is sufficiently strong and connected; the charac-

ters are sketched with spirit; and the *equivogue*, so effective an ingredient in modern comedy, very happily managed.

The following are the principal *Dramatis Personæ*:

<i>Frank Woodland</i>	-	-	-	Mr. Young.
<i>Commodore Convey</i>	-	-	-	Mr. Fawcett.
<i>Mr. Convey</i>	-	-	-	Mr. Grove.
<i>Lawyer Verdict</i>	-	-	-	Mr. Mathews.
<i>Mr. Grumley</i>	-	-	-	Mr. Waddy.
<i>Old Mannerly</i>	-	-	-	Mr. Chapman.
<i>Tom Mannerly</i>	-	-	-	Mr. Decamp.
<i>Georgel Invoice</i>	-	-	-	Mr. Carles.
<i>Richard</i>	-	-	-	Mr. Liston.
<i>Sylvia</i>	-	-	-	Mrs. Litchfield.
<i>Mrs. Hall</i>	-	-	-	Mrs. Liston.
<i>Betty Barnes</i>	-	-	-	Mrs. Powell.
<i>Fanny Freeman</i>	-	-	-	Mrs. Gibbs.

The Plot cannot be detailed without more room than we can spare; it turns chiefly upon the schemes of a dishonest speculator, by which a young man of fashion is cheated out of his property, and those of a foppish unprincipled Attorney; and out of these many interesting incidents arise. The scene is occasionally enlivened by the blundering errors of a rustic Waiter at an Inn, where several of the events take place. The termination is the union of several fond hearts; the Attorney is compelled to keep his promise to a widow whom he had deceived; and, some few "*Errors excepted*," all parties seem tolerably satisfied.

The performers gave all possible support to the piece. A song, charmingly set by Mr. Reeve, was introduced in the second act by Mrs. Liston. The Prologue written by Mr. C. Dibdin, turned very neatly upon the title of the Play. The Epilogue was delivered with admirable spirit and effect by Mrs. Litchfield.

THEATRICAL INTELLIGENCE.

ELLISTON has renewed his engagement at Drury Lane, for three years. Lovegrove, the Bath comedian is to join this company. Some new singers pupils of Corri, are to make an early appearance. The Opera which Mr. Shield is composing for Covent Garden, is the production of Mr. T. Dibdin. Mrs. Siddons taking the hint from the *more last words of Richard Baxter*, has again (*iterum iterumque*) taken leave of the provincial theatres.

A theatrical fund (it is said) is about to be established for the benefit of decayed actors and actresses belonging to itinerant companies, to which each person subscribing annually, will be entitled to certain sums weekly when sick, or rendered unfit to follow their profession, and other advantages according to their standing on the books of the society; and a benefit for the institution is to take place in the several towns throughout the kingdom where there are theatrical performances.

The new building about to be added to the east end of Drury Lane theatre, is for additional scene, painting and dressing rooms; the colonnade will also be carried on in Russell-street, for the convenience of company getting to their carriages.

LARGE THEATRE, LYCEUM.

VOYAGE TO INDIA.

Mr. Incledon's Entertainment, not unsuitedly called a *Voyage to India*, for it is likely to make him as rich as a *Nabob*, was presented on the 26th of August, to a crowded and fashionable Theatre. It consists of fifteen songs, composed by Mazzinghi, Davy, Bishop, Sir John Stevenson and Shield, accompanied on the Piano by Mr. Kellner, Jun. and interspersed with Recitations by Mr. Bartley, who very ably acquits himself in the delivery. It is needless to say that Incledon exerts his best powers in the execution of the several airs.

THE COUNTRY THEATRES, &c.

Theatre DUBLIN.—Incledon and Johnstone had each four hundred pounds at their benefits; Emery was less fortunate. There is about to be a change in the management. We believe Mr. Holman takes a share in the property, and that Mr. H. Johnston is to relieve him from some of the fatigues of regulating the stage department.

Theatre Royal EDINBURGH.—Miss Smith took *As you Like it* for her benefit here, which was well attended. Her *Rosalind* was marked with animation, judgment, and delicacy. Mr. Seymour performed *Jaques*, in which he appeared to great advantage. This is a character that requires something more than the generality of actors can supply; Mr. Seymour's critical acquaintance with the text and meaning of Shakspeare, so abundantly shewn in his ingenious notes on the great bard, enabled him to present a finished portrait of the melancholy moralist.

Bellamy and Mrs. Mountain have performed a few nights here and at Glasgow.

Theatre Royal LIVERPOOL.—On Friday the 7th instant was produced here for the first time, Mr. Morton's celebrated comedy of *Town and Country*. Mr. Rae, in the character of Reuben, during the three first acts, shewed much discrimination and feeling, but in the two last he was dull and unimpressive; indeed he appeared to have entirely mis-conceived this part of the character, for instead of retaining the mild but determined manliness of Reuben, he very erroneously assumed the wild ravings of a Macbeth. Plastic in the hands of Mr. Jones was tolerably well supported, though we have still to complain of a want of suppleness in his joints. Mr. Hamerton was very negligent in the Rev. Owen Gleadow. Mrs. Glover, as the Honorable Mrs. Glenroy, is deserving of every commendation. The play, on the whole, was received with general approbation, and still continues to be attractive.—We have also had a great treat in the revival of Mr. Sheridan's laughable farce of the *Critic*. Mr. Knight's Puff was truly whimsical, and kept the audience in a continual roar of laughter. In the scene where the Earl of Leicester (Mr. Waring) is kneeling to petition Mars, Mr. K——, in order to direct his eyes upwards, unconsciously took hold of the Earl's Wig in so violent a manner as completely to discompose it, which made a very ludicrous figure of the kneeling warrior: but not being sufficiently satisfied with the mirth he had raised at poor Waring's ex-

pence, he, for the purpose of encreasing it, very facetiously remarked (patting him on the head) "Oh, never mind, there's nothing in it." Mr. Terry improves rapidly, but if he wishes to gain the approbation of the public, he ought to be as careful of his conduct off the stage as on, for he must be well aware, that

"Foul deeds will rise,
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them to men's eyes."

Mr. Gibbon's Sir Fretful is one of his happiest performances indeed, with the exception of Parsons, we never saw a better. Mr. Emery's engagement closed last night with the *Heir at Law* and *Hob in the Well*: Mr. Cooke's commences on Monday in the part of Richard.

22nd August, 1807.

ARGUS.

Theatre MARGATE. Lovegrove, from Bath; Wheatley, Mrs. Hatton, Mrs. Taylor, and a tolerable company altogether, have added to the amusements of this watering-place. Mr. and Mrs. S. Kemble, and Miss Smith, have been with us a few nights, and we expect Miss Duncan before the close of the season. A young lady of the name of Lewington made an appearance in Fanny in the *Clandestine Marriage*.

Theatre CHELTENHAM.—The Young Roscius, Richer, Miss Duncan, Mrs. H. Johnston, and Mrs. Siddons have been successively engaged by Watson, the spirited manager of this theatre. Russell from Drury Lane, and Mrs. T. Dibdin from Covent Garden, have also been much approved of. Mrs. D. played all the second characters with Mrs. Siddons, with great feeling and judgment. Klanert late of Covent Garden, is very deservedly a favourite. Elliston is to be here for a few nights.

Theatre WORTHING.—The theatre has prospered exceedingly. The performances of Mr. and Mrs. H. Siddons, Mr. Trotter, Miss De Camp, &c. have proved very attractive; and the elegance and accommodations of the new theatre, have been universally admired. *Valentine and Orson* has been produced at great expence. Mr. Graham of Drury Lane, was present, and expressed his approbation in the most flattering manner.

Theatre SOUTHEND.—Another theatre of Mr. Trotter's, superintended by Mr. Bew, during the former's stay at Worthing, has had its full share of patronage.

Theatre RICHMOND.—Notwithstanding the indefatigable exertions of Beverly, the manager, the theatre has not been productive this season. Tekeli has been well got up, and the performances have in general been respectable. Mr. Farley played a few nights, and exhibited *Valentine and Orson* for his benefit, in a very grand stile. Grimaldi gave his assistance in Orson, and Mr. Taylor, from the Haymarket, added his *Imitations*. The house was crowded. A whimsical contest lately took place between the leader of the band and Mrs. Smith of Covent Garden, in consequence of which she resigned her situation, and fired, not a *hand-bill*, but an immense placard, against the manager, and what she called the ignorant "*Siddle-scrapers*."

GEORGE SAVILLE CAREY.

The late GEORGE SAVILLE CAREY had upwards of forty years supported himself in the character of a public Lecturer in this Country, and was in the sixty-fourth year of his age when he died. He was the son of the celebrated HARRY CAREY, a successful comic writer in the earlier part of the last century, who though often in great distress, and the author of many convivial songs, never employed his muse in opposition to the interests of morality. It has been long understood that Harry Carey was the author of the tune and words of "*God save the King.*" This was mentioned by the late Dr. Arnold. No other person has ever laid claim to this popular composition. He was the avowed author of the words and air of the well known song "*Of all the Girls that are so smart,*" which Incedon, and other singers, have brought again into vogue. Poor Harry Carey, like many others who have no regular profession, and devote themselves to the Muses, was at last reduced to such distress that he did not wait for Nature to relieve him from the burthen of life, and when he was found dead, had only an half-penny in his pocket. How much it is to be regretted that the man whose song has so often afforded pleasure to loyal and patriotic hearts, and which has at length become the chief national strain, should himself have fallen a victim to poverty and despair! G. S. CAREY, who was a posthumous child, inherited the misfortunes of his father, but he inherited also his talents in a great degree, though they took another direction. He inherited too his moral qualities; for though he wrote a vast number of lyric compositions, they are all intended to awaken patriotic, generous, and amiable emotions. He was at first a Printer; he attempted the stage early in life, but did not display such abilities as encouraged him to persevere in theatrical pursuits; but though he went through various vicissitudes of fortune, he always maintained a decent appearance, and supported the character of an honest man. He possessed musical taste and talents that would have raised him to eminence if he had cultivated them with diligence, or had not been obliged "to provide for the day that was passing over his head." The infirmities of age were gathering upon him, and if he had lived much longer, he could not, of course, have subsisted by his talents, but must have sunk into one of the common asylums of misfortune.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Works recently published, in the Press, or in preparation.

BIOGRAPHY.—Life of General Washington, by Mr. Ramsey. Life of James Bruce of Kinnaird, Esq. F. R. S. By the Rev. Alex. Murray.

HISTORY.—History of Germany, by the late Michael Ignatius Schmidt, keeper of the Imperial Archives at Vienna; translated by Miss Plumtree. History of the County of Rutland: by Mr. Blore, of Stamford. History of Ireland for the last twenty years, by Dr. Nevin.

TRAVELS.—Sir John Carr's Stranger in France, 2d Edition, in an 8vo. form.

THE ARTS.—Opie's Lectures on Painting, delivered at the Royal Academy, and Royal Institution, in the years 1806 and 1807.

DIVINITY.—A splendid Edition of Dr. Doddridge's Family Expositor, in quarto; with fine Vignettes, from original Designs.

POETRY.—The Resurrection, by John Stewart, Esq. Hours of Idleness, by Lord Byron. The Parish Register, in three parts, by the Rev. G. Crabbe, L. L. B. Marmion, a Tale of Flodden Field, A Poem, 4to. by Walter Scott, Esq. Popular Ballads and Songs, from Tradition, MSS. and Scarce Editions, with Translations from the ancient Danish, and a few Originals, by R. Jamison, A. M. and F. A. S.

DRAMATIC.—The Family Shakspeare, in 4 volumes.

MISCELLANIES.—Ames's Typographical Antiquities, in 5 vols. 4to. by the Rev. T. F. Dibdin. A Portraiture of Society; as taken from a view of the assemblies, associations, institutions, societies, meetings, and clubs in and near the metropolis: whether religious, charitable, literary, philosophical, political, commercial, convivial or recreative; interspersed with criticisms, anecdotes, and biographical sketches; by Mr. Nightingale. Specimens of English Prose Writers, from the earliest Periods to the close of the seventeenth century; with sketches, biographical and literary; by George Burnett. The whole Works of Henry Mackenzie, Esq. revised and corrected by the Author; with the addition of various Pieces never before published.



Stump pinx.

Hopwood sculp.

Published Oct. 1st 1807; by Mathews & Leigh.

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THE
CABINET;
OR, MONTHLY REPORT OF
POLITE LITERATURE.

OCTOBER, 1807.

GEORGE FREDERICK COOKE, Esq.

GEORGE FREDERICK COOKE was born in the barracks of Dublin, in the year 1756: his father being a subaltern in one of the regiments that composed the garrison. His mother was of Scotch extraction, and by her marriage incurred the displeasure of her family, who, with a very moderate portion of substance, richly abounded in that beggarly pride, which forms a leading feature in the character of our Northern neighbours. At little more than two years of age, our hero accompanied his father to London, where he continued till the year 1763, when he was placed in a school in the North of England. It was during his residence at this school, which lasted till 1771, that he became infected, as he himself terms it, with the theatrical *mania*.

On his emancipation from school discipline, in 1771, our hero went to sea, and afterwards embarked in business; but less from inclination than necessity. Accordingly the moment the law made him his own master; or, in other words, the moment he attained the enviable age of one and twenty, he spurned at trade, as an occupation

unworthy of his aspiring mind, and coming into possession of a legacy bequeathed him by a distant relation, quitted all employment to indulge, without let or molestation, his favourite passion and pursuit. It was not, however, till he had run through his inheritance, that he made his *debüt* on the *public* boards. His first appearance on any regular stage was in the spring of 1778, when he performed the part of *Castio*, in the *Orphan*, at the Haymarket Theatre, for the benefit of Mrs. Massey, and with such complete success, as determined him to embrace the profession, as his future means of support. He played two or three subsequent nights at the Haymarket, and then joined a provincial company.

From this period till the summer of 1786, our hero ran the customary round of Thespian itinerancy; passing his *noviciate* in various provincial companies, particularly those of Nottingham and Lincoln. In July, 1786, he enlisted under the banners of the York manager, Mr. Wilkinson, and came out in the part of *Count Baldwin*, the same night that Mrs. Siddons made her first appearance at that theatre, as *Isabella*, in the *Fatal Marriage*. The May following he repaired to Lancaster, having joined the Newcastle company, with whom he continued four years, performing successively at Newcastle, Chester, Lancaster, Preston, and other towns belonging to that district. In April 1791, he entered into an engagement with the manager of the Manchester theatre, to whom his talents were already experimentally known, Mr. Cooke having, previous to his treaty with the York manager, acted at Manchester a whole season with great applause; besides a winter spent at Liverpool. In November, 1794, Mr. Cooke visited the capital of the sister kingdom, at the pressing invitation of Mr. Daly, at that time director of the Dublin stage. He returned to England the following year; and in March 1796 rejoined the Manchester company, with whom he stood in high favour and repute; and, indeed, it reflects no small honour on the taste and penetration of the inhabitants of that town, that, among the foremost to discern, they have been among the foremost, likewise, to foster and encourage the talents of a man, who owes his professional success entirely to his own intrinsic merit.

In October 1797, Mr. Cooke made a second trip to Dublin, the management of that theatre having de-

volved into the hands of the present patentee, Mr. Jones. He there remained three years, rapidly rising in celebrity and favour, being justly regarded as the hero of the Dublin stage, and the *Roscins* of the sister kingdom.

On the 31st of October, 1800, he made his first appearance on the Covent Garden boards, in the character of *Richard III.*, and made a more powerful impression on the audience of London, than any actor since the *debut* of Garrick. He has ever since remained on the same stage, and in a variety of principal characters, particularly *Richard*, *Kitely*, *Shylock*, *Iago*, *Sir Partinax Macsycophant*, and *Sir Archy Macsareasm*, certainly possesses stronger powers of attraction than any individual performer now on the stage.

ON FINE GENTLEMEN,

WITH THE CHARACTER AND DESCRIPTION OF AN UPSTART.

PROFUSION is become an essential of a man of honour: a young fellow cannot be of the ton without it; and oeconomy, or any degree of prudence is utterly incompatible with that largeness of soul, which, while it squanders thousands upon the *turf* or at *Archer's*, perhaps reluctantly affords half-a-crown to distress.

Full of these sublime ideas, an insolent formerly lamented, in my hearing, that the circumstances of his house had destined him to a profession; for that "himself was the gentleman of it. He had indeed brethren of professions, and liberal professions too, who were able and accomplished, as well as honest and worthy men; but then, they were not gentlemen. They wanted that freedom of spirit and humour, which elevates above accounts, calculations, and other minute and groveling attentions: they wanted that easy, careless, sauntering habit, which is so very becoming, because it sits so very naturally, upon gentlemen who have nothing to do. There was a method, a littleness of management, favouring of pedantry and the schools, in all they did: and, though likely to get well enough through life by playing a safe game, yet they would never win a prize, any more than other dull fellows snatch a grace, beyond the drudgery

and *rules of art*."—What pity it is, that there was only one *gentleman* in this worthy family ! who, to cut short his history, as he lived an extravagant, so he died a bankrupt ; to the very sincere affliction of his *ungentlemen* brethren.

Thus far of men liberally born, and liberally educated : but there are others, who, though neither the one nor the other, yet parade and figure in the shape of *gentlemen* ; and, in this money-getting age, are by far the commonest character of the two. I heard one of these *pieces of mechanism* observe, with much affectation, that his misfortune was to *have a taste* ; that this misfortune had been increased, by keeping too much *good company*, and seeing too much of life *upon the large scale* ; and that what still added to his expences, were the obligations he lay under to cultivate the *little people* (so this upstart called them) about his villa : for it will easily be imagined, that he was not without the low ambition of being *popular*. Now who, do you think, this extraordinary person was ? I will tell you.

He was the son of a cockney in low life, who, by cow-keeping and the help of a milk-board, had scraped together enough to leave him independent of trade ; but who, retaining the spirit and manners of his original meanness, which is often the case with those who rise to sudden riches, gave him no education above that of the vulgar. Coming however to his inheritance, he determined to be a *gentleman* ; and, first, he applied to *Pearce*, a taylor of prime and fashionable *goût*, who made him at once a *gentleman* in dress : which, by the way, is no small advance ; for this, with the *œs triplex frontis*, that " front of threefold brass," in which this pupil was singularly happy, will procure admission to the first personages of the kingdom, and *no questions asked*. Then he applied to tradesmen, manufacturers, artists : who, from their several departments, made him a *gentleman* in houses, furniture, and apparatus of every kind : and then he got the whole bespangled with pictures and *vertù*.—I had almost forgot to mention, what is a very capital article in the construction of these *new gentlemen* ; and that is, a library *. For this he applied to P—;

* Fielding, in his *Voyage to Lisbon*, mentions one Boyce, a blacksmith at Gosport, who, by smuggling and other honest arts, became

and P—— made him a *gentleman*, with regard to books. P—— talked to him of original standard authors, which he *must not be without*; of rare and curious copies, in the finest preservation, and most elegant bindings; and thus at length furnished him with a collection, in all languages, of far from inconsiderable value. They might, if properly painted, as well have been of wood; for their possessor had no more pretensions to learning, than he had to taste—or than a mere observer of rites and ceremonies has to religion. In short, he knew no language but his own; and that no better than the women who swept his rooms†.

Did not I rightly call this ape of elegance and magnificence a *piece of mechanism*? and are not many *fine gentlemen* thus *mechanically* formed?

Not for himself he sees, or hears, or eats;
Artists must chase his pictures, music, meats.

To be sure: the artists furnish the taste, as well as the object of it. Mean while, this destination of men to situations and objects, for which they are unfit, is no small detriment as well as nuisance to society. Many of these *fine gentlemen*, who are at least useless burdens to the earth they encumber, might have done good service in the menial offices and arts of life. The only service they do, under this forced and unnatural character, is the transferring of property, which by prodigality they sometimes abuse, into the hands of men, who may rightly use it; and thus justifying Providence, whose ways are constantly to educe good from evil.

I am not sure, that my *upstart* is equal to the purchase

possessed of 40,000l. This accomplished person, after procuring abundance of fine things, concluded with having a *library*; and, accordingly, sent an order to a bookseller in London, for 500l. worth of his *handsomest* books.

† Lucian considered this taste for book-buying, as so sure a symptom of an illiterate fellow, that he joins the two characters together. These book-gentry should seem to think, like the man who bought Orpheus's harp, that it would make admirable music of itself, without any skill or knowledge in a performer; or him, who purchased Epictetus's lamp at a vast sum, in hopes of having with it Epictetus's wisdom; or, lastly, like those wild Indians, who believe, that they inherit not only the spoils, but the abilities of any great enemy, they have the luck to kill.

of a borough: else I should have mentioned a seat in parliament as one of the qualifications, by which these gentry rise to greatness. The Herald's Office, however, was not neglected, a coat of arms having been his first acquisition; and we are just informed, that, to render his name illustrious after death, he hath ordered his funeral to be in the style and manner of the late R—— R——, Esq.—500*l.* for a monument, and 4*l.* yearly to have it brushed by the sexton.

MELANGE.

No. VII.

Chacun à son gout.

SWIFT.

Riding out one morning in the Strand near Dublin, he met with a parishioner of his well mounted, and began to pay him some compliments on his horse, &c. "All this may be very true, Mr. Dean," said the man; "but still he is not equal to yours," "To mine!" returned the Dean in surprise: "why, this is but a mere pad, which I keep for exercise."—"Aye, but notwithstanding that," replied the other, "*he carries the best head of any horse in Ireland.*"

CLERICAL BOOTS.

A Clergyman in Essex, not much celebrated as a preacher, used to wear boots generally on duty; and gave as a reason for it, that "the roads were so *deep* in some places, that he found them more convenient than shoes." "Yes," said Foote, "and, I dare say, equally convenient in the pulpit; for there the Doctor is generally *out of his depth* too."

INTUITION, AND SAGACITY.

Of the difference between those two qualities (the one being immediate in its effect, and the other acquiring a

circuitous process) Foote said, "the former was the eye, the latter the nose, of the mind."

THE CAUSE OF A PLAY BEING DAMNED.

A foreigner being present at a musical piece which was damned the first night of its performance, asked Foote who the author was. Being told that his name was St. John, he asked again, "*St. Jean, St. Jean, quel St. Jean?* (*St. John, St. John, what St. John?*)"—"*Oh, Monseigneur!* cried Foote; *le gentilhomme sans la tête.* (Oh, Sir, the gentleman without a head)."

CONSTANTIA GRIERSON,

OF THE COUNTY OF KILKENNY, IN IRELAND; DIED 1733,
AGED 27;

Was allowed, long before, to be an excellent scholar, not only in Greek and Roman literature, but in history, divinity, philosophy, and mathematics. She gave a proof of her knowledge in the Latin tongue, by her dedication of the Dublin edition of *Tacitus* to the Lord Carteret, and by that of *Terence* to his son, to whom she likewise wrote a Greek epigram. She wrote several fine poems in English, on which she set so little value, that she neglected to leave copies, but of very few, behind her.

She is said to have exemplified that fine saying of a French author: "That a great genius should be superior to his own abilities."

When Lord Carteret was lord-lieutenant of Ireland, he obtained a patent for Mr. Grierson, her husband, to be king's printer; and to distinguish and reward her uncommon merit, had her life inserted in it.

The foregoing account is entirely transcribed from Mrs. Barber's preface prefixed to her poems. To this we shall add some particulars, which Mrs. Pilkington has recorded. She tells us "that when about eighteen years of age, she was brought to her father to be instructed in midwifery; that she was mistress of Hebrew, Greek, Latin and French, understood mathematics as well as most men; and what made these extraordinary talents yet more surprising, was, that her parents were poor illiterate country people; so that her learning appeared like the gift,

poured out on the apostles, of speaking all languages without the pains of study." Mrs. Pilkington enquired of her, where she had gained this prodigious knowledge? to which Mrs. Grierson answered, "that she received some little instruction from the minister of the parish, when she could spare time from her needle-work, to which she was closely kept by her mother." Mrs. Pilkington adds, "that she wrote elegantly both in verse and prose; that her turn was chiefly to philosophical or divine subjects; that her piety was not inferior to her learning; and that some of the most delightful hours she herself had ever passed, were in the conversation of this female philosopher."

She wrote *an Abridgement of the History of England*. There are many particular circumstances of her life which do her honour, and are a noble example to the living, particularly as a wife and mother. She was patronized by the late Lord Granville, and was the editor of several of the classics. Her son, who was his majesty's printer at Dublin, and instructed by her, was a man of uncommon learning, great wit and vivacity. He died in Germany, at the age of twenty-seven. Dr. Johnson highly respected his abilities, and often observed, that he possessed more extensive knowledge than any man of his years he had ever known. His industry was equal to his talents, he particularly excelled in every species of philological learning, and was perhaps the best critic of the time.

POPERY. At the beginning of the long Parliament, a cry of "No Popery," was heard in this kingdom. One of the oddest expressions of alarm was the following simile of Pym. "Popery," said he, "may be compared to the dry bones of Ezekiel; which first came together from afar, then sinews and flesh grew upon them, afterwards the skin covered them, and lastly, breath and life were put into them." The comparison is yet more applicable now. Popery is indeed become a heap of dry bones; and the very priests are at a loss which to select as worthy to become the skeletons of a reanimated church. Sinews and flesh will not grow upon them, without long industry and governmental patronage. The eventual re-creation must assume a new, a glossy and glorified skin. And the whole apprehended process resembles more the imagery of a visionary than the foresight of a prophet.

ON REFORMATIONS.*

THE work of reformation, in church and in state, hath long been agitated; and, doubtless, there are many things in both, that may well be thought to want it. Some however, averse from reforming, think it more expedient to *temporize* with prevailing manners and customs; and would rather acquiesce under, than attempt a correction of, the numerous irregularities and evils with which we abound. This may be just and good, as well as wise and politic, in certain situations: yet, if we mean any thing when we talk of human perfection and human happiness, it must surely be right to correct errors and abuses; nor can reformation possibly be deemed unreasonable, *always provided*, that the reformers, amidst their zeal, will ponder well the materials, *the stuff*, they have to work upon†; lest, being hurried on by visions, and ideas of a perfection not to be attained, they produce greater evils than those they would remove.

In the last century, by pushing the spirit of reforming too far, greater evils were produced than the reformers had it in their view to remove. Resistance was made to the encroachments of regal power, and made successfully; but did the spirit of reforming rest here? No; it proceeded till the monarchy was destroyed. And what followed then? Why, anarchy succeeded monarchy; a republic, such as it was, succeeded anarchy; a protectorate succeeded a republic; and, finally, the nation, having reeled to and fro from one form of government to another, and having found no rest under any, recurred at length to a monarchy, more arbitrary even with their own consent, and more pernicious in its consequences, than that which had been abolished. But to proceed,

The objects of reformation are, *manners, opinions, and establishments*. On the article of *manners*, enough has been written: enough to shew, that *manners* cannot be reformed by *laws*, but only by education, or an esta-

* From the *Irenarch*.

† *Mens humana, si agat in materiam, naturam rerum contemplando, pro modo materiæ operatur, atque ab eadem determinatur.* Bacon.—And is not this as necessary in the world of *spirit*, as in the world of *matter*?

lished system of early discipline. With regard to *opinions*, I am free to own, with Mr. Bayle, that "there are no truths so minute, but what are worthy to be promoted; no errors so trifling, but what had better be corrected than retained. But, when the circumstances of time and place will not suffer novelties to be proposed, though ever so true, without occasioning a thousand disorders," I must also concur with Mr. Bayle in supposing, that "it were much better to let things remain as they are, than undertake to reform them; since the remedy would be worse than the disease." To which I may add, that, after all the reformation which can be made, every man will have, because every man must have, his own *opinion* still. *Idiumparata* is defined by a certain physician *humorum illud peculiare temperamentum, unde sua est cuique sanitas, suus cuique morbus*: and might he not have added, if his subject had required it, *sua cuique in-doles, sua cuique OPINIO*?—To suppose that any man should think as I do, is to suppose that man organized as I am; that he has received the same temperament, the same nutriment, the same education, and (which includes all) the same modification, with me, in every instant of his duration: in one word, it is to suppose, that *he* is what *I* am. Why not expect from him a conformity of features, as well as a conformity of opinions, with mine? the former, as should seem, being just as much in his power, as the latter.

With regard to *establishments*, I suppose myself to dissent from those, whom the spirit of reformatting agitates the most, only in this; that, whereas they would have the principle of reformation to operate at *all* times, and in *all* situations of things, I would limit and confine it to *certain* times, and *certain* conjunctures. "There is a time for all things," says a great reformer: "it is *not every conjuncture* which calls with equal force upon the activity of honest men; but critical exigencies now and then arise (†)". As therefore, on the one hand, I would not, with a *Levianathan* spirit assert the rectitude of *maintaining* at all events whatever was established; so, on the other, I would as-

(†) Mr. Burke.—See to what an extent Erasmus carried the idea of waiting for conjunctures, in the business of reforming religion. *Scio quidvis esse ferendum potius, quam ut publicus orbis status turbetur in pejus: scio pietatem esse nonnunquam celare veritatem; neque eam quovis loco, neque quovis tempore, neque apud quosvis, neque quovis modo, neque totam ubique promendam.* Epist. 501.

assert the wisdom and expediency of *tolerating*, not only imperfections, but even evils, in an establishment, until those evils can be removed without producing greater. And I seem to assert this upon the surest foundation; because the principle of reformation, unless restrained by this qualifying clause, will never suffer the world to remain in quiet. As surely as no establishment can be perfect, so surely will reformers never be wanting to disturb it *. I know the difficulty of ascertaining the crisis, when reformation is to commence;—this must be determined by the circumstances of time and place—yet I cannot forbear to think as I do: and, if I am in error, it must be my love of peace and good order that has misled me. “Very many persons,” says Mr. Bayle, “will inflexibly adhere to this maxim, that it is a lesser evil to bear with abuses in church and state, than to cure them by remedies which will overturn the constitution in church and state †.” I must own myself to be one of these persons: and am ready to say, with the good Bishop Hall, that *some quiet error may be better than some unruly truth* ||; or, as Erasmus had said before him, *mihi adeo est invisa discordia, ut veritas etiam displiceat seditiosa*.

But it should seem, as if reformations in the state were far more easy and far more practicable, than reformations in the church; and, accordingly, a worthy person some years ago exhibited a plan, very elaborately drawn, for *parliamentary independency* and *oeconomical reformation* ‡. I was affected with uncommon pleasure at the report of this plan, which (I thought) was striking directly at the root of the thing: for *true patriotism*, as a great states-

* The world can never remain in peace, because sectaries and fanatics will every where think it a duty to disturb it:—

And prove *their* doctrine orthodox
By apostolic blows and knocks;
Call fire, and sword, and desolation,
A godly thorough reformation;
Which always must be carried on,
And still be doing, never done;
As if religion were intended
For nothing else but to be mended,

HUDIBRAS.

† Dict. CASTELLANUS. Note Q.

|| Decad. VI. Epist. 7.

‡ Burke's Speech, &c. on Feb. 11, 1780.

man observed most justly, *can have no foundation, but frugality* *; and vain will be all attempts to render Members of Parliament *independent*, till they can be cured of their extravagancies, and prevailed on to be *oconomists*. But, to my very great grief as well as surprise, the plan of reformation he proposed, had no respect at all to the oeconomy of parliament men, but only to the expences of certain departments, connected with and dependant on the court; as if great and important savings might thence have been made to the nation. Too great savings cannot be made to the nation: the nation stands in need of all that can be saved: and what Mr. Burke advanced, under this general idea, had a real foundation in reason and equity. I only doubt, whether the honourable gentleman, in pursuing this idea, did not *contemplate* upon too small a scale, when he would have reduced the expences of royalty to the accuracy and precision of private oeconomy. I doubt, also, whether the savings from this reduction would have been indeed of such capital and essential importance, as was imagined. And, lastly, I doubt most of all, whether, with our present manners, even government itself could make the reformation proposed; that is whether such reformation be really *practicable*.

But here, Mr. Burke hath been before us: "I know," says he, "it is common for men to say, that such and such things are perfectly right, —very desirable, but unfortunately not practicable. Oh, no, Sir, no: those things, which are not practicable, are not desirable. †" Indeed? But, is not *parliamentary independency* desirable; and does it thence follow, that it is attainable? *Parliamentary independency* must be according to parliamentary manners; which, if we may trust the representations of those who knew them well, are by no means favourable to it, at present. The late Lord Chesterfield, speaking of Sir Robert Walpole, delivers himself thus; "Money was the chief engine of his administration, and he employed it with a success, which in a manner disgraced humanity. He was not, it is true, the inventor of that shameful method of governing, which had been gaining ground insensibly ever since Charles II.; but, with uncommon skill and unbounded profusion, he

* Lord Bath in *Swift's Letters*,

† Speech, &c.

brought it to that perfection, which at this time dishonours and distresses this country, and which, if not checked (*and God knows how it can be checked*) must ruin it*." The late Lord Bath, apologizing to Swift for desisting "to struggle against corruption," declared "the whole nation to be so abandoned and corrupt, that the Crown can never fail of a majority in both Houses of Parliament.—I am convinced," says he, "that our constitution is already gone; and we are idly struggling to maintain, what in truth has been long lost†."

Now, are things really so as these noble Lords have represented them, or are they not? for we presume not to decide. If they be so, why then, surely, this reformation in parliament, so confessedly *desirable*, is not, however, so confessedly *practicable* ||. And whence, after all, should *independency* arise; or, were it once upon its legs, how support itself? "Can a nation, venal, vicious, and corrupt, long preserve its liberty? Liberty, to be relished and preserved, requires noble, brave, and virtuous souls: otherwise, it degenerates into licentiousness, and ends by becoming the prey of a master who can purchase it. A people, without manners, is not made to be free: true liberty must be accompanied with a love of equity, humanity, a deep sense of the natural rights of men. Feelings of this kind can only be the fruits of a liberal and virtuous education; far different from that narrow and servile mode of educating, which now prevails in every country. What then can be wanting to complete the happiness of a people, who glory in the best and freest constitution? What remains to be desired by a nation, into whose ports the riches of the world find their way? This remains to be desired: a generous education, integrity of manners, true notions of justice; in a word, dispositions and appetites, opposite to that ardent and unquenchable thirst after *filthy lucre*,

* Characters, &c.

† Swift's Letters.

|| No discouragement is here meant to any attempt towards reformation: duty as well as policy should put us upon reforming whatever can be reformed. We may moderate evils, if we cannot remove them: and this perhaps is all, the worthy person aimed at; governing himself by the old rule, "of asking too much, in order to obtain enough"—*iniquum petere, ut æquum ferat*, Quintil. IV. 5.

mendation, and we know of no actor now on the stage, who would make a better stand in it. *Don Ferolos* and *Tilthurina* by Mr. and Mrs. Liston, were irresistible. The latter was dressed in the true style of Queen Elizabeth, and stalked and tragedized most ludicrously. The *Confidante* was excellently caricatured.

It is rather singular that *Tom Thumb* the last time it was played at Covent Garden; and the *Critic* when last acted at Drury Lane, were both saluted with strong marks of disapprobation.

August 7th. Mr. Carr who performed *Corporal Fess*, displayed much merit, and will no doubt be useful; though we thought he gave the part rather too coarse a colouring. Mrs. Grove is an actress of great provincial celebrity in the old women and her performance of *Lucretia Mac Tab* on this evening, fully justified the character which we had heard of her.

On Saturday the 15th August, Mrs. Powell performed her character in the new comedy, and *Mrs. Dangle* in the *Critic*. She played both parts with unusual animation, but was taken ill in the night, and died the following morning. She had for some months suffered under a disorder which was expected to terminate fatally, though there was no apprehension of immediate danger. She was, as the public well knows, an excellent actress in her particular line of character, and was off the stage so well-bred and intelligent a woman that her circle of acquaintance was very extensive, and of course her loss has been proportionably lamented. She was sister to Mrs. Ward of Manchester, and the widow of Mr. Powell late of the C. G. company. She was buried at St. Paul's Covent Garden, on Wednesday the 19th, and her funeral was most respectably attended.

17th. August.—Mrs. Grove on the spur of the occasion undertook the disagreeable, and, under the circumstance of the night, the melancholy office of reading the part of *Betty Barnes*. She has also performed several other of Mrs. Powell's characters in an excellent style; but being engaged with the Bath managers, she played only for a few nights, and Mrs. Davenport has been resorted to, to supply the vacancy for the remainder of the season.

20th. August.—Taylor's *Imitations*—we just notice to observe that they appear to us to be the very perfection of mimicry. All preceding imitators fade in the comparison.

Mr. De Camp conceiving himself to have been illiberally treated by the managers, on what account we do not exactly know, withdrew himself from the company on this night. He is a very respectable actor, and in usefulness few performers can be found to excel him.

Mr. Farley, being in town, very obligingly lent his services, at the solicitation of the Managers, for the rest of the present season.

The new comedy of *ERRORS EXCEPTED* is the production of Mr. T. Dibdin, an author to whom the public are indebted for so considerable a share of its dramatic amusement. The plot is of a light texture, and the dialogue and incidents are marked by the usual whimsicality of this writer. The effect of the whole is to excite incessant laughter, and though he has not succeeded so eminently in this instance as in the *Five Miles Off* and some other of his pieces, there is much ingenuity in the arrangement of the fable; the interest is sufficiently strong and connected; the charac-

ters are sketched with spirit; and the *equivogue*, so effective an ingredient in modern comedy, very happily managed.

The following are the principal *Dramatis Personæ*:

<i>Frank Woodland</i>	-	-	-	Mr. Young.
<i>Commodore Convey</i>	-	-	-	Mr. Fawcett.
<i>Mr. Convey</i>	-	-	-	Mr. Grove.
<i>Lawyer Verdict</i>	-	-	-	Mr. Mathews.
<i>Mr. Grumley</i>	-	-	-	Mr. Waddy.
<i>Old Mannerly</i>	-	-	-	Mr. Chapman.
<i>Tom Mannerly</i>	-	-	-	Mr. Decamp.
<i>Georgel Invoice</i>	-	-	-	Mr. Carles.
<i>Richard</i>	-	-	-	Mr. Liston.
<i>Sylvia</i>	-	-	-	Mrs. Litchfield.
<i>Mrs. Hall</i>	-	-	-	Mrs. Liston.
<i>Betty Barnes</i>	-	-	-	Mrs. Powell.
<i>Fanny Freeman</i>	-	-	-	Mrs. Gibbs.

The Plot cannot be detailed without more room than we can spare; it turns chiefly upon the schemes of a dishonest speculator, by which a young man of fashion is cheated out of his property, and those of a foppish unprincipled Attorney; and out of these many interesting incidents arise. The scene is occasionally enlivened by the blundering errors of a rustic Waiter at an Inn, where several of the events take place. The termination is the union of several fond hearts; the Attorney is compelled to keep his promise to a widow whom he had deceived; and, some few "*Errors excepted*," all parties seem tolerably satisfied.

The performers gave all possible support to the piece. A song, charmingly set by Mr. Reeve, was introduced in the second act by Mrs. Liston. The Prologue written by Mr. C. Dibdin, turned very neatly upon the title of the Play. The Epilogue was delivered with admirable spirit and effect by Mrs. Litchfield.

THEATRICAL INTELLIGENCE.

ELLISTON has renewed his engagement at Drury Lane, for three years. Lovegrove, the Bath comedian is to join this company. Some new singers pupils of Corri, are to make an early appearance. The Opera which Mr. Shield is composing for Covent Garden, is the production of Mr. T. Dibdin. Mrs. Siddons taking the hint from the *more last words of Richard Baxter*, has again (*iterum iterumque*) taken leave of the provincial theatres.

A theatrical fund (it is said) is about to be established for the benefit of decayed actors and actresses belonging to itinerant companies, to which each person subscribing annually, will be entitled to certain sums weekly when sick, or rendered unfit to follow their profession, and other advantages according to their standing on the books of the society; and a benefit for the institution is to take place in the several towns throughout the kingdom where there are theatrical performances.

The new building about to be added to the east end of Drury Lane theatre, is for additional scene, painting and dressing rooms; the colonnade will also be carried on in Russell-street, for the convenience of company getting to their carriages.

he was nineteen ; since which time he has risen, by slow degrees, to be the most brilliant and accomplished debater that the world ever saw." The quiet dignity of a mind roused only by great objects, the absence of petty bustle, the contempt of shew, the abhorrence of intrigue, the plainness and downrightness, and the thorough good nature which distinguished Mr. Fox, seemed to render him no very unfit representative of that old English national character, which if it ever changed, we should be sanguine indeed to expect to see succeeded by a better. The simplicity of his character inspired confidence, the ardour of his eloquence roused enthusiasm, and the gentleness of his manners invited friendship. " I admired," says Mr. GIBBON, " the powers of a superior man, as they are blended, in his attractive character, with all the softness and simplicity of a child : no human being was ever more free from any taint of malignity, vanity, or falsehood."—From these qualities of his public and private character it probably arose, that no English Statesman ever preserved, during so long a period of adverse fortune, so many affectionate friends, and so many zealous adherents. The union of ardour in public sentiment, with mildness in social manners, was, in Mr. Fox, an hereditary quality. The same fascinating power over the attachment of all who came within his sphere, is said to have belonged to his father ; and those who know the survivors of another generation, will feel that this delightful quality is not yet extinct in the race.

Perhaps nothing can more strongly prove the deep impression made by this part of Mr. Fox's character, than the words of Mr. BURKE, who, in January, 1797, six years after all intercourse between them had ceased, speaking to a person honoured with some degree of Mr. Fox's friendship, said, "*To be sure he is a man made to be loved !*" and these emphatical words were uttered with a fervour of manner which left no doubt of their heart-felt sincerity.

These few hasty and honest sentences are sketches in a temper too sober and serious for intentional exaggeration, and with too pious an affection for the memory of Mr. Fox to profane it by intermixture with the factious brawls and wrangles of the day. His political conduct belongs to history. The measures which he supported or opposed may divide the opinion of posterity, as they have divided those of the present age. But he will most

certainly command the unanimous reverence of future generations, by his pure sentiments towards the commonwealth, by his zeal for the civil and religious rights of all men, by his liberal principles favourable to mild government, to the unfettered exercise of the human faculties, and the progressive civilization of mankind ; by his ardent love for a country of which the well-being and greatness were indeed inseparable from his own glory, and by his profound reverence for that free constitution, which he was universally admitted to understand better than any other man of his age, both in an exactly legal, and in a comprehensively philosophical sense.

CAROLAN.

THE two following Songs are the composition of TURLOUGH O'CAROLAN, (translated into English verse by Miss BROOKE,) a man much and deservedly celebrated for his poetical talents, as well as for the incomparable sweetness of all his musical pieces.

SONG

FOR GRACEY NUGENT.

By Carolan,

OF Gracey's charms enraptur'd will I sing !
 Fragrant and fair, as blossoms of the spring ;
 To her sweet manners, and accomplish'd mind,
 Each rival Fair the palm of Love resigned.

How blest her sweet society to share !
 To mark the ringlets of her flowing hair ; *
 Her gentle accents,—her complacent mien !—
 Supreme in charms, she looks—she reigns a Queen !

* Hair is a favourite object with all the Irish poets, and endless is the variety of their description :—"Soft misty curls."—"Thick branching tresses of bright redundancy."—"Locks of fair waving beauty."—"Tresses flowing on the wind like the bright waving flame of an inverted torch." They even affect to inspire it with expression :—"as "Locks of gentle lustre."—"Tresses of tender beauty."—"The Maid with the mildly flowing hair, &c. &c.

GEORGE SAVILLE CAREY.

The late GEORGE SAVILLE CAREY had upwards of forty years supported himself in the character of a public Lecturer in this Country, and was in the sixty-fourth year of his age when he died. He was the son of the celebrated HARRY CAREY, a successful comic writer in the earlier part of the last century, who though often in great distress, and the author of many convivial songs, never employed his muse in opposition to the interests of morality. It has been long understood that Harry Carey was the author of the tune and words of "*God save the King.*" This was mentioned by the late Dr. Arnold. No other person has ever laid claim to this popular composition. He was the avowed author of the words and air of the well known song "*Of all the Girls that are so smart,*" which Incedon, and other singers, have brought again into vogue. Poor Harry Carey, like many others who have no regular profession, and devote themselves to the Muses, was at last reduced to such distress that he did not wait for Nature to relieve him from the burthen of life, and when he was found dead, had only an half-penny in his pocket. How much it is to be regretted that the man whose song has so often afforded pleasure to loyal and patriotic hearts, and which has at length become the chief national strain, should himself have fallen a victim to poverty and despair! G. S. CAREY, who was a posthumous child, inherited the misfortunes of his father, but he inherited also his talents in a great degree, though they took another direction. He inherited too his moral qualities; for though he wrote a vast number of lyric compositions, they are all intended to awaken patriotic, generous, and amiable emotions. He was at first a Printer; he attempted the stage early in life, but did not display such abilities as encouraged him to persevere in theatrical pursuits; but though he went through various vicissitudes of fortune, he always maintained a decent appearance, and supported the character of an honest man. He possessed musical taste and talents that would have raised him to eminence if he had cultivated them with diligence, or had not been obliged "to provide for the day that was passing over his head." The infirmities of age were gathering upon him, and if he had lived much longer, he could not, of course, have subsisted by his talents, but must have sunk into one of the common asylums of misfortune.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Works recently published, in the Press, or in preparation.

BIOGRAPHY.—Life of General Washington, by Mr. Ramsey. Life of James Bruce of Kinnaird, Esq. F. R. S. By the Rev. Alex. Murray.

HISTORY.—History of Germany, by the late Michael Ignatius Schmidt, keeper of the Imperial Archives at Vienna; translated by Miss Plumtree. History of the County of Rutland: by Mr. Blore, of Stamford. History of Ireland for the last twenty years, by Dr. Nevin.

TRAVELS.—Sir John Carr's Stranger in France, 2d Edition, in an 8vo. form.

THE ARTS.—Opie's Lectures on Painting, delivered at the Royal Academy, and Royal Institution, in the years 1806 and 1807.

DIVINITY.—A splendid Edition of Dr. Doddridge's Family Expositor, in quarto; with fine Vignettes, from original Designs.

POETRY.—The Resurrection, by John Stewart, Esq. Hours of Idleness, by Lord Byron. The Parish Register, in three parts, by the Rev. G. Crabbe, L. L. B. Marmion, a Tale of Flodden Field, A Poem, 4to. by Walter Scott, Esq. Popular Ballads and Songs, from Tradition, MSS. and Scarce Editions, with Translations from the ancient Danish, and a few Originals, by R. Jamison, A. M. and F. A. S.

DRAMATIC.—The Family Shakspeare, in 4 volumes.

MISCELLANIES.—Ames's Typographical Antiquities, in 5 vols. 4to. by the Rev. T. F. Dibdin. A Portraiture of Society; as taken from a view of the assemblies, associations, institutions, societies, meetings, and clubs in and near the metropolis: whether religious, charitable, literary, philosophical, political, commercial, convivial or recreative; interspersed with criticisms, anecdotes, and biographical sketches; by Mr. Nightingale. Specimens of English Prose Writers, from the earliest Periods to the close of the seventeenth century; with sketches, biographical and literary; by George Burnett. The whole Works of Henry Mackenzie, Esq. revised and corrected by the Author; with the addition of various Pieces never before published.



Stump pinx.

Hopwood sculp.

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THE
CABINET;
OR, MONTHLY REPORT OF
POLITE LITERATURE.

OCTOBER, 1807.

GEORGE FREDERICK COOKE, Esq.

GEORGE FREDERICK COOKE was born in the barracks of Dublin, in the year 1756: his father being a subaltern in one of the regiments that composed the garrison. His mother was of Scotch extraction, and by her marriage incurred the displeasure of her family, who, with a very moderate portion of substance, richly abounded in that beggarly pride, which forms a leading feature in the character of our Northern neighbours. At little more than two years of age, our hero accompanied his father to London, where he continued till the year 1769, when he was placed in a school in the North of England. It was during his residence at this school, which lasted till 1771, that he became infected, as he himself terms it, with the theatrical *mania*.

On his emancipation from school discipline, in 1771, our hero went to sea, and afterwards embarked in business; but less from inclination than necessity. Accordingly the moment the law made him his own master; or, in other words, the moment he attained the enviable age of one and twenty, he spurned at trade, as an occupation

unworthy of his aspiring mind, and coming into possession of a legacy bequeathed him by a distant relation, quitted all employment to indulge, without let or molestation, his favourite passion and pursuit. It was not, however, till he had run through his inheritance, that he made his *debüt* on the *public* boards. His first appearance on any regular stage was in the spring of 1778, when he performed the part of *Castio*, in the *Orphan*, at the Haymarket Theatre, for the benefit of Mrs. Massey, and with such complete success, as determined him to embrace the profession, as his future means of support. He played two or three subsequent nights at the Haymarket, and then joined a provincial company.

From this period till the summer of 1786, our hero ran the customary round of Thespian itinerancy; passing his *noviciate* in various provincial companies, particularly those of Nottingham and Lincoln. In July, 1786, he enlisted under the banners of the York manager, Mr. Wilkinson, and came out in the part of *Count Baldwin*, the same night that Mrs. Siddons made her first appearance at that theatre, as *Isabella*, in the *Fatal Marriage*. The May following he repaired to Lancaster, having joined the Newcastle company, with whom he continued four years, performing successively at Newcastle, Chester, Lancaster, Preston, and other towns belonging to that district. In April 1791, he entered into an engagement with the manager of the Manchester theatre, to whom his talents were already experimentally known; Mr. Cooke having, previous to his treaty with the York manager, acted at Manchester a whole season with great applause, besides a winter spent at Liverpool. In November, 1794, Mr. Cooke visited the capital of the sister kingdom, at the pressing invitation of Mr. Daly, at that time director of the Dublin stage. He returned to England the following year; and in March 1796 rejoined the Manchester company, with whom he stood in high favour and repute; and, indeed, it reflects no small honour on the taste and penetration of the inhabitants of that town, that, among the foremost to discern, they have been among the foremost, likewise, to foster and encourage the talents of a man, who owes his professional success entirely to his own intrinsic merit.

In October 1797, Mr. Cooke made a second trip to Dublin, the management of that theatre having de-

volved into the hands of the present patentee, Mr. Jones. He there remained three years, rapidly rising in celebrity and favour, being justly regarded as the hero of the Dublin stage, and the *Roscus* of the sister kingdom.

On the 31st of October, 1800, he made his first appearance on the Covent Garden boards, in the character of *Richard III*, and made a more powerful impression on the audience of London, than any actor since the *debut* of Garrick. He has ever since remained on the same stage, and in a variety of principal characters, particularly *Richard*, *Kitely*, *Shylock*, *Iago*, *Sir Portinari*, *Macbeth*, and *Sir Archy Macsarcasm*, certainly possesses stronger powers of attraction than any individual performer now on the stage.

ON FINE GENTLEMEN,

WITH THE CHARACTER AND DESCRIPTION OF AN UPSTART.

PROFUSION is become an essential of a man of honour: a young fellow cannot be of the *ton* without it; and oeconomy, or any degree of prudence is utterly incompatible with that largeness of soul, which, while it squanders thousands upon the *turf* or at *Arthur's*, perhaps reluctantly affords half-a-crown to distress.

Full of these sublime ideas, an insolent formerly lamented, in my hearing, that the circumstances of his house had destined him to a profession; for that "himself was the gentleman of it. He had indeed brethren of professions, and liberal professions too, who were able and accomplished, as well as honest and worthy men; but then, they were not gentlemen. They wanted that freedom of spirit and humour, which elevates above accounts, calculations, and other minute and groveling attentions: they wanted that easy, careless, sauntering habit, which is so very becoming, because it sits so very naturally, upon gentlemen who have nothing to do. There was a method, a littleness of management, favouring of pedantry and the schools, in all they did: and, though likely to get well enough through life by playing a safe game, yet they would never win a prize, any more than other dull fellows snatch a grace, beyond the drudgery

and *rules of art.*"—What pity it is, that there was only one *gentleman* in this worthy family ! who, to cut short his history, as he lived an extravagant, so he died a bankrupt; to the very sincere affliction of his *ungentlemen* brethren.

Thus far of men liberally born, and liberally educated : but there are others, who, though neither the one nor the other, yet parade and figure in the shape of *gentlemen*; and, in this money-getting age, are by far the commonest character of the two. I heard one of these *pieces of mechanism* observe, with much affectation, that his misfortune was to *have a taste*; that this misfortune had been increased, by keeping too much *good company*, and seeing too much of life *upon the large scale*; and that what still added to his expences, were the obligations he lay under to cultivate the *little people* (so this upstart called them) about his villa : for it will easily be imagined, that he was not without the low ambition of being *popular*. Now who, do you think, this extraordinary person was ? I will tell you.

He was the son of a cockney in low life, who, by cow-keeping and the help of a milk-board, had scraped together enough to leave him independent of trade ; but who, retaining the spirit and manners of his original meanness, which is often the case with those who rise to sudden riches, gave him no education above that of the vulgar. Coming however to his inheritance, he determined to be a *gentleman* ; and, first, he applied to *Pearce*, a taylor of prime and fashionable *goût*, who made him at once a *gentleman* in dress : which, by the way, is no small advance ; for this, with the *æstriplex frontis*, that " front of threefold brass," in which this pupil was singularly happy, will procure admission to the first personages of the kingdom, and *no questions asked*. Then he applied to tradesmen, manufacturers, artists : who, from their several departments, made him a *gentleman* in houses, furniture, and apparatus of every kind : and then he got the whole bespangled with pictures and *vertù*.—I had almost forgot to mention, what is a very capital article in the construction of these *new gentlemen* ; and that is, a library *. For this he applied to P—;

* Fielding, in his *Voyage to Lisbon*, mentions one Boyce, a blacksmith at Gosport, who, by smuggling and other honest arts, became

and P—— made him a *gentleman*, with regard to books. P—— talked to him of original standard authors, which he *must not be without* ; of rare and curious copies, in the finest preservation, and most elegant bindings ; and thus at length furnished him with a collection, in all languages, of far from inconsiderable value. They might, if properly painted, as well have been of wood ; for their possessor had no more pretensions to learning, than he had to taste—or than a mere observer of rites and ceremonies has to religion. In short, he knew no language but his own ; and that no better than the women who swept his rooms†.

Did not I rightly call this ape of elegance and magnificence a *piece of mechanism* ? and are not many *fine gentlemen* thus *mechanically* formed ?

Not for himself he sees, or hears, or eats ;
Artists must chuse his pictures, music, meats.

To be sure : the artists furnish the taste, as well as the object of it. Mean while, this destination of men to situations and objects, for which they are unfit, is no small detriment as well as nuisance to society. Many of these *fine gentlemen*, who are at least useless burdens to the earth they encumber, might have done good service in the menial offices and arts of life. The only service they do, under this forced and unnatural character, is the transferring of property, which by prodigality they sometimes abuse, into the hands of men, who may rightly use it ; and thus justifying Providence, whose ways are constantly to educe good from evil.

I am not sure, that my *upstart* is equal to the purchase

possessed of 40,000l. This accomplished person, after procuring abundance of fine things, concluded with having a *library* ; and, accordingly, sent an order to a bookseller in London, for 500l. worth of his *handsomest* books.

† Lucian considered this taste for book-buying, as so sure a symptom of an illiterate fellow, that he joins the two characters together. These book-gentry should seem to think, like the man who bought Orpheus's harp, that it would make admirable music of itself, without any skill or knowledge in a performer ; or him, who purchased Epictetus's lamp at a vast sum, in hopes of having with it Epictetus's wisdom ; or, lastly, like those wild Indians, who believe, that they inherit not only the spoils, but the abilities of any great enemy, they have the luck to kill.

of a borough: else I should have mentioned a seat in parliament as one of the qualifications, by which these gentry rise to greatness. The Herald's Office, however, was not neglected, a coat of arms having been his first acquisition; and we are just informed, that, to render his name illustrious after death, he hath ordered his funeral to be in the style and manner of the late R—— R——, Esq.—500*l.* for a monument, and 4*l.* yearly to have it brushed by the sexton.

MELANGE.

No. VII.

Chacun à son gout.

SWIFT.

Riding out one morning in the Strand near Dublin, he met with a parishioner of his well mounted, and began to pay him some compliments on his horse, &c. "All this may be very true, Mr. Dean," said the man; "but still he is not equal to yours," "To mine!" returned the Dean in surprise: "why, this is but a mere pad, which I keep for exercise."—"Aye, but notwithstanding that," replied the other, "*he carries the best head of any horse in Ireland.*"

CLERICAL BOOTS.

A Clergyman in Essex, not much celebrated as a preacher, used to wear boots generally on duty; and gave as a reason for it, that "the roads were so deep in some places, that he found them more convenient than shoes." "Yes," said Foote, "and, I dare say, equally convenient in the pulpit; for there the Doctor is generally out of his depth too."

INTUITION, AND SAGACITY.

Of the difference between those two qualities (the one being immediate in its effect, and the other acquiring a

circuitous process) Foote said, "the former was the eye, the latter the nose, of the mind."

THE CAUSE OF A PLAY BEING DAMNED.

A foreigner being present at a musical piece which was damned the first night of its performance, asked Foote who the author was. Being told that his name was *St. John*, he asked again, "*St. Jean, St. Jean, quel St. Jean?* (*St. John, St. John, what St. John?*)"—"*Oh, Monsieur!* cried Foote; *le gentilhomme sans la tête.* (Oh, Sir, the gentleman without a head)."

CONSTANTIA GRIERSON,

OF THE COUNTY OF KILKENNY, IN IRELAND; DIED 1733,
AGED 27;

Was allowed, long before, to be an excellent scholar, not only in Greek and Roman literature, but in history, divinity, philosophy, and mathematics. She gave a proof of her knowledge in the Latin tongue, by her dedication of the Dublin edition of *Tacitus* to the Lord Carteret, and by that of *Terence* to his son, to whom she likewise wrote a Greek epigram. She wrote several fine poems in English, on which she set so little value, that she neglected to leave copies, but of very few, behind her.

She is said to have exemplified that fine saying of a French author: "That a great genius should be superior to his own abilities."

When Lord Carteret was lord-lieutenant of Ireland, he obtained a patent for Mr. Grierson, her husband, to be king's printer; and to distinguish and reward her uncommon merit, had her life inserted in it.

The foregoing account is entirely transcribed from Mrs. Barber's preface prefixed to her poems. To this we shall add some particulars, which Mrs. Pilkington has recorded. She tells us "that when about eighteen years of age, she was brought to her father to be instructed in midwifery; that she was mistress of Hebrew, Greek, Latin and French, understood mathematics as well as most men; and what made these extraordinary talents yet more surprising, was, that her parents were poor illiterate country people; so that her learning appeared like the gift,

poured out on the apostles, of speaking all languages without the pains of study." Mrs. Pilkington enquired of her, where she had gained this prodigious knowledge? to which Mrs. Grierson answered, "that she received some little instruction from the minister of the parish, when she could spare time from her needle-work, to which she was closely kept by her mother." Mrs. Pilkington adds, "that she wrote elegantly both in verse and prose; that her turn was chiefly to philosophical or divine subjects; that her piety was not inferior to her learning; and that some of the most delightful hours she herself had ever passed, were in the conversation of this female philosopher."

She wrote an *Abridgement of the History of England*. There are many particular circumstances of her life which do her honour, and are a noble example to the living, particularly as a wife and mother. She was patronized by the late Lord Granville, and was the editor of several of the classics. Her son, who was his majesty's printer at Dublin, and instructed by her, was a man of uncommon learning, great wit and vivacity. He died in Germany, at the age of twenty-seven. Dr. Johnson highly respected his abilities, and often observed, that he possessed more extensive knowledge than any man of his years he had ever known. His industry was equal to his talents, he particularly excelled in every species of philological learning, and was perhaps the best critic of the time.

POPERY. At the beginning of the long Parliament, a cry of "No Popery," was heard in this kingdom. One of the oddest expressions of alarm was the following simile of Pym. "Popery," said he, "may be compared to the dry bones of Ezekiel; which first came together from afar, then sinews and flesh grew upon them, afterwards the skin covered them, and lastly, breath and life were put into them." The comparison is yet more applicable now. Popery is indeed become a heap of dry bones; and the very priests are at a loss which to select as worthy to become the skeletons of a reanimated church. Sinews and flesh will not grow upon them, without long industry and governmental patronage. The eventual re-creation must assume a new, a glossy and glorified skin. And the whole apprehended process resembles more the imagery of a visionary than the foresight of a prophet.

ON REFORMATIONS.*

THE work of reformation, in church and in state, hath long been agitated; and, doubtless, there are many things in both, that may well be thought to want it. Some however, averse from reforming, think it more expedient to *temporize* with prevailing manners and customs; and would rather acquiesce under, than attempt a correction of, the numerous irregularities and evils with which we abound. This may be just and good, as well as wise and politic, in certain situations: yet, if we mean any thing when we talk of human perfection and human happiness, it must surely be right to correct errors and abuses; nor can reformation possibly be deemed unreasonable, *always provided*, that the reformers, amidst their zeal, will ponder well the materials, *the stuff*, they have to work upon†; lest, being hurried on by visions, and ideas of a perfection not to be attained, they produce greater evils than those they would remove.

In the last century, by pushing the spirit of reforming too far, greater evils were produced than the reformers had it in their view to remove. Resistance was made to the encroachments of regal power, and made successfully; but did the spirit of reforming rest here? No; it proceeded till the monarchy was destroyed. And what followed then? Why, anarchy succeeded monarchy; a republic, such as it was, succeeded anarchy; a protectorate succeeded a republic; and, finally, the nation, having reeled to and fro from one form of government to another, and having found no rest under any, recurred at length to a monarchy, more arbitrary even with their own consent, and more pernicious in its consequences, than that which had been abolished. But to proceed,

The objects of reformation are, *manners, opinions, and establishments*. On the article of *manners*, enough has been written: enough to shew, that *manners* cannot be reformed by *laws*, but only by education, or an esta-

* From the *Irenarch*.

† *Mens humana, si agat in materiam, naturam rerum contemplando, pro modo materia operatur, atque ab eadem determinatur*. Bacon.—And is not this as necessary in the world of *spirit*, as in the world of *matter*?

blished system of early discipline. With regard to *opinions*, I am free to own, with Mr. Bayle, that "there are no truths so minute, but what are worthy to be promoted; no errors so trifling, but what had better be corrected than retained. But, when the circumstances of time and place will not suffer novelties to be proposed, though ever so true, without occasioning a thousand disorders," I must also concur with Mr. Bayle in supposing, that "it were much better to let things remain as they are, than undertake to reform them; since the remedy would be worse than the disease." To which I may add, that, after all the reformation which can be made, every man will have, because every man must have, his own *opinion* still. *Idiocrasia* is defined by a certain physician *humorum illud peculiare temperamentum, unde sua est cuique sanitas, suus cuique morbus*: and might he not have added, if his subject had required it, *sua cuique in-doles, sua cuique OPINIO*?—To suppose that any man should think as I do, is to suppose that man organized as I am; that he has received the same temperament, the same nutriment, the same education, and (which includes all) the same modification, with me, in every instant of his duration: in one word, it is to suppose, that *he* is what *I* am. Why not expect from him a conformity of features, as well as a conformity of opinions, with mine? the former, as should seem, being just as much in his power, as the latter.

With regard to *establishments*, I suppose myself to dissent from those, whom the spirit of reforming agitates the most, only in this; that, whereas they would have the principle of reformation to operate at *all* times, and in *all* situations of things, I would limit and confine it to *certain* times, and *certain* conjunctures. "There is a time for all things," says a great reformer: "it is *not every conjuncture* which calls with equal force upon the activity of honest men; but critical exigencies now and then arise (†)". As therefore, on the one hand, I would not, with a *Levathan* spirit assert the rectitude of *maintaining* at all events whatever was established; so, on the other, I would as-

(†) Mr. Burke.—See to what an extent Erasmus carried the idea of waiting for *conjunctures*, in the business of reforming religion. *Scio quidvis esse ferendum potius, quam ut publicus orbis status turbetur in pejus: scio pietatem esse nonnunquam celare veritatem; neque eam quovis loco, neque quovis tempore, neque apud quosvis, neque quovis modo, neque totam ubique promendam.* Epist. 501.

sert the wisdom and expediency of *tolerating*, not only imperfections, but even evils, in an establishment, until those evils can be removed without producing greater. And I seem to assert this upon the surest foundation; because the principle of reformation, unless restrained by this qualifying clause, will never suffer the world to remain in quiet. As surely as no establishment can be perfect, so surely will reformers never be wanting to disturb it *. I know the difficulty of ascertaining the crisis, when reformation is to commence;—this must be determined by the circumstances of time and place—yet I cannot forbear to think as I do: and, if I am in error, it must be my love of peace and good order that has misled me. “Very many persons,” says Mr. Bayle, “will inflexibly adhere to this maxim, that it is a lesser evil to bear with abuses in church and state, than to cure them by remedies which will overturn the constitution in church and state †.” I must own myself to be one of these persons: and am ready to say, with the good Bishop Hall, that *some quiet error may be better than some unruly truth* ‡; or, as Erasmus had said before him, *mihi adeo est invisa discordia, ut veritas etiam displiceat seditiosa*.

But it should seem, as if reformations in the state were far more easy and far more practicable, than reformations in the church; and, accordingly, a worthy person some years ago exhibited a plan, very elaborately drawn, for *parliamentary independency* and *oeconomical reformation* §. I was affected with uncommon pleasure at the report of this plan, which (I thought) was striking directly at the root of the thing: for *true patriotism*, as a great states-

* The world can never remain in peace, because sectaries and fanatics will every where think it a duty to disturb it:—

And prove *their* doctrine orthodox
By apostolic blows and knocks;
Call fire, and sword, and desolation,
A godly thorough reformation;
Which always must be carried on,
And still be doing, never done;
As if religion were intended
For nothing else but to be mended,

HUDIBRAS.

† Dict. CASTELLANUS. Note Q.

‡ Decad. VI. Epist. 7.

§ Burke's Speech, &c. on Feb. 11, 1780.

man observed most justly, *can have no foundation, but frugality**; and vain will be all attempts to render Members of Parliament *independent*, till they can be cured of their extravagancies, and prevailed on to be *oeconomists*. But, to my very great grief as well as surprise, the plan of reformation he proposed, had no respect at all to the oeconomy of parliament men, but only to the expences of certain departments, connected with and dependant on the court; as if great and important savings might thence have been made to the nation. Too great savings cannot be made to the nation: the nation stands in need of all that can be saved: and what Mr. Burke advanced, under this general idea, had a real foundation in reason and equity. I only doubt, whether the honourable gentleman, in pursuing this idea, did not *contemplate* upon too small a scale, when he would have reduced the expences of royalty to the accuracy and precision of private oeconomy. I doubt, also, whether the savings from this reduction would have been indeed of such capital and essential importance, as was imagined. And, lastly, I doubt most of all, whether, with our present manners, even government itself could make the reformation proposed; that is whether such reformation be really *practicable*.

But here, Mr. Burke hath been before us: "I know," says he, "it is common for men to say, that such and such things are perfectly right, — very desirable, but unfortunately not practicable. Oh, no, Sir, no: those things, which are not practicable, are not desirable. †" Indeed? But, is not *parliamentary independency* desirable; and does it thence follow, that it is attainable? *Parliamentary independency* must be according to parliamentary manners; which, if we may trust the representations of those who knew them well, are by no means favourable to it, at present. The late Lord Chesterfield, speaking of Sir Robert Walpole, delivers himself thus; "Money was the chief engine of his administration, and he employed it with a success, which in a manner disgraced humanity. He was not, it is true, the inventor of that shameful method of governing, which had been gaining ground insensibly ever since Charles II.; but, with uncommon skill and unbounded profusion, he

* Lord Bath in *Swift's Letters*,

† Speech, &c.

brought it to that perfection, which at this time dishonours and distresses this country, and which, if not checked (*and God knows how it can be checked*) must ruin it*." The late Lord Bath, apologizing to Swift for desisting "to struggle against corruption," declared "the whole nation to be so abandoned and corrupt, that the Crown can never fail of a majority in both Houses of Parliament.—I am convinced," says he, "that our constitution is already gone; and we are idly struggling to maintain, what in truth has been long lost†."

Now, are things really so as these noble Lords have represented them, or are they not? for we presume not to decide. If they be so, why then, surely, this reformation in parliament, so confessedly *desirable*, is not, however, so confessedly *practicable* ||. And whence, after all, should *independency* arise; or, were it once upon its legs, how support itself? "Can a nation, venal, vicious, and corrupt, long preserve its liberty? Liberty, to be relished and preserved, requires noble, brave, and virtuous souls: otherwise, it degenerates into licentiousness, and ends by becoming the prey of a master who can purchase it. A people, without manners, is not made to be free: true liberty must be accompanied with a love of equity, humanity, a deep sense of the natural rights of men. Feelings of this kind can only be the fruits of a liberal and virtuous education; far different from that narrow and servile mode of educating, which now prevails in every country. What then can be wanting to complete the happiness of a people, who glory in the best and freest constitution? What remains to be desired by a nation, into whose ports the riches of the world find their way? This remains to be desired: a generous education, integrity of manners, true notions of justice; in a word, dispositions and appetites, opposite to that ardent and unquenchable thirst after *filthy lucre*,

* Characters, &c.

† Swift's Letters.

|| No discouragement is here meant to any attempt towards reformation: duty as well as policy should put us upon reforming whatever can be reformed. We may moderate evils, if we cannot remove them: and this perhaps is all, the worthy person aimed at; governing himself by the old rule, "of asking too much, in order to obtain enough"—*iniquum petere, ut æquum ferat*, Quintil. IV. 4.

the abundance whereof is fit only to stifle and extinguish virtues the most useful to society.

“ People of Britain, whence these continual alarms ? these factions which tear you, these dark and splenetic humours which devour you ? The treasures you accumulate, far from confirming your happiness, are to you a never-ceasing source of trouble. How is it, that, in the very bosom of liberty and abundance, we see you deep in reverie, unquiet, and more dissatisfied with your lot, than the meanest and most contemptible slaves ? Learn the true cause of your anxieties and your fears. The love of gold never makes good citizens. Liberty cannot be firmly established, but upon equity ; or bravely defended, but by virtue. Leave to despots the foolish and destructive glory of making conquests, and be content with enjoying the blessings of nature in peace. Cultivate then, O Britons, reason and wisdom : employ yourselves in perfecting your government and your laws. Fear luxury, fatal to manners, fatal to liberty : dread fanaticism, political and religious. So shall your fortunate Isle become the model of nations, and your liberty shine propitious to all the people upon earth*.”

CHARACTER OF MR. FOX,

BY SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH.

MR. FOX united in a most remarkable degree, the seemingly repugnant characters of the mildest of men, and the most vehement of orators. In private life he was gentle, modest, placable, kind, of simple manners, and so averse from parade and dogmatism, as to be not only unostentatious, but even somewhat inactive in conversation. His superiority was never felt but in the instruction which he imparted, or in the attention which his generous preference usually directed to the more obscure members of the company. The simplicity of his manners was far from excluding that perfect urbanity and amenity which flowed still more from the mildness of his nature, than

* Une nation vénale, vicieuse, corrompue, peut-elle donc longtemps conserver sa liberté ? &c. *Système Social*. Part II. ch. 6.

from familiar intercourse with the most polished society of Europe. His conversation, when it was not repressed by modesty or indolence, was delightful. The pleasantry perhaps of no man of wit had so unlaboured an appearance. It seemed rather to escape from his mind than to be produced by it. He had lived on the most intimate terms with all his contemporaries distinguished by wit, politeness, or philosophy, or learning, or the talents of public life. In the course of thirty years he had known almost every man in Europe whose intercourse could strengthen, or enrich, or polish the mind. His own literature was various and elegant. In classical erudition, which by the custom of England is more peculiarly called learning, he was inferior to few professed scholars. Like all men of genius he delighted to take refuge in poetry, from the vulgarity and irritation of business. His own verses were easy and pleasing, and might have claimed no low place among those which the French call *Vers de Société*. The poetical character of his mind was displayed in his extraordinary partiality for the poetry of the two most poetical nations, or at least languages of the West, those of the Greeks and of the Italians. He disliked political conversation, and never willingly took any part in it. To speak of him justly, as an Orator, would require a long essay. Every where natural, he carried into public something of that simple and negligent exterior which belonged to him in private. When he began to speak, a common observer might have thought him awkward; and even a consummate judge would only have been struck with the exquisite justness of his ideas, and the transparent simplicity of his manners. But no sooner had he spoken for some time, than he was changed into another being.—He forgot himself and every thing around him. He thought only of his subject. His genius warmed and kindled as he went on. He darted fire into his audience. Torrents of impetuous and irresistible eloquence swept along their feelings and conviction. He certainly possessed above all moderns that union of *reason, simplicity, and vehemence*, which formed the Prince of Orators. He was the most *Demosthenean* speaker since DEMOSTHENES. “I knew him,” says Mr. BURKE, in a pamphlet written after their unhappy difference, “when

he was nineteen ; since which time he has risen, by slow degrees, to be the most brilliant and accomplished debater that the world ever saw." The quiet dignity of a mind roused only by great objects, the absence of petty bustle, the contempt of shew, the abhorrence of intrigue, the plainness and downrightness, and the thorough good nature which distinguished Mr. Fox, seemed to render him no very unfit representative of that old English national character, which if it ever changed, we should be sanguine indeed to expect to see succeeded by a better. The simplicity of his character inspired confidence, the ardour of his eloquence roused enthusiasm, and the gentleness of his manners invited friendship. " I admired," says Mr. GIBBON, " the powers of a superior man, as they are blended, in his attractive character, with all the softness and simplicity of a child : no human being was ever more free from any taint of malignity, vanity, or falsehood."—From these qualities of his public and private character it probably arose, that no English Statesman ever preserved, during so long a period of adverse fortune, so many affectionate friends, and so many zealous adherents. The union of ardour in public sentiment, with mildness in social manners, was, in Mr. Fox, an hereditary quality. The same fascinating power over the attachment of all who came within his sphere, is said to have belonged to his father ; and those who know the survivors of another generation, will feel that this delightful quality is not yet extinct in the race.

Perhaps nothing can more strongly prove the deep impression made by this part of Mr. Fox's character, than the words of Mr. BURKE, who, in January, 1797, six years after all intercourse between them had ceased, speaking to a person honoured with some degree of Mr. Fox's friendship, said, "*To be sure he is a man made to be loved !*" and these emphatical words were uttered with a fervour of manner which left no doubt of their heart-felt sincerity.

These few hasty and honest sentences are sketches in a temper too sober and serious for intentional exaggeration, and with too pious an affection for the memory of Mr. Fox to profane it by intermixture with the factious brawls and wrangles of the day. His political conduct belongs to history. The measures which he supported or opposed may divide the opinion of posterity, as they have divided those of the present age. But he will most

certainly command the unanimous reverence of future generations, by his pure sentiments towards the commonwealth, by his zeal for the civil and religious rights of all men, by his liberal principles favourable to mild government, to the unfettered exercise of the human faculties, and the progressive civilization of mankind; by his ardent love for a country of which the well-being and greatness were indeed inseparable from his own glory, and by his profound reverence for that free constitution, which he was universally admitted to understand better than any other man of his age, both in an exactly legal, and in a comprehensively philosophical sense.

CAROLAN.

THE two following Songs are the composition of TULLOUGH O'CAROLAN, (translated into English verse by Miss BROOKE,) a man much and deservedly celebrated for his poetical talents, as well as for the incomparable sweetness of all his musical pieces.

SONG

FOR GRACEY NUGENT.

By Carolan,

OF Gracey's charms enraptur'd will I sing !
 Fragrant and fair, as blossoms of the spring ;
 To her sweet manners, and accomplish'd mind,
 Each rival Fair the palm of Love resigned.

How blest her sweet society to share !
 To mark the ringlets of her flowing hair ; *
 Her gentle accents,—her complacent mien !—
 Supreme in charms, she looks—she reigns a Queen !

* Hair is a favourite object with all the Irish poets, and endless is the variety of their description :—"Soft misty curls."—"Thick branching tresses of bright redundance."—"Locks of fair waving beauty."—"Tresses flowing on the wind like the bright waving flame of an inverted torch." They even affect to inspire it with expression :—as "Locks of gentle lustre."—"Tresses of tender beauty."—"The Maid with the mildly flowing hair, &c. &c."

That alabaster form—that graceful neck,
 How do the Cygnet's down and whiteness deck?—
 How does that aspect shame the cheer of day;
 When summer suns their brightest beams display.

Blest is the youth whom fav'ring Fates ordain
 The treasure of her love, and charms to gain!
 The fragrant branch, with curling tendrils bound,
 With breathing odours—blooming beauty crown'd,

Sweet is the cheer her sprightly wit supplies!
 Bright is the sparkling azure of her eyes!
 Soft o'er her neck her lovely tresses flow!
 Warm in her praise the tongues of rapture flow!

Her's is the voice—tun'd by harmonious Love,
 Soft as the Song's that warble through the grove!
 Oh! sweeter joys her converse can impart!
 Sweet to the *sense*, and grateful to the *heart*!

Gay pleasures dance where'er her footsteps bend,
 And smiles and rapture round the fair attend:
 Wit forms her speech, and wisdom fills her mind,
 And *sight* and *soul* in her their object find.

Her pearly teeth, in beauteous order plac'd;
 Her neck with bright, and curling tresses grac'd;
 But ah, so fair!—in wit and charms supreme,
 Unequal song must quit its darling theme.

Here break I off;—let sparkling goblets flow,
 And my full heart its cordial wishes show:
 To her dear health this friendly draught I pour,
 Long be her life, and blest its every hour!

A friend to whom I shewed this Song, observed, that I had omitted a very lively thought in the conclusion, which they had seen in Mr. WALKER's Memoirs. As that version has been much read and admired, it may perhaps be necessary, to vindicate my fidelity, as a translator, that I should here give a *literal* translation of the song, to shew that the thoughts have suffered very little, either of encrease or diminution from the poetry,

"I will sing with rapture of the blossom of whiteness ! Gracey, the young and beautiful woman, who bore away the palm of excellence in sweet manners and accomplishments, from all the fair ones of the provinces."

"Whoever enjoys her constant society, no apprehension of any ill can assail him. The queen of soft and winning mind and manners, with her fair branching tresses flowing in ringlets."

"Her side like alabaster, and her neck like the swan, and her countenance like the sun in summer. How blest is it for him who is promised, as riches, to be united to her, the branch of fair curling tendrils."

"Sweet and pleasant is your lovely conversation.——bright and sparkling your blue eyes !——and every day do I hear all tongues declare your praises, and how gracefully your bright tresses wave down your neck !"

"I say to the Maid of youthful mildness, that her voice and her converse are sweeter than the songs of the birds ! There is no delight or charm that imagination can conceive but what is found ever attendant on Gracey."

"Her teeth arranged in beautiful order, and her locks flowing in soft waving curls ! But though it delights me to sing of thy charms, I must quit my theme !——With a sincere heart I fill to thy health."

The reader will easily perceive that in this literal translation, I have not sought for elegance of expression, my only object being to put it in his power to judge how closely my version has adhered to my original.

SONG

FOR MABLE KELLY.

The youth whom fav'ring Heaven's decree
To join his fate, my fair ! with thee,
And see that lovely head of thine,
With fondness on his arm recline.

No thought but joy can fill his mind,
Nor any care can entrance find,
Nor sickness hurt, nor terror shake,——
And death will spare him, for thy sake !

For the bright flowing of thy hair,
That decks a face so heavenly fair ;

in general are not so much moved with theatrical action during the representation of a Comedy as that of a Tragedy; those, whose studies or amusements lead them to the dramatic walk, talk more frequently, and with more warmth, of the Tragedies than of the Comedies they have seen represented, and consequently have the former more in quotation than the latter; in short, we are readier to excuse a mediocrity in the tragic than in the comic style, though the latter seems not to have the same command over our attention as the first.

———Habet comœdia tanto
Plus oneris, quanto veniæ minus.

HOR.

Those, whose labours are designed for the stage, talk in the same strain, and mostly agree that there is not so much danger in giving the public an entertainment to weep at, as to divert them with laughing.

One would imagine, nevertheless, that Comedy ought to draw men's attentions more than Tragedy. A comic poet does not exhibit to the spectators heroic characters, or such as they have no knowledge of but from some vague ideas formed from the relation of historians; he does not entertain the pit with conspiracies against the state, with oracles and other marvellous events, and such as the greatest part of the spectators, who have never had any share in the like adventures, would not be able to tell whether the circumstances and consequences thereof are set forth with any resemblance of truth. On the contrary, he entertains us with the picture of our friends, and of those with whom we have a constant intercourse and familiarity. The theatre, according to Plato, subsists, as it were, entirely by the errors and foibles which are daily incident to men, by reason of their not being sufficiently acquainted with themselves; some imagining themselves more powerful than they really are; some more knowing, and others, in fine, more amiable.

The tragic poet exposes the inconveniences arising from the want of self-knowledge in sovereigns and other independent persons, the consequences of whose vindictive temper make generally a great noise, whose resentments are naturally violent, and whose passions, proper for the stage, are capable of being the springs of the greatest events. The comic poet exhibits the consequences of self-ignorance among the general ranks of

people, whose resentments are subordinate to the laws, and whose passions, proper for the scenes, are productive only of domestic broils and ordinary adventures.

The comic poet entertains us therefore with the adventures of equals, and presents us with the portraits of originals that are constantly before us : he makes even the pit (allowing the expression) mount upon the stage. Man, therefore, who is naturally fond of any discovery he can make of his neighbour's foibles, and desirous of all knowledge that can entitle him to lessen his esteem of others, ought naturally to resort to Thalia rather than Melpomene, especially as the former is much more fertile than the latter of lessons for private people's instructions.

Though Comedy may not, perhaps, correct all the failings it exposes, yet it teaches us at least how to live with such as are subject to those failings, and how to conform so in company, as to avoid that roughness which provokes them, or that servility which flatters them. Tragedy, on the contrary, represents heroes, with whom our situation forbids us to attempt any resemblance, and whose lessons and examples are drawn from events so dissimilar to those we are commonly exposed to, that the applications which we might be willing to make would be extremely vague and imperfect ; hence, as it is the imitation of the crimes and misfortunes of great men, so likewise it is the imitation of the sublimest virtues of which they are capable.

The tragic poet exhibits men who are captives to the most extravagant passions, and the most tumultuous agitations. He shews us a sort of unjust but all-powerful deities, who demand a young innocent princess to be sacrificed at the foot of their altars ; he sets before us the progress of heroes, the deaths of tyrants, and the revolution of empires : it is true, we never find our friend in any tragic personages, but their passions are more impetuous, and as the laws are but a feeble barrier to these passions, they are attended with much greater consequences than those of comic characters : thus the *terror* and *pity*, which the picture of tragical events excites in our souls, engages us much more than all the laughter and contempt excited by the several incidents of Comedy.

But let us see how Tragedy, thus defined, is capable of exciting *terror* and *pity*, in order to refine and purify in us all sorts of passion ; it excites *terror* and *compassion* in us, by setting before our eyes the calamities which those who are like ourselves have fallen into by involun-

tary faults, and it refines them, by rendering those very misfortunes familiar to us, because it teaches us not to be too much concerned when they really happen. This is Aristotle's account of it : and this is what the ablest critics, both ancient and modern, have held to be the purest and most genuine illustration of it, (though his opinion, from the greatness of his character, and the general subscription to it for above two thousand years past, should make it decisive.) The good emperor Marcus Aurelius passed the same judgment on it in the following words: " Tragedies," says he, " were first introduced to put men in mind of those accidents which happen in their lives; to inform them they must necessarily come; and to teach them, that those things they see with so much delight on the stage, should not appear insupportable on the grand theatre of the world."

The advantage Tragedy brings to mankind is by no means inconsiderable; it prepares us to bear the most unlucky accidents courageously, and disposes the most miserable to think themselves happy, and they compare their own misfortunes with those which Tragedy has represented to them. In whatever condition a man may be, yet, when he shall see an *Edipus* or a *Lear*, he cannot but think his own affliction slight in comparison with their's; but it stops here: it refines, not at the same time, all those other passions which may precipitate us into the same troubles; for, in exhibiting the crimes which they have drawn those miscreants into what they suffer, it teaches us to stand on our guard, and powerfully induces us to moderate and refine in ourselves what was the only cause of their loss; thus Tragedy becomes a useful medicine to the mind, by thoroughly purging the passions, at the same time that we receive a pleasure in the operation.

MRS. FOOTE.

This lady was kept so much in the back-ground by the gay, licentious, eccentric, life of her husband, that little is known of her history ; except that she was the very reverse of him. Mildness and forbearance seemed to be the leading features of her character ; and these qualities could serve as no lasting checks upon a man of his temper. Implicated, however, as she was, in the fate of her husband, she furnishes the following anecdotes:—

Dr. Nash, of Worcester, being in town one spring, not long after Foote's marriage, intended to pay his old fellow-collegian a visit, but was much surprised at hearing that he was in the Fleet prison. Thither he hastened directly ; and found him in a dirty two-pair-of stairs back room, with furniture every way suitable to such an apartment. The Doctor shocked at this circumstance, began to condole with him ; when Foote cut him short by turning the whole into raillery : " Why, is not this better," said he, " than the gout, the fever, the small-pox, and

" The thousand various ills

" That flesh is heir to ?"

This is a mere temporary confinement ; without pain, and not very uncongenial (let me tell you) to this sharp biting weather : whereas the above disorders would not only give pain *and* confinement for a time, but perhaps ultimately prevent a man from ever going into the world again."

Laughing on in this manner, the Doctor perceived something stir behind him in the bed ; upon which he got up, and said he would call another time.—" No, no," said the other ; sit down : " 'tis nothing but *my Foot*."—" Your foot !" said the Doctor : " well ; I want no apologies, I shall call another time."—" I tell you again," said the other, " 'tis nothing but *my Foot* ; and to convince you of its being no more, it shall speak to you directly." Upon this his poor wife put her head from under the bed-clothes ; and, with much confusion and embarrassment, made many apologies for her distressed situation.

POETRY.

Thou solitude, thou balm of all my woes,
 Kind nurse of virtue ; dearest friend of truth ;
 For thee my heart, amid the tumult, glows,
 Sole guide and mentor of my cheerless youth.

Far from the whirl of passion's jarring sounds,
 With thee I'll seek the cot undeck'd by pride ;
 Where nor ambition burns, nor fraud abounds ;
 But gentle peace and wish'd content reside.

Or, from th' envenom'd tongue of slander freed,
 Beneath yon ivy'd ruin lone and wild,
 Mark the foul track of some inhuman deed,
 Which, story tells, its former host defil'd.

Or, pensive sit, and heave the unheard sigh,
 Nor to the giddy throng my grief proclaim,
 But, as the blast of evening passes by,
 Mix with the sullen sound Alicia's name.

HERMOS.

 IMPROMPTU !

On a popular Actress taking Places at the Theatre under the Name of
 SHERRY !

Mild as morning in May—with good humour abounding,
 All the loves and the graces her person surrounding,
 Wit sparkling like brisk-bottled perry ;
 In vain she attempts to elude admiration—
 To taste none can claim e'en the slightest relation,
 Who take the sweet MOUNTAIN for SHERRY !

New Inn, 14th August, 1807.

W. D.

VOL. II.

Cc

LIFE,

A CAPRICCIO.

LIFE'S replete with joy and sorrow,

Time is ever on the wing,

Joy to grief may yield to-morrow,

Thus 'tis mine with truth to sing,

Life's replete with joy and sorrow.

Time is ever on the wing,

Manhood comes and checks youth's pleasures,

Age infirmity will bring;

Thus we find, in rapid measures,

Time is ever on the wing.

Joy to grief may yield to-morrow;

Cherish joy then while 'tis thine,

Peaceful moments so you'll borrow,

But remember whilst they shine,

Joy to grief may yield to-morrow.

Thus 'tis mine with truth to sing,

Pleasure decks life's early morning,

Age will cares and sorrow bring;

To each friend a gentle warning,

Thus 'tis mine with truth to sing.

J. M. L.

SONNET

FROM THE ITALIAN OF GUIDO.

AMID my fair one's locks of golden hue,

That o'er her neck and iv'ry shoulders play,

Love sporting linger'd with a fond delay,

And traced each flowing curl with wonder new,

And soon he found 'twere vain to bid adieu

To that blest prison; ev'ry tress his stay

Enforc'd, a chain by beauty's magic sway

Twin'd, and his heart in close confinement drew;

Now Venns, anxious from the wond'ring skies,

Her boy's release with presents meet demands;

But, goddess, spare thy useless gifts, for learn,

That Love, enslav'd by love, a captive sighs;

And should you free him from his glossy bands,

The wanton urchin would again return.

Liverpool.

G. W. G.

SU LA MORTE
DEL
GENERAL PAOLÌ,

ASCADUTA LI 5. DI QUESTO MESE ALL' ETA SUA D' ANNI 83
INCIRCA.

PAOLI, al Ciel volasti, ove fra' santi
Eroi de la lor Patria hai già la sede :
Virtù, Beneficenza, e pura Fede
Scorte ti furo al Creator davanti !

Ma noi quà giù versiamo amari pianti,
Che el viso tuo benigno non si vede ;
Nè s' ode il dir soave, che procede
D'un Regno dal Rettor per anni tanti !

Corsica, il tuo bòn Padre, Anglia, l' Amico,
Più non vedrai, nè di lui più sereno
Uomo in avversa, od in propizia sorte !

L' alte virtuti sue, che qui t' indico,
Mortal, imita, e imprimi nel tuo seno,
Se lo brami veder dopo la morte !

LEUCIPPO EGINKO, P. A.

SONNET.

AROUND me evening's deepest shades descend ;
Hush'd is the songster's warbling on my ear,
Yet still in musing mood I linger here,
Still lonely o'er the tottering wall I bend :
For busy fancy warm a charm can lend
Amid this hour, to fix attention dear,
Which dwells her eye on yon worn ruin near,
That with the dusky twilight seems to b'end.
She brings to view the vanish'd days of yore,
Within the banner'd hall the warriors plac'd :
And pleasure smiles the sparkling stream to pour,
As the old minstrel's kindling songs arise :—
Yet hought is heard, save now the mournful blast,
That thro' the shuddering ivy, shivering, sigh's !

C c 2

G. W. C.

THE LONDON THEATRES.

HAY-MARKET.

AUGUST.

27. [Mr. Mathews' Benefit] Liberal Opinions; Music Mad (1st time.) The characters by Mr. Mathews; Mr. Farley; Mr. Liston; Mr. Taylor; Mr. Carles; Mrs. Mathews.—Love Laughs at Locksmiths. Captain Beldare, Mr. Palmer, Jun. Vigil, Mr. Chapman.

28. Stranger—Music Mad—Critic.

29. [Mr. and Mrs. Liston's Benefit] Surrender of Calais. Eustache, Mr. Young; La Gloire (1st time) Mr. Farley; O'Carrol, Mr. Taylor; Julia, Mrs. Litchfield.—Music Mad—Tom Thumb—Imitations by Mrs. Wells.

21. [Mr. Young's Benefit] Wheel of Fortune. Penruddock, Mr. Young; Sydenham, Mr. Carles; Woodville, Mr. Chapman; Young Woodville, Mr. Palmer, Jun. Governor Tempest, Mr. Liston; Weazle, Mr. Mathews; Mrs. Woodville, Miss Taylor; Emily Tempest, Mrs. Gibbs—Music Mad—Katharine and Petruccio.

SEPT. 1. Five Miles off—Music Mad—Critic.

2. Iron Chest—Tom Thumb.

3. Dramatist—Tale of Mystery—Francisco, Mr. Farley; Romaldi, Mr. Palmer, Jun. Stephano, Mr. Carles; Bonamo, Mr. Waddy; Malvoglio, Mr. Noble; Montano, Mr. Wharton; The Miller, Mr. Grove. Fiametta (1st time) Mrs. Davenport; Selina, Mrs. Gibbs—Music Mad.

4. Hamlet—Music Mad.

5. Wheel of Fortune. Mrs. Woodville, Mrs. Kendall.—Music Mad—Irish Widow.

7. [Mr. Fawcett's Night] Pizarro. Rolla, Mr. Young; Ataliba, Mr. Carles; Orozembo, Mr. Waddy; Hualpa, Mr. Grove; High Priest, Mr. Taylor; Pizarro, a Gentleman; Alonzo, Mr. Palmer, jun. Las Casas, Mr. Chapman; Sentinel, Mr. Noble; Cora, Mrs. Gibbs; Elvira, Mrs. Litchfield—Critic.

2. Tale of Mystery—Review—Tom Thumb.

9. [Mrs. Gibbs's Benefit] Beggar's Opera. Macheath and Polly, (for that night only) Mr. Incedon and Miss Bolton; Lucy, Mrs. Liston.—Lovers' Quarrels. Carlos, Mr. Palmer, jun. Sancho, Mr. Fawcett; Lopez, Mr. Liston; Leonora (1st time) Mrs. Litchfield; Jacinta, Mrs. Gibbs—Animal Magnetism.

10. Iron Chest—Critic.

11. Pizarro.—Pizarro, Mr. Chapman; Las Casas, Mr. Davenport.—Lock and Key.

12. Five Miles off—Tale of Mystery—Catch Him who Can!

14. Stranger—Critic.

15. [Last Night] Hamlet—Tom Thumb.

Music Mad, produced on Mr. Mathews's night, is an *extravaganza* by Mr. Theodore Hook, of which he borrowed the idea, and the

arrangement from *Il fanatico di Musica* at the Opera-House. The eccentricities of a man whose passion for music has become a mania, form the subject of the piece; these, with an excellent comic song from Mathews, in which he burlesques the different styles of music in different countries, and introduces a happy imitation of Naldi; half a score of puns: a whimsical portrait of a Frenchman, by Mr. Farley, and the grotesque humour of Liston, make up a very tolerable half hour's amusement. This little piece will be frequently called for. The music is Mr. Hook's.

There is little else that requires remark. The gentleman who played Pizarro, is not likely to make any figure on the stage;—"full of sound and fury, signifying nothing."—Mr. Fawcett, at the dropping of the curtain, on the 15th of September, came forward and thanked the audience in the usual terms. Considering that the theatre has derived so little aid from new pieces, the season, we believe, has been pretty profitable.

Covent-Garden opened on the 14th with *Romeo and Juliet* and the *Poor Soldier*; and Drury-Lane on the 17th with the *Country Girl*, and the *Weathercock*, a full and critical account of the new Performers, and other novelties, shall appear in our next; unavoidable circumstances having hitherto prevented us from attending either of these houses.

PARIS THEATRES.

Theatre Louvois.—The *Effect of a Perruig, or the Young Physician*; is a satirical sketch, which even the name of Picard is scarcely sufficient to recommend. It is founded on a prejudice that no longer exists: a large wig has been discarded by the faculty as a token of skill. The idea would not have been amiss at the time when Favart having snatched a doctor's wig from his hand, the latter exclaimed, "Good God, sir; you take away my reputation." The plot is common and trifling. In any other hands than those of Picard, the piece would not have been tolerable. The vivacity of his dialogue disarmed criticism of a little of its severity.

Theatre du Vaudeville.—The *Chateau and the Cottage*. Three young artists, a painter, a sculptor, and an architect, returning to France, and learning that the widow of their benefactor has been deprived of her *Chateau*, and now lives in a small cottage, resolve to employ the fortune which they have acquired by their talents, in re-purchasing the goods which have been sold off, and in restoring the *Chateau* to the same condition in which the widow left it; and they chase the day on which the village festival is held to announce what they have done to the widow, and to put her again into possession of her property. It is thus that they shew their respect for the memory of a man to whom they are indebted for their ease and affluence. The denouement is very pathetic; but the piece is too long, and attended by several unnecessary scenes. It should be reduced into one act.

THE COUNTRY THEATRES, &c.

Theatre Royal, LIVERPOOL.—We have received a Letter from Mr. Terry of this theatre, in consequence of some remarks which appeared in our last Number. As it is but just that public performers should have an opportunity of vindicating their characters, when they conceive themselves to be injured, we shall insert his Letter without abridgement. If we have admitted any thing that reflects improperly on his private character, we are sorry for it; though we by no means admit that an actor's moral conduct is to be regarded as perfectly distinct from his professional merits.

SIR,

WHEN you admit a criticism upon an Actor containing matter which may affect the peace and safety of the man, do you not forget your rights and duties as an Editor, and violate those principles upon which every work of the nature of the *Cabinet* ought to be conducted? how then will you reconcile to yourself the admission of Argus's last paper, in which the allusive obscurity of a quotation is calculated to produce the most serious effects, and how will he be able to answer for the interpretations which distant and uninformed friendship may put upon it, or for the consequences which may ensue from them? When the mischief is done, it is of little consequence to me whether it proceeded from folly or malignity; and you are certainly blameable for a want of proper attention to the trust you assume in undertaking a review of this kind, when you do not guard against such important social evils happening through the means, either of thoughtless stupidity, or through the insidious artifices of a disposition, envious or mischievous, cowardly and cunning.

As a *public character*, I am public property, and in the exercise of my professional duties, Argus or any person has an undoubted right to approve or condemn me as his opinions may dictate; and however criticism may mortify my vanity, or dissipate my expectations, I know not that I have any cause of complaint, nor upon what plea, (if such was my wish) I could with justice avoid it.

But as a *member of society*, I am amenable either to its *institutions*, or to its *customs*, and to *them only*, for any "*foul deeds*" I may commit against its welfare, either generally or particularly; I cannot conceive the relation in which, as an actor I stand with society, that can make it just or necessary for my private life to be introduced into Argus's writings, nor the relation which he holds between society and me, that can invest him with the censorship, even supposing it required such notice: I never laid claim to exemption from those liabilities to which mankind seem born, nor ever boasted any philosophical pretensions to the infallibility of my moral purity; but sir, I am not conscious that I ever sinned against the integrity of moral rectitude in my dealings with my fellow-creatures, or entered into any degree of moral responsibility of which I desired to shrink from the fulfilment; should any however suppose themselves wronged by me, to them I am answerable and accessible, and willing to be so, but for this man's self-assumed interference (should I ever know him) an account will be necessary, which I trust he is able and ready to render me. He has either erred through ignorance; or

been actuated by wickedness; he is either not aware of the consequences which may result from what he has said, or he has some design to answer in the obscurity of his allusion. The very moderate and gentle proportion of intellect conveyed in his compositions, inclines me to hope the former; but if we reduce him to such an alternative, what degree of attention will be due from the public to *him*, who in one case must be a fool, and in the other a scoundrel.

The publication of this letter I cannot insure, but it will be an act of reparation which you owe to

Sir, Your humble Servant,
DANIEL TERRY.

Theatre WORTHING.—The *Worthing* new Theatre, erected at the expence of several thousand pounds by Mr. Trotter, is one of the most elegant little Theatres in England. The decorations are light and tasteful, the scenery delightfully painted, and the accommodations both before and behind the curtain very complete. Indeed, while much taste has been exercised, no expence has been spared to render it, in every respect, worthy of the public patronage. We have attended a few of the representations, and we have seldom, in the country, witnessed better regulated performances, or observed a greater portion of merit in the actors. Mr. Trotter has few equals, even on the London boards; he possesses an elegant and commanding figure, with a fine voice, just and animated action, and a sound discriminating judgment. We have received very great pleasure from his *Stranger*, *Archer*, and *Frank Heartall*. Mr. Oxberry has much sterling merit, and is a considerable favourite in low comedy. At the close of the season he joins the Covent Garden Company where he is engaged, and will, no doubt, be found exceedingly useful. Mr. Vining, who plays the lovers and other characters suitable to his juvenile figure, is a young man of much promise; possessing two of the best requisites to constitute a good actor; modesty and good sense. Mr. Stackwood is also a judicious and forcible speaker, and the other performers are highly respectable. Among the ladies we have particularly to notice Miss Barry, who has an intelligent countenance, a pleasing figure, and great versatility of talent. Her voice in singing, is melodious and powerful, guided by a correct ear, and governed by feeling and good taste. Miss Taylor, from Covent Garden and the Hay-market, has lately been added to the Company, and is certainly an ornament to it. Mrs. Cory is excellent in the old women.

Mrs. Litchfield is engaged for a short time, and has been greatly admired in the *Widow Cheerly*, *Country Girl*, *Roxulana*, *Mrs. Haller*, *Irish Widow*, and *Mrs. Sullen*. Quick, that genuine son of Momus, who has been long prevented from appearing in public by the accident he met with from the overturning of a stage coach, performs three nights here. He is in high health and spirits, and played *Scrub* on Saturday 26th September with all that inimitable simplicity, and richness, but truth of colouring, for which his acting was always distinguished. We must not forget to mention a gentleman of the name of Webb, who sings Johnstone's songs in a most admirable style. He has not yet performed any character, but if he can act as well as he sings, he is a great acquisition to the stage.—27th Sept. 1807.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Works recently published, in the Press, or in preparation.

TRAVELS, &c.—Lord Valentia's *Travels in Asia and Africa. Oriental Voyages, or descriptive Sketches, and Cursory Remarks on a Voyage to India and China, in His Majesty's Ship the Caroline, performed in 1803, 4, 5, and 6, by J. Johnson, Esq.*

CLASSICS.—A *Short Account of Classical Mythology*, freed from those relations which render the generality of works on the same subject so improper for youthful readers of either sex, but particularly for Females; by the Rev. W. J. Hert, of Bristol.

ROMANCES, &c.—*The Unknown; or the Northern Gallery*, by Mr. Lathom.

POETRY.—A Translation from the Spanish of the *Interesting Chronicle of the Cid*, by Mr. Southey. A *Poem on the Subject of the Exodus*, by Mr. Hoole. *Poems*, by Mr. George Woodley, Author of *Mount Edgcumbe*.—*Poems and Essays on Miscellaneous Subjects*, by Dr. Cartwright.—*The Moorland Bard; or Poetical Reflections of a Weaver in the Moorlands of Staffordshire*; by T. Bakewell. *The Sweets of Solitude, and other Poems*, by T. Burnet. *Poems, written at Lanchester*, by John Hodgson, Clerk. *An Essay on Fate, with other Poems*, by John Barnes.

BIOGRAPHY.—*Davies' Life of Garrick, with numerous Additions*. *Langhorne's Plutarch, with Corrections, Additions to the Notes, and new Tables of Times, Coins, &c.* by the Rev. F. Wrangham. *Lives of British Statesmen*, by John Macdiarmid, Esq.

DRAMATIC.—*The Chorusses of Æschylus, with Notes and Illustrations*, by Dr. Charles Burney. Professor Porson's four *Plays of Euripides*, re-printed in Octavo.

MISCELLANEOUS.—*The Works literary, moral, philosophical, and medical, of Thomas Perceval, M. D. with Memoirs of his Life and Writings, and a Selection from his Letters and Correspondence*. By his Son. *Sketches of Rustic Society and Manners in the remote Province of Connaught*, by Miss Owenson. *Vis Veritatis, or the Progress of Truth*, by Mr. Townsend.

THE
CABINET;
OR, MONTHLY REPORT OF
POLITE LITERATURE.

NOVEMBER, 1807.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

AMONG the desiderata in British Biography is a correct, circumstantial and well authenticated account of this wonderful man. It may not be improper to note a few particulars concerning his family and juvenile studies but little known, and gathered from various publications now scarce and seldom read.

He was doubtless of an ancient and respectable family, and the name is still very common about the place of his nativity. The obscurity in which his pedigree is involved, makes it less surprising we are so little acquainted with that of many great characters of remote antiquity.

Mr. John Newton, father of Sir Isaac, had a paternal estate in Woolsthorpe and the neighbourhood, worth about 50l. a year. He was a wild, extravagant, and weak man, but married a woman of good property. His wife's name was Ayscough, sometimes written Askew, and that she was of an ancient and honourable family, appears from the famous Ann Askew, in Fox's Martyrology, being a branch of it. And its ancestors seem to have been considerable and eminent in their days.

VOL. II.

D d

Sir Isaac, when a boy, was often enough employed in servile offices, as is still customary with children even of superior parentage brought up in the country, but his amusements were then of a different and superior cast from his playmates of the same age. The elements of mechanism seem to have been born with him. In the humble office of a shepherd-boy, and while watching the sheep, he is said to have been found poring on books of geometry. And instead of associating with others of his own age, in their juvenile sports and pursuits, he was fond of being alone, and always busy, executing some ingenious contrivance. The nicknacks and various models in miniature, of his invention and fabricating, by little saws, hatchets, hammers, and other appropriate tools, render his youthful operations no unsuitable anticipation of the incomparable productions which distinguished his riper years.

The singular bias of his genius, thus early displayed, shaped his education, and selected his studies and pursuits through life. It was on finding him working a mathematical problem in a hay-loft at Grantham, and observing his strong aptitude for that science, that his uncle, a clergyman of the name of Ayscough, prevailed on his sister, Sir Isaac's mother, to send him to the university for the completion of his studies. So much was he engrossed by this noble science from the first, that he had its elements, not from Euclid which he deigned not to consult, but from nature, which endowed him with such an original cast of mind as raised him above all the forms of art.

The figure he made at Trinity-College, Cambridge, under the famous Dr. Barrow is well known. This great man soon perceived the transcendent intellect of his young pupil, and had the magnanimity to make it as public as possible. The invincible modesty of Sir Isaac, but for the care and attention of his masterly tutor, might have kept his talents long hid from the world, and in some degree useless. But Dr. Barrow seemed insensible to his own worth, in proportion as he was alive to that of Sir Isaac; he resigned the professorship of mathematics in his favour, and was many ways instrumental in bringing him forward.

There is not a trace of imitation or servility in any of his works. He gives to the public nothing but what is his own. He thought always for himself; and enlightened

the world; only from the resource of his own mind; almost unaided by the labours of his predecessors. And whatever engaged his faculties, struck him in a new light and derived from his genius somewhat like a new form.

It has often been observed of superior minds, that their merit is tarnished and obscured by the pride and arrogance that accompany them. To this weakness of our nature, Sir Isaac was an eminent exception. Few men ever possessed such speculative powers, and no man was ever less proud of his distinctions. The humility of his temper was equal to his superiority of intellect. No accident or provocation ever betrayed him into rashness or temerity. The innate meekness of his nature resisted every temptation to intemperance and never forsook him. And he was not more great in the exertion of his uncommon powers, than in the perfect command of his passions. His mind was as much the seat of virtue as of genius. Always cool and collected, he listened to others with patience, committed himself on nothing beyond the bounds of moderation, and never once discovered in speech or demeanour, the least propensity to dispute or dictate. He had none of that silly captious malignity which usually tinctures little fastidious cankered minds, his good-nature surmounted all the cross occurrences of life, he retained to the last the simplicity of a child, and the purity of his heart, as well as his serenity of intellect, proved ultimately unconquerable.

The humble tenement where this illustrious man first drew breath, is a simple farm-house in the village of Woolsthorpe, consisting of a few messuages of equal simplicity, about half a mile west of Collersworth, on the great north road between Stamford and Grantham, known to every peasant in these parts. And he breathed his last in that agreeable part of Kensington, called Pitt's Buildings. His academic time was spent in Trinity-College, Cambridge, where some of his apparatus still remain; and his apartments are even now mentioned to strangers with a degree of laudable exultation. Here he made many of his discoveries, composed most of his works, and enjoyed the intimacy of his tutor and friend, the celebrated Doctor Bentley, so noted for his critical talents, and profound literature. It was said, Sir Isaac availed himself of the doctor's Latinity, and the doctor of Sir Isaac's physical theories, and that the publications of both were benefited by their mutual assistance,

Sir Isaac's town-house, where he occasionally resided, was in St. Martin's Street, in the corner of Long's Court, Leicester-Fields. Here may still be seen a small observatory which he had erected on the roof for the convenience of his studies. The same house was also occupied by Dr. Burney, a celebrated master of music, an elegant writer, and the father of Dr. Burney, the academician of Greenwich, universally deemed one of the best Greek scholars in England.

Sir Isaac's paternal inheritance, with all his improvements, fell to the share of his second cousin Robert Newton, a low illiterate man, who being also dissolute and extravagant, soon dissipated the whole, dying at Colliersworth about the 30th year of his age, by a tobacco-pipe breaking in his throat, in a fall occasioned by ebriety.

DESULTORY NOTES &c. ON THE ESSAY ON THE NILE.

If the Bahar el Azergue was not the Nile of Ptolemy, or the Arabic geographers led or misled by his authority, the Bahar el Abiad has as little claim to that honour.

If the knowledge of these geographers was founded on observation, or derived from the inhabitants of interior Africa, it can apply only to the two great rivers Joliba (improperly in the essay called Jollabola) and Senegal, since these only will correspond to the description of the great streams flowing in opposite directions from the Libbel Kumri or Mountains of the Moon. Indeed the similarity betwixt these and the descriptions of certain ancient geographers, will induce many to suppose, that the writers had derived information from the inhabitants of the western part of Africa, to have availed themselves of their accounts, and to have supposed the river flowing eastward to be the Nile. The Joliba and Senegal flow from a vast range of hills at no great distance from each other, and both I believe have lakes, at least marshes, at or very near their source. The Joliba, improperly, in that case, termed the Niger, flows N. E. and certainly forms most immense lakes, perfectly corresponding to those into which the Nile was said to flow. Large towns, and various tribes, are scattered throughout all its banks. The Senegal, as has been already stated, rises from or nigh to the same range of hills; it takes a course opposite to that of the Joliba, and discharges itself into the

Atlantic ocean, near Cape Verd. This river therefore must be the Niger of those geographers; indeed no other African stream can be found so suitable to the descriptions of this river. Nay, what seems to put the point beyond doubt, is the very important fact, *that the name of this river was and is to this day in the language of the inhabitants "the Black River."* It is well known, that Arabian geographers describe towns as situated on the banks of the Niger, which are only to be found on this river.

If the Senegal therefore was the Niger, then the river Joliba must be the Nile of Ptolemy, at least of those geographers who followed him. I am convinced that it was from some information picked up from the natives regarding the sources of the Senegal and Joliba, and from supposing the latter to be the Nile, that have flowed all those accounts of the Mountains of the Moon; the two great rivers flowing from the same lake to the ocean and Mediterranean; and those other fables respecting the source of the Nile so abundant in geographical writings coeval with and after the age of Ptolemy.

Horneman asserts, and it is still alledged in Africa, that the Joliba communicates with the Bahar el Abiad. If this were true, we must look for the source of the Nile near two thousand miles westward of Abyssinia, and not eastward of Alexandria, as was imagined by all ancient writers. But in fact the Joliba neither has nor can have any connection with the Bahar el Abiad, which rises in or near Dar Fur, in a mountainous region, where are neither lakes nor other great rivers running westward. *If therefore the Bahar el Azergue was not the Nile of the ancients, neither was or could be the river of Dar Fur: the Joliba of Park and the Senegal must be the Nile and Niger of some writers.* I think it clear that the Joliba must have been the river mentioned by Herodotus and described to him, &c. &c. notwithstanding the gross, illiberal, impertinent remarks of the French translator, and the vulgar brutal abuse of Mr. Bruce by a dull German, named, I think, Hartman.

Note 2. Bruce's Travels, (2d edition), have been most ably edited by a gentleman of Edinburgh, of the name of Murray, who has corrected many errors, and added much valuable and important information regarding oriental literature, history, &c. to that communicated by Bruce. It is (2d edition) in many respects, one of the very best edited works of modern times—would that

the learned editor had made a little more free with his author's text!! Still it is covered, in many places, with deformed specks. Many instances of this might be adduced, but I have not the book at hand. I recollect, however, that in the voyage up the Nile from Cairo, there are gross inaccuracies, owing in all probability to Bruce having (a thing not unusual with travellers) condensed into one journey the events of other and subsequent journies. He corrects an author respecting the scite I think of Dendera, who was perfectly in the right. In the journey from Masnah too, and that from Gondar homewards, are many inaccuracies. The editor has given a dissertation on the Nile, in which he thoroughly vindicates Bruce from the abuse of Pinkerton, Hartman, and their crew.

Note 3. It is a melancholy fact, that from Tombuctoo, to Dar Fur, between twenty and thirty degrees of longitude, a space containing various great states, numerous and large cities, and fertile territories swarming with inhabitants; these countries too abounding in a great variety of the richest articles of commerce, and connected by a vast navigable river or rivers, perfectly fitting them for a great inland trade; it is, I say, a melancholy consideration that all those vast regions are unknown, many of them even by name, in Europe. Yet frequent caravans yearly cross over all this country to the Red Sea, Mecca, and even much farther, from the most western limits of Africa. Notwithstanding the exertions, truly praiseworthy, of the African Association, I fear a long period must elapse, before we shall attain a thorough knowledge of those remote states and countries. The undertaking is not I think either impracticable, or even very dangerous, if prosecuted with ardour, circumspection, and propriety. Why do the European travellers, always announce, that they are, nay even seem to plume themselves upon being Christians? this too among people mortal enemies to the very name:—to load themselves with articles to these people of incalculable value, though perfectly acquainted with their avarice and rapacity? in a word, to conduct themselves among nations of rude barbarous Africans as Europeans would do while making a tour of pleasure? Surely people can be found, who have perseverance enough to acquire thoroughly the language—to restrict themselves to the simple habit, fare, and accommodation of the rudest natives of Africa. Such individuals, to promote useful knowledge, and the

interest of their native country would not hesitate to submit to the trifling ceremony of circumcision, or boggle at the repetition of the words "la illa el allah—Mahomet rassoul Allah" (there is but one God, and Mahomet is his prophet.) Until such individuals can be found or employed, I expect as little from the *Protegés* of the association, as I would from those missionaries so laudably and successfully employed in foreign parts to preach the gospel among the heathens. Such men as I have described, might I think penetrate into any part of Northern Africa without much difficulty, and without much danger either to their life or religion. Much too of the Southern Continent might be explored, either from the Cape or the Portuguese settlements on the Indian Ocean. But until such men be found, the discoveries in the interior of Asia, can only be partial, rare, and defective.

To induce individuals to engage in such arduous attempts, (I mean those who would not hesitate to make the petty sacrifices already mentioned), might not the African society, make their recompense adequate to the importance of the discoveries effected by them, by a remuneration, the amount of which might be fixed by the ratio of their utility or success? Were, for example, a certain sum to be raised or subscribed, and to be held out as the reward of the successful adventurer who might penetrate from Tombuctoo to Cairo; other and smaller sums for inferior or less successful adventurers; somewhat similar to the reward offered by parliament for navigating to or nigh to the Pole;—were an annuity or annuities to be granted either to the successful adventurer, or, in the event of his death or captivity, to those of his relations whom he might prefer; together with a fixed allowance for his own subsistence during the expedition;—were, I say, these or similar measures to be resorted to by the society, I should entertain no doubt of a successful issue.

Note 4. The partial success which has already attended some British adventurers has excited the jealousy, and will stimulate to greater exertions the enterprises of the French, who deem it a gross injury to the character of the great nation, to be outdone by one so inferior as they deem the English to be. In a competition of this, or indeed any other kind, that nation will not be restrained by any principle of justice or honour. The merits of Park require no eulogist: his discovery of the Joliba is most complete and decisive. Notwithstanding the decided opinion of all informed men, indeed of every one who

has read his work, respecting the sources and directions of that river and the Senegal, a French author, of no mean reputation in his own country, who had resided many years on the Senegal, I mean Golberry, has the audacity to say, that the discovery of Park is not decisive, that it is not yet ascertained that the Joliba and Senegal are different rivers. He even hints an opinion that the enterprise of Park was an improper interference in an attempt, exclusively the province of his own countrymen, and that of course his partial success is an object of regret. He comforts himself, however, with the reflection that Park's information is still defective; that still the Senegal may be the Joliba—and that it remains for some future adventurer (of his own nation) to prove decisively, that they are different streams. His object is plain; should ever a Frenchman penetrate to the Joliba, *then* the discovery of the Niger will be announced in the most pompous terms; the enterprise of the Great Nation be extolled to the skies, and a thousand invidious comparisons made, as derogatory to the British as flattering to the vanity of Frenchmen. I know not if this contemptible representative of the most gasconading, vain-glorious nation in the universe, has yet received and merited literary chastisement for his malicious attempt to bear from his brow, the laurels of our modest countryman, Mungo Park.—He certainly merits it.

These desultory notes, or hints, may perhaps at a future period be resumed.

NATURAL AND ARTIFICIAL EDUCATION.

ON the subject of natural and artificial education, Dr. Franklin used to tell the following anecdote:—

On the conclusion of some treaty between a party of Indians with the Council of Pennsylvania, the latter offered to the former to educate some of their young men according to the modes of civilized life. The Indians, after duly considering the proposal, declined the offer; asking at the same time, "What can we get by the exchange of education? You cannot walk so fast, nor so well, as we can. You cannot fight so well, nor are you such good marksmen. Our wants are fewer, our distinctions less—without jealousy, ambition, &c. But as you mean to live friendly with us, we are ready to communicate *these blessings* to you, by educating, from time to time, a number of the young men of your nation."

SIR JOHN BARNARD.

THIS excellent citizen of London was no less distinguished as a magistrate than as a senator; in each situation he did his duty with the minutest scrupulosity. A young woman, decently dressed, was late at night brought to him at the Mansion House by a watchman, as a prostitute, she having been found alone in the streets at midnight. She requested to be heard in her defence. Circumstances were, however, so much against her, that Sir John asked her, if she could produce any person to her character? She said, that her relations lived a great way off, as far as Whitechapel; and that it would be inconvenient to him to wait till they could be produced. He said, as a magistrate his time was that of the public, and their convenience his; and that he would willingly sit up till her friends could come, and prevent her being sent to prison*. The girl sent to Whitechapel for some of her friends, who gave her an exceedingly good character, and corroborated the reasons she gave for being out so late. This excellent magistrate said, that he had never felt more sincere pleasure in his life; and, after advising her to be more cautious in future, dismissed her.

Sir Robert Walpole, whom Sir John frequently opposed when he thought his measures improper, paid him one day a great compliment: They were riding out in two different parties in a narrow lane, and one of Sir Robert's companions, hearing Sir John's voice before he came up to them, asked Sir Robert, whose voice that was. "Do not you know?" replied the minister, "It is one that I shall never forget: I have often felt its power." When they met together at the end of the lane, Sir Robert, saluting Sir John with that fascinating courtesy which he eminently possessed, told him what had happened.

* Our modern magistrates are not sufficiently cautious with respect to sending persons to prison on very trivial suspicions, nor in keeping them there by way of punishment for petty crimes; confining them in those places of wickedness and despair, where, as Dr. Johnson says very well, "The lewd inflame the lewd, the wicked encourage the wicked; and where a criminal is taught to do that with more cunning which he had been used to do with less."

Sir John Barnard, when he quitted the persuasion of the Quakers, did not lay aside the simplicity of his manners, and the integrity of his conduct. When Sir Robert Walpole, then prime minister, was one day whispering to the Speaker of the House of Commons, who leaned towards him over the arm of his chair, at the time that Sir John was speaking, he exclaimed, "Mr. Speaker, I address myself to you, and not to your chair; I will be heard; I call that gentleman to order." The speaker immediately turned about, dismissed Sir Robert, begged Sir John's pardon, and requested him to proceed. The late Mr. Robert Dingley used to say, that Sir John refused to accept of the post of chancellor of the exchequer, when it was offered to him, in 1746.

During the time that Lord Granville was secretary of state, when any applications were made to Administration by the merchants and commercial gentlemen of the city, he always asked, "What does Sir John Barnard say to this? What is his opinion?"

Lord Chatham (then Mr. Pitt), a man not particularly liberal in his praises, gave Sir John the dignified appellation of the "Great Commoner;" an appellation which with equal propriety was afterwards retorted upon himself.

When, by the death of Sir James Thompson, he became the first on the list of the court of aldermen, the title of "Father of the City" (a title always given to an Alderman in that situation) devolved upon him; and that honourable title, given long since to that firm and upright patriot Cato the Younger, merely reverberated by succession that distinction to which, by his virtues, he had ever a claim. This appears to have been confirmed in the most forcible manner by the erection of a statue to him during his life-time in the Royal Exchange; after which circumstance, however, Sir John never made his appearance within that fabric, but transacted his business in the front of it.

ECCENTRICITIES AND CAPRICES OF IMAGINATION.

A certain writer, apologizing for the irregularities of great genii, delivers himself thus. "The gifts of imagination bring the heaviest task upon the vigilance of rea-

son ; and to bear those faculties with unerring rectitude or invariable propriety, requires a degree of firmness and of cool attention, which doth not always attend the higher gifts of the mind. Yet, difficult as nature herself seems to have reduced the task of regularity to genius, it is the supreme consolation of dullness to seize upon those excesses, which are the overflowings of faculties they never enjoyed *."—Are not the *gifts of imagination* here mistaken for the strength of passions? Doubtless, where strong passions accompany great parts, as perhaps they often do, there imagination may increase their force and activity: but, where passions are calm and gentle, imagination of itself should seem to have no conflict but *speculatively* with reason. There indeed it wages an eternal war; and, if not controuled and strictly regulated, will carry the patient into endless extravagancies. I use with propriety the term *patient*: because men, under the influence of imagination, are most truly distempered. The degree of this distemper will be in proportion to the prevalence of imagination over reason, and, according to this proportion, amount to more or less of the whimsical; but, when reason shall become as it were extinct, and imagination govern alone, then the distemper will be madness under the wildest and most fantastic modes. Thus one of these invalids, perhaps, shall be all sorrow for having been most unjustly deprived of the crown; though his vocation, poor man! be that of a schoolmaster. Another is all joy, like Horace's madman; and it may seem even cruelty to cure him. A third all fear; and dares not make water, lest he should cause a deluge.

The operations and caprices of imagination are various and endless; and, as they cannot be reduced to regularity or system, so it is highly improbable that any certain method of cure should ever be found out for them. It hath generally been thought, that matter of fact might most successfully be opposed to the delusions of imagination, as being proof to the senses, and carrying conviction unavoidably to the understanding: but I suspect, that the understanding, or reasoning faculty, hath little to do in all these cases: at least so it should seem from the two following, which are very remarkable, and well attested.

* Langhorne's Life of Wm. Collins.

Fienus, in his curious little book *de viribus imaginationis*, records from Donatus the case of a man, who fancied his body increased to such a size, that he durst not attempt to pass through the door of his chamber. The physician, believing that nothing could more effectually cure this error of imagination, than to shew that the thing could actually be done, caused the patient to be thrust forcibly through it: who, struck with horror, and falling suddenly into agonies, complained of being crushed to pieces, and expired soon after*.—Reason, certainly, was not concerned here.

The other case, as related by Van Swieten in his Commentaries upon Boerhaave†, is that of a learned man, who had studied, till he fancied his legs to be of Glass; in consequence of which, he durst not attempt to stir, but was constantly under anxiety about them. His maid bringing one day some wood to the fire, threw it carelessly down; and was severely reprimanded by her master, who was terrified not a little for his legs of glass. The surly wench, out of all patience with his megrims, as she called them, gave him a blow with a log upon the parts affected: which so enraged him, that he instantly rose up, and from that moment recovered the use of his legs.—Was reason concerned any more here? or, was it not rather one blind impulse acting against another?

S.

THE COMET.

Lo! from the dread immensity of space,
 Returning with accelerated course,
 The rushing Comet on the Sun descends—
 ————— perhaps,
 To lend new fuel to declining suns;
 To light up worlds, and feed th' eternal fire,
Thomson,

The comet which now appears above our western horizon in the evening, though in apparent size not larger than a star of the second magnitude, will probably continue visible some weeks, and engage the attention of all

* P. 151. L. Bat. 1635.

† Aphorism. 1112.

the astronomers in Europe; and should it approach nearer the earth, may excite the surprise and alarm the fears of the multitude.

Comets, according to the observations of the most celebrated astronomers, are solid opaque bodies of different magnitudes, and are principally distinguished from the planets by their outline being more irregular, and by a long track of a luminous matter, called their tail, which sometimes stretches a great way across the heavens, and always issues from the body upon the side farthest from the sun. The number of comets belonging to our system is not yet accurately ascertained, but it is supposed that there are about 450—the orbits of 59 of which have been already calculated, and the period of their revolution ascertained. Like the planets, they also move round the sun, but in very long ellipses, approaching very near it in one situation, called their perihelion, and receding to an immense distance in another—the extremity of which is termed their aphelion. The orbits of the comets are in general inclined to the plane of the ecliptic, in large angles, and consequently they are not likely to give any disturbance to the earth, though formerly their appearance gave birth to very serious apprehensions.

It was the very accurate observations made by Sir Isaac Newton, on the great comet of 1680, which first proved them to be a kind of planets moving in very eccentric elliptical orbits, and with accelerated velocity as they approach their perihelion. That remarkable comet was supposed to be the same which had appeared in 1106, in the time of Henry I. In the year 531, in the Consulship of Lampadius; and in the year 44 B. C. before Julius Cæsar was murdered. Its next appearance will be in the year 2255.

The comet which appeared in 1759 was pretty accurately predicted by the learned Dr. Halley, and may again be expected to appear about the year 1835. The illustrious Newton calculated, that the heat of the great comet of 1680, in its near approach to the sun, must have been 2000 times greater than that of red hot iron; consequently, if we suppose that comet to be of the same dimensions with the earth, and to cool no faster than red hot iron, it would require upwards of a hundred millions of years to cool; and from its periodical revolution in the short space of 575 years, must remain for ever in a state of the most violent ignition. This comet, according to

Halley, "in passing through its southern node, came within the length of the sun's semidiameter of the earth's orbit." Had the earth been then in that part of her orbit nearest to that node, the mutual gravitation of two such large bodies, with so rapid a motion as that of this comet, must not only have deranged the plane of the earth's orbit, but by coming in contact with the earth (there are comets which are supposed never to come within the bounds of our solar system) the shock must have reduced this beautiful frame to its original chaos, or transported it beyond the limits of the Georgium Sidus, into the boundless depth of infinite space.

Comets may serve as conductors of that subtle and active fluid from the sun to the most remote regions of the planetary system; or if, as some have maintained, light be a modification of the electric fire, they may attract and convey back the light emitted from the solar atmosphere, and prevent the decrease which must ensue from the prodigious velocity with which the particles of light are constantly streaming forth from every part of the sun's surface. The celebrated La Lande says, the number of comets which have been observed since the invention of telescopes is so great, that it may be doubted whether they should be reckoned by hundreds or by thousands. Their use in the system of nature, though unknown to us, must, doubtless, be of the first importance.—The largest comet recorded in history, is said, by Seneca, to have appeared not less than the sun:—" *paulo ante Achærium bellum cometes effulsit non minâ sole.*" o. 2 lib. 7, c. 15.

The comet lately discovered, has been very distinctly observed in Scotland, and particularly on the evening of Monday the 12th inst. when the following phenomena were distinctly seen from Stob's Castle, Roxburghshire. It became visible immediately after twilight; at a considerable elevation in the heavens, nearly due west, and set about one-half past eight o'clock, within a few degrees of north west. The nucleus, or star, when viewed through a small telescope, appeared about the size of a star of the first magnitude, but less vivid, and of a pale dusky colour. The atmosphere of the comet, owing to the limited power of the telescope, was barely perceptible.

The tail, daily increasing in magnitude and splendour, as the comet approaches the sun, appeared sometimes extremely brilliant, seeming to be a vibration of luminous particles, somewhat resembling the Aurora Borealis,

and at other times almost to disappear. From the arch described by the comet in the heavens, in the short space of two hours, its velocity must be immense. By the nearest computation which circumstances and situation allowed, supposing the comet to be as far distant as the Sun, or about 12,000 diameters of the earth, it must be moving in the present stage of its perihelion, at the amazing velocity of nearly a million of miles an hour, or upwards of 16,000 miles a minute! Such astonishing rapidity is indeed almost inconceivable; but the velocity of the comet observed at Palermo, in 1770, by Mr. Brydone, was still more remarkable, which, in 24 hours, described an arch in the heavens of upwards of 50 degrees in length, and was computed by that ingenious gentleman to be moving at the rate of 61 millions of miles in a day, or upwards of 40,000 miles in a minute!

With a telescope, admitting a large quantity of light, the nucleus was distinctly perceived near London; the luminous matter which formed the tail surrounded the whole body of the comet; the outline of the tail was well defined at some distance from the point of divergence. Near the northern side a small telescope star was seen about fifteen seconds apparent distance from the tail. Two small stars were also near the head of the comet. Had the comet remained longer above the horizon, the direction of its path might have been readily marked by these stars. The tail resembles the electric aura, or a bright ray of the Aurora Borealis. It is highly probable that it is not formed by heated vapour, as some have supposed, but by an immense stream of electric fluid, emanating from the body of the comet, in a direction opposite to the sun. The brilliancy of the stars is not diminished, nor does their light suffer any refraction when seen through the tail of a comet.

OBSERVATIONS UPON ANTS.

IN A SERIES OF LETTERS TO A FRIEND.

LETTER I.

“Go to the Ant, thou sluggard, and be wise.”

You have been pleased to write to me, that you desire to know more particularly what observations I

have made upon some of the smallest insects that are in nature. I wish I could fully satisfy your curiosity, by giving you an exact, and, as it were, an anatomical description of those little animals. I should be glad to inform you how ants are generated, to treat of their different species, to shew you in what order they are placed in their nests, and to mention many other curious particulars, which perhaps I shall be able to communicate to you hereafter. I had neither a sufficient time, nor proper microscopes, to take an exact view of all those things; and therefore I hope you will be contented with such observations as I can now impart to you.

I made these observations in the country, where I spent all the summer without company, in a place which appeared to me very melancholy. One would think, that God was pleased to raise ants, to bring me off from idleness, and make me hear the voice of the wise man, who says, *Vade ad formicam, O piger*. And indeed those insects are not unworthy of our attention, since the Scripture commends them; and such a curiosity may contribute to our improvement. A particular view of the smallest works of nature, affords new reasons to admire the wisdom of God: and, generally speaking, the conduct of those small insects appears more orderly, and even more edifying, than that of men.

In a room next to mine, which had been empty for a long time, there was upon a window a box full of earth, two foot deep, and fit to keep flowers in. That kind of parterre had been long uncultivated; and therefore it was covered with old plaster, and a great deal of rubbish that fell from the top of the house, and from the walls, which, together with the earth formerly imbibed with water, made a kind of a dry and barren soil. That place lying to the south, and out of the reach of the wind and rain, besides the neighbourhood of a granary, was a most delightful spot of ground for ants; and therefore they had made three nests there, without doubt for the same reason that men build cities in fruitful and convenient places, near springs and rivers.

Having a mind to cultivate some flowers, I took a view of that place, and removed a tulip out of the garden into the box; but casting my eyes upon the ants, continually taken up with a thousand cares, very inconsiderable with respect to us, but of the greatest importance for them, they appeared to me more worthy of my

curiosity than all the flowers in the world. I quickly removed the tulip, to be the admirer and restorer of that little commonwealth. This was the only thing they wanted; for their policy, and the order observed among them, are more perfect than those of the wisest republics: and therefore they have nothing to fear, unless a new legislator should attempt to change the form of their government.

I made it my business to procure them all sorts of conveniencies. I took out of the box every thing that might be troublesome to them; and frequently visited my ants, and studied all their actions. Being used to go to bed very late, I went to see them work in a moon-shiny night; and I frequently got up in the night, to take a view of their labours. I always found some going up and down, and very busy: one would think that they never sleep. Every body knows that ants come out of their holes in the day-time, and expose to the sun the corn, which they keep under ground in the night: those who have seen ant-hillocks, have easily perceived those small heaps of corn about their nests. What surprised me at first was, that my ants never brought out their corn, but in the night when the moon shone, and kept it under ground in the day-time: which was contrary to what I had seen, and saw still practised by those insects in other places. I quickly found out the reason of it: there was a pigeon-house not far from thence: pigeons and birds would have eaten their corn, if they had brought it out in the day-time: it is highly probable they knew it by experience; and I frequently found pigeons and birds in that place, when I went to it in a morning. I quickly delivered them from those robbers: I frightened the birds away with some pieces of paper tied to the end of a string over the window. As for the pigeons, I drove them away several times; and when they perceived that this place was more frequented than before, they never came to it again. What is most admirable, and what I could hardly believe, if I did not know it by experience, is, that those ants knew some days after that they had nothing to fear, and began to lay out their corn in the sun. However, I perceived they were not fully convinced of being out of all danger: for they durst not bring out their wealth all at once, but by degrees, first in a small quantity, and without any great order, that they might quickly carry

it away in case of any misfortune, watching, and looking every way. At last, being persuaded that they had nothing to fear, they brought out all their corn, almost every day, and in good order, and carried it in at night.

There is a strait hole in every ant's-nest, about half an inch deep ; and then it goes down sloping into a place where they have their magazine, which I take to be a different place from that where they rest and eat. For it is highly improbable that an ant, which is a very neat insect, and throws out of her nest all the small remains of the corn on which she feeds, as I have observed a thousand times, would fill up her magazine, and spoil her corn with nastiness.

The corn, that is laid up by ants, would shoot under ground, if those insects did not take care to prevent it. They cut off all the buds before they lay it up ; and therefore the corn that has lain in their nests, will produce nothing. Any one may easily make this experiment, and even plainly see that there is no bud in their corn. But though the bud be cut off, there remains another inconvenience. That corn must needs swell and rot under ground ; and therefore it could be of no use for the nourishment of ants. Those insects prevent that inconvenience by their labour and industry, and contrive the matter so, that corn will keep as dry in their nests as in our granaries.

They gather many small particles of dry earth, which they bring every day out of their holes, and place them round to heat in the sun. Every ant brings a small particle of that earth with her pincers, lays it by the hole, and then goes and fetches another. Thus, in less than a quarter of an hour, one may see a vast number of such small particles of dry earth heaped up round the hole. They lay their corn under ground upon that earth, and cover it with the same. They performed this work almost every day, during the heat of the sun : and though the sun went from the window about three or four o'clock in the afternoon, they did not remove their corn and their particles of earth, because the ground was very hot, till the heat was over.

If any one should think that those animals should use sand, or small particles of brick and stone, rather than take so much pains about dry earth ; I answer, that upon such an occasion nothing can be more proper than earth

heated in the sun. Corn does not keep upon sand : besides, a grain of corn that is cut, being deprived of its bud, would be filled with small sandy particles, that could not easily come out. To which I add, that sand consists of such small particles, that an ant could not take them up one after another ; and therefore those insects are seldom to be seen near rivers, or in a very sandy ground.

As for the small particles of brick or stone, the least moistness would join them together, and turn them into a kind of mastic, which those insects could not divide. Those particles sticking together, could not come out of an ant's-nest, and would spoil its symmetry.

When ants have brought out those particles of earth, they bring out their corn after the same manner, and place it round that earth : thus one may see two heaps surrounding their hole, one of dry earth, and the other of corn ; and then they fetch out the remainder of dry earth, on which doubtless their corn was laid up.

Those insects never go about this work but when the weather is clear, and the sun very hot. I observed that those little animals having one day brought out their corn at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, removed it, against their usual custom, before one in the afternoon : the sun being very hot, and the sky very clear, I could perceive no reason for it. But half an hour after, the sky began to be overcast, and there fell a small rain which the ants foresaw ; whereas the Almanack had foretold that there would be no rain upon that day.

I have said before, that those ants which I did so particularly consider, fetched their corn out of a garret. I went very frequently into that garret : there was some old corn in it ; and because every grain was not alike, I observed that they chose the best.

I know by several experiments, that those little animals take great care to provide themselves with wheat, when they can find it, and always pick out the best ; but they can make shift without it. When they can get no wheat, they take rye, oats, millet, and even crumbs of bread, but seldom any barley, unless it be in a time of great scarcity, and when nothing else can be had.

Being willing to be more particularly informed of their forecast and industry, I put a small heap of wheat in a corner of the room, where they kept : and to prevent

their fetching corn out of the garret, I shut up the window, and stopped up all the holes. Though ants are very knowing, I do not take them to be conjurers, and therefore they could not guess that I had put some corn in that room. I perceived for several days that they were very much perplexed, and went a great way to fetch their provisions. I was not willing for some time to make them more easy; for I had a mind to know whether they would at last find out the treasure, and see it at a great distance, and whether smelling enabled them to know what is good for their nourishment. Thus they were some time in great trouble, and took a great deal of pains: they went up and down a great way looking out for some grains of corn: they were sometimes disappointed, and sometimes they did not like their corn after many long and painful rambles. What appeared to me wonderful was, that none of them came home without bringing something; one brought a grain of wheat, another a grain of rye or oats, or a particle of dry earth, if she could get nothing else.

The window, upon which those ants had made their settlement, looked into a garden, and was two stories high. Some went to the farther end of the garden, others to the fifth story, in quest of some corn. It was a very hard journey for them, especially when they came home loaded with a pretty large grain of corn, which must needs be a heavy burthen for an ant, and as much as she can bear. The bringing of that grain from the middle of the garden to the nest, took up four hours; whereby one may judge of the strength and prodigious labour of those little animals. It appears from thence that an ant works as hard as a man, who should carry a very heavy load on his shoulders almost every day for the space of four leagues. It is true those insects do not take so much pains upon a flat ground. But then how great is the hardship of a poor ant, when she carries a grain of corn to the second story, climbing up a wall, with her head downwards, and her backside upwards? None can have a true notion of it, unless they see those little animals at work in such a situation. The frequent stops they make in the most convenient places, are a plain indication of their weariness. Some of them were strangely perplexed, and could not get to their journey's end. In such a case, the strongest ants, or those that are not so weary, having carried their corn to their nest,

come down again to help them. Some are so unfortunate as to fall down with their load, when they are almost come home : when this happens, they seldom lose their corn, and carry it up again.

I saw one of the smallest carrying a large grain of wheat with incredible pains : when she came to the box, where the nest was, she made so much haste that she fell down with her load, after a very laborious ramble : such an unlucky accident would have vexed a philosopher. I went down, and found her with the same corn in her paws : she was ready to climb up again. The same misfortune happened to her three times : sometimes she fell in the middle of her way, and sometimes higher ; but she never let go her hold, and was not discouraged. At last her strength failed her : she stopped ; and another ant helped her to carry her load, which was one of the largest and finest grains of wheat that an ant can carry. It happens sometimes, that a corn slips out of their paws, when they are climbing up : they take hold of it again, when they can find it ; otherwise they look for another, or take something else, being ashamed to return to their nest without bringing something : this I have ascertained, by taking away the grain which they looked for. All those experiments may easily be made by any one that has patience enough ; they do not require so great a patience as that of ants ; but few people are capable of it.

Thus my ants were forced to make shift for a livelihood, when I had shut up the garret out of which they fetched their provisions. At last, being sensible that it would be a long time before they could discover the small heap of corn, which I had laid up for them, I resolved to shew it to them.

In order to know how far their industry could reach, I contrived an expedient, which had the desired success : the thing will appear incredible to those, who never considered, that all animals of the same kind, which form a society, are more knowing than others. I took one of the largest ants, and threw her upon that small heap of wheat. She was so glad to find herself at liberty, that she ran away to her nest, without taking any corn ; but she observed it : for an hour after all my ants had notice given them of such a provision ; and I saw most of them very busy in carrying away the corn I had laid up in the room. I leave it to you to judge, whether it may

not be said, that they have a particular way of communicating their knowledge to one another; for otherwise how could they know, one or two hours after, that there was some corn in that place? It was quickly exhausted; and I put in more, but in a small quantity; to know the true extent of their appetite or prodigious avarice; for I make no doubt but they lay up provisions against the winter: we read it in the Holy Scriptures; a thousand experiments teach us the same; and I do not believe any experiment has been made that shews the contrary.

MIKROS.

ON COLLECTIONS OF THE BRITISH POETS,

ADDRESSED TO THOMAS PARK, ESQ. F. S. A.

THERE are few studies so fascinating to their votaries as that of Poetry; and in the present day there are few studies which are attended with more expence; for though the works of Warton, Goldsmith, Polwhele, and a number of our best writers made their first appearance in humble form, yet now, not only the more exalted efforts of genius, but the ephemeral effusions of every scribbler are ushered into the world with all the splendour of type, paper, and embellishment. But as it is not absolutely necessary that to form a good library we should add every new production, (probably the reverse) I shall avoid expatiating on so *obvious* a remark, and pass to the more immediate subject of my essay; addressing my present humble observations to you, Sir, as the Editor of the elegant edition now publishing.

The little judgment exhibited in making collections of the British Poets seems at first thought astonishing; yet as, excepting the incorrect edition of Dr. Anderson, the selection has chiefly been left to the Booksellers alone; we perhaps ought not to look for that discrimination which is only to be produced by the united efforts of taste and genius.

Dr. Johnson's edition might perhaps be deemed an exception, but he very politickly disavows having had any power in the selection, though at the same time he informs us that we are to impute whatever pleasure or weariness we may find in the perusal of Blackmore, Watts,

Pomfret, and Yalden to him, being inserted by his recommendation*; and if these are his choice we certainly need not regret that his taste in selection was so much circumscribed.

Knox, speaking of this edition, observes† that the late collection of Poets has restored to temporary life many a sickly and dying Poet, who was hastening to his proper place, the tomb of oblivion. Why was any more paper wasted on Dorset, Halifax, Stepney, Walsh and Blackmore? How can a work pretend to the comprehensive title of the body of British Poetry, in which the works of Spenser and Shakspeare are omitted to make room for such writers as King, or Ambrose Phillips?

Though we may not have a very exalted idea of this writer's poetical taste when he compares the genius of Tickel ‡ *for dignity, solemnity, and pathos*, to that of Collins!!! Yet we cannot but acknowledge the above observation to be just, and to the names enumerated by him may be added those of Sprat, Yalden, Duke, Broome, Hughes, Roscommon, Rochester, and Fenton.

Several of these owed their temporary fame to title and power, but those charms have now lost their force, and, as Gray remarks, a dead lord ranks but with commoners.§ But though ¶ in their present state they are unworthy a place in any collection of British Poetry, many of them were undoubtedly possessed of genius which, if properly exerted, might have produced compositions worthy of being transmitted to posterity; and two or three elegant volumes might be formed from their works as "selections from the inferior British Poets," which would not only reduce the general collection in a great degree "a consummation devoutly to be wished," but would also afford a more refined amusement to the readers of it.

There are few men who can have a more exalted idea of the genius of Beattie than myself, yet I think the judgment and taste evinced in the *selection* of his Poems are equally deserving of our admiration. Had every writer done so, how much would the bulk of English Poetry have been reduced, and how much nobler a monu-

* Vide "Life of Watts"

† "Essays" No. 129, vol. 2, p. 57.

‡ Ibid. No. 175, vol. 3, p. 297.

§ Mason's Gray's Works, vol. 2, p. 119.

ment of national glory it would have formed ! and though many of the pieces he disapproved would do honour to his memory, yet after his rejection of them it would undoubtedly be improper to add them to his works.

You will probably deem me presumptuous when I censure your insertion of the whole of Swift's works in the present collection : but I certainly think the prediction of Dryden (" Cousin Swift, you will never be a Poet,") was verified : and he should rank only amongst those authors from whom a selection should be made, more especially as he generally wrote on subjects of temporary interest, and frequently with gross indecency.

I know this method of "garbling" an author's works after his decease, has been censured by some of our greatest critics,* but do not think with justice. Because an author (whose whole works do not amount to more than 100 or 150 pages,) has thought proper to mingle many inferior amongst his superior productions, are we, with blind and indiscriminating reverence, to hand them down from generation to generation "to the last syllable of recorded time?" No, Sir, I trust your taste will point out the necessity of a reform ; and with a firm hope that my expectations will not be disappointed,

I remain &c. &c.

W. M. T.

Liverpool, 14th October, 1807.

THE ARTS.

No. IX.

"Caliban—come forth!"

MR. CONDUCTOR.

THE "Apologist for the Chalk manner of Engraving," having closed his Apology, you are now in possession of all that he had to offer on the subject, and you have seen

* Johnson's life of Thomson, &c.

that it almost entirely consists of such abuse of Mr. Landseer's professional character as the law would denominate a libel. The comparison which you were taught to expect between Line and Chalk engraving, is not even attempted, nor is a single sentence offered of Apology for the latter. Your Apologist has written a kind of Irish apology which closes before it begins.

Did I say that not a single sentence was offered? Perhaps I am mistaken. Perhaps the following sentence may be meant as an *Apology*. "I declare my opinion to be that the *Clytie*, *Circumcision*, *Silence*, *Diploma*, the *Wolfe* and *Le Hogue*, are so finely engraved that I should be sorry to see the attempt to execute them in any other mode of engraving whatever." If this be his Apology, all that need be said is, that it is a very sorry Apology, and that his dotting brethren (I for one,—though I do not boast of it) will not be very much obliged to him. What he has chosen to call Mr. Landseer's attack, amounts to much less than this concession.

He denies that my story is true of Dr. Garth, but admits that it is true of Dr. Ratcliff. Since he admits it to be *true*, it is enough for my argument: but I wish your compositor had not, in that part of my former Letter, where I relate this anecdote, inserted "*personally*," for "*professionally* administered," since I do not suppose any thing of the former kind was ever intended, much as it is, in my opinion, deserved: again, in the third line of p. 94, he has omitted the word *deny*, where the sense is incomplete without it: I wrote, "which the writer before me does not, and I suppose cannot, deny."

You seemed to think that I had wielded too rough a weapon against your correspondent with the "*Tomahawk*;" The insensibility of his second Letter, has probably satisfied you that I have been cutting a Block with a razor, when a hatchet or a hand-saw ought rather to have been employed. He even does not see the necessary reaction of his own principles. *Hard* as I have been, he does not feel the *vis-inertiae* of the blow he gives. He appears not to entertain the faintest idea that if it be logically indispensable for one man to engrave well in order to prove the truth of his writings, or the justness of his remarks on the Engravings of others, it must also be indispensable for another, and that the public was therefore naturally led to expect some great name at the close of an Apology which set out upon these principles; or at

least, that ancient *Apology* for a great name, a *line*, which while it vied with those of Protogenes and Apelles, should more delicately inform us of the superior talent of him who had *descended* to attack Mr. Landseer on this ground.

Perhaps however, he *has* exhibited this credential, so necessary in his former estimation to the credibility of Truth (but which his *modesty* might prevent him from subscribing at the close of his *Apology*) in some other part of your Cabinet, and either the portrait of Nell Gwynn, or that of Mr. Cooke which stands before it, and which it would be equally unnecessary and improper in me to censure or to praise, may be meant to humble Mr. Landseer's pretensions; to "bring him to his level," that this Chalk engraving champion, "may be more able to cope with him," knowing, as he informs us he does, "how small a portion of mankind think for themselves, and how many of them rest their opinions on *the authority of others*."

It is rather an awkward dilemma for so stout a Champion to be driven to, but, if he does not shew *by his Engraving*, how much better he is qualified to appreciate Mr. Landseer's talents as a Lecturer than the managers of the Royal Institution, or abilities as an Engraver than the Academicians of the Royal Academy, his argument will, upon his own principles, be wanting in its main support. It is incumbent upon him, therefore, either to avow his Engravings, or disavow and abandon his former sentiments.

It is perhaps my own fault, but you do not seem to have clearly understood the drift of *my* reasoning, in my former address. My intention was, to affirm, at first, what I afterwards supported by argument. I could not expect you, nor your readers, to believe this would-be-thought Apologist, to be "a bad man," on the mere *ipse dixit* of an anonymous correspondent. Neither have I yet asserted so much; but, since these two words have been echoed and re-echoed, let us coolly examine into the use which I originally made of them.

"That *bad men* in their reasonings frequently overlook very important points," and that, "conscious of being weak in Truth, a *bad man* foolishly flatters himself that he shall prove strong in Falsehood," are my positions, (see p p. 92. 95.) and I believe you will allow, that they are positions of a very general nature, and such as any

man may assert without offending the good.—Had he been a good and a true man, he would have granted them, and shewn, as in that case he could easily have done, that they did not apply to him: instead of which, he steps, with the voluntary grace of a Caliban, upon the pedestal which I placed for him.

But, Sir, lest you should still think my argument deficient on this point, permit me to add that, if a man endeavours to filch from another his good name, (I grant that in such cases we little dogs are very apt to think it our duty to bark,) and if this be done (as in the present case) where it cannot possibly promote the cause which he affects to espouse;—In the words of our great Poet, if he robs another of that which not enriches him, he is in my estimation a bad man, since no other than a bad man, can act from so base a motive, but, if the party so robbed, or so intended to be robbed, be a man who has run greater risks, and has made greater exertions and greater sacrifices for the general advantage of a very ingenious profession, than any other, the guilt is aggravated. Your readers, if I mistake not, will scarcely think less of such turpitude, than that it is the conduct of a *very* bad man.

However, in compliance with your moderation, which I must ascribe to some charitable principle; or, in doubt of my own powers of ratiocination, I will now endeavour to think of this man as only weak and misinformed. That he is weak, the feebleness of his second attempt to stab, may seem to countenance; that he is misinformed, his avowedly speaking of Mr. Landseer's Etchings from hearsay, may serve to prove, and both may be inferred from the impudent folly of his presuming to address the public upon no better ground, and from his dwelling on those qualities in that gentleman's professional works, which they do not eminently possess, while he leaves unmentioned those for which they are more justly esteemed.

But none of these exceed the weakness, the folly, and the absurdity of his *still* expecting (after what you have inserted from the Volume of Lectures) that your readers will agree with him in confounding Mr. Landseer's account of Chalk engraving, *as it was practised by Ryland* and his immediate imitators, with Chalk engraving, *as it is practised by the best artists* at present.

Is there any thing wanting, Sir, to the perfection of this mental picture?—Yes—at least one touch, which is obvious enough in the original, may heighten the *consistency* of its absurdity. Entrenched as this critic is,—and as every *anonymous* critic, is intrenched—behind his masked battery, he is ridiculously absurd enough to boast of following to his trenches, a man who boldly stood forth and read the Lectures which he has since published, before audiences, consisting of hundreds of the mingled friends and enemies of himself and his profession.

But whether the man be wicked, weak, misinformed, absurd, or foolish; or any, or all of these, a plain tale shall set him down.—Set him down, did I say?—I ought rather to have said, shall eventually curb his audacity. A character so arrogantly dull, so inascible, yet so insensible, as he, will froth awhile when he is whipped; and I dare believe, notwithstanding he has taken leave of both you and me (of me *he hopes*) for ever (see p. 158) that you will hear from him again ere long.

Among those who practise the art of Chalk Engraving in a certain island, (no matter for its latitude or longitude) is a gentleman who was once Clerk and Butler to a country magistrate. If he has raised himself from an humble to a more exalted sphere, it must surely be mentioned as a circumstance to his credit, whatever your correspondent of critical acumen may insinuate to the contrary.—But I wish he would pause here and reflect, if he ever reflects, and say whether he really and seriously would think it fair to judge of this man's talents as an Engraver, by his abilities as a Butler, or *vice versa*?

If this person (I am now speaking of the ci-devant Butler) should talk or write about Drawing, he would indeed lie open to the joke of having it suspected that the drawing of Corks was meant—but still, if he wrote or talked, or drew, or engraved well, no well constituted mind; would condemn or traduce his writings, drawings, or engravings, because he had once been a Butler, but would rather (I should suppose) be disposed to make a candid allowance for what imperfections he saw, and to give to the merits he discovered, a full measure of approbation.

I think, Sir, if the generous critic abovementioned, reflects on this—*parable*, he will then be disposed to judge of Mr. Landseer's Lectures by *what they are*, and not by what *he may suppose* to have been the previous education of the Lecturer: If he is not thus disposed, I believe

you will agree with me that it cannot possibly be of the smallest consequence.

I remain, Sir, Your's, &c.

PHILOGRAPHICUS.

P. S. On looking again at the second part of the Apology, I perceive clearly that its author (I suspected as much) has not read the book, which he has dared to condemn.—Not read the book!—he has not even read the two first pages.

THE COLLECTOR.

No. II.

Collette unique membris.—HON.

ARNOLD DU TILB.

THIS man, a native of Sagias, a village near the city of Rieux, in the upper Languedoc, towards the middle of the sixteenth century, was the object of a criminal prosecution, extraordinary in its nature, perplexing and difficult to decide.

At Artigues, a country hamlet, only a few miles from the place of Du Tilb's residence, lived a little farmer, whose name was Martin Guerre, married to a modest handsome young woman born in that neighbourhood, but himself of the Spanish province of Biscay; they had a son, and, for their situation in life, possessed tolerable property.

Ten years after their marriage, in consequence of a dispute with his father-in-law, Martin suddenly quitted his family, and charmed with the licentious freedom of a roving life, or cooled in affection towards his wife, although she had conducted herself with exemplary propriety, had not been seen or heard of, for eight years.

It was during this long absence, to lovers as well as husbands, a dangerous interval, it was at this time that Arnold du Tilb, the subject of our present article, who had formerly seen and admired the wife of Martin Guerre, meditated a most perfidious and cruel stratagem.

In age and appearance he greatly resembled the absent

man; like him too, Du Tilb, having for many years quitted his country, was generally considered as dead; and having made himself acquainted with all the circumstances, connections, and general habits of Guerre, as well by collateral enquiries, as by actual association with him during two campaigns as a private soldier, he boldly presented himself to the wife and family, as her long lost husband.

The risque he incurred, and the difficulties he encountered, were considerable; a thousand little circumstances, which it is easy to imagine, but unnecessary to describe, must daily and hourly have led him to the brink of detection; indeed, it is not easy to conceive how he could succeed, unless the unhappy dupe of his delusion had been herself a promoter of the cheat, which does not appear to have been the case.

The stranger at once, and without hesitation was received with transports of joy, by the wife and all the family, which at that time consisted of four of her husband's sisters, and an uncle; one of them remarking that his cloaths were somewhat out of repair, he replied "yes," and, in a careless, and apparently unpremeditated way, desired that a pair of tuffety breeches might be brought to him. The wife not immediately recollecting where she had put them, he added, "I am not surprised you have forgot, for I have not worn them since the christening of my son; they are in a drawer at the bottom of the large chest in the next room; in this place they were found, and immediately brought to him.

The supposed Martin's return was welcomed by the neighbours in the old French way, by song and dance; he enjoyed the privileges and pleasures, he shared the emoluments and cares of a husband, and a few days after his arrival, repaired to Rieux to transact some necessary law business, which had been deferred in consequence of his absence; the fond couple lived apparently happy for three years, in which time two children were added to their family.

But their tranquillity was gradually interrupted by the uncle, whose suspicions of imposture were first excited by a traveller passing through the village; this person bearing the name of Martin Guerre accidentally mentioned, declared, that eighteen months before, he had seen and conversed with an invalid of that name in a distant province of France, who informed him that he had a wife and child

at Languedoc, but that it was not his design to return during the life of his uncle.

The stranger being sent for and privately questioned, repeated, in a clear and consistent manner, what he had before communicated, confirmed the apprehensions of the uncle, that the *real* Martin Guerre was still absent, and added, that since quitting his wife, he had lost one of his legs in the battle of St. Quintin.

The family alarmed by this account, now saw or thought they saw many little circumstances, which had before escaped their notice, but all tending to prove that the man with whom Mrs. Guerre cohabited, and by whom she had had two children, was not in fact her lawful husband.

But they found it extremely difficult to convince the deluded female of her mistake; she loudly, and with tears insisted, that her present domestic companion, was her first love, her real and original husband; it was not till after several months, that the unhappy woman was at length prevailed on to prosecute the impostor.

He was taken into custody, and imprisoned by order of the criminal judge of Rieux, and a time fixed for examining the evidence, and hearing what Du Tilb had to offer in his defence.

On the day appointed, the offender was brought into court, followed by a number of people, whose curiosity was naturally excited; the deposition of the traveller, concerning the absent Martin Guerre was first read; the uncle, the sisters, and many of the inhabitants of Sagias were next closely questioned on their oaths; some declared that the prisoner was not Martin Guerre, others as positively insisted that he was the identical person, corroborating their testimony by many collateral circumstances; but the greater number avowed without scruple, that the resemblance between the two, *if two there were*, was so great, that it was not in their power to distinguish; the weight of evidence was thought by many to preponderate in favour of the prisoner.

The judge demanding of him what he had to say in his defence, he answered without embarrassment, that the whole was a conspiracy of the uncle and a certain part of the family, who taking advantage of the easy temper and weak understanding of his wife, had contrived the story in order to be rid of him, and to get possession of his property, which he valued at eight thousand livres.

The uncle, he observed, had for some time taken a dis-

like to him, had frequently assaulted him, and in one instance would have killed him by the stroke of an iron bar on his head, had he not fortunately parried the blow.

The remark of the prisoner on *the weakness of his wife's understanding*, served to diminish the surprise of the court at her being so easily duped, nor indeed could they blame any relation for endeavouring, in any manner they were able, to expel the violator of the wife and property of their kinsman.

Du Tilb then proceeded to inform the court of the reasons which first induced him to quit his house and family; related minutely where, how, and with whom he had passed his time; that he had served in the French army seven years, and, on his regiment being disbanded, had entered into the Spanish service, from which, being impatient to see his wife, and sorely repenting that he had ever quitted her, at a considerable expence he procured his discharge, and made the best of his way to Artigues. At this place, notwithstanding his long absence, and the loss of his hair, he was directly and universally recognized by his old acquaintances, and received with transports of joy by his wife and sisters, particularly by his uncle; although that unnatural and cruel relation had now thought proper to stir up the present prosecution against him.

The prisoner, in consequence of certain leading questions from the judge, gave a minute description of the situation and peculiar circumstances of the place in Biscay, where he said he was born (still insisting that he was Martin Guerre) mentioning the names, age, and occupation of the relations he had left there; the year, the day, and the month of his marriage, also the persons who were present at the ceremony, as well as those who dined with them; which, on referring to collateral evidence were found to tally.

On the other hand, forty-five reputable and credible witnesses, who were well acquainted with Martin Guerre and Arnold Du Tilb, swore, that the prisoner was not and could not be Martin: one of these, Carbon Barreau, maternal uncle of Du Tilb, acknowledged his nephew with tears, and, observing that he was fettered like a malefactor, bitterly lamented the disgrace it would bring upon his family.

These persons also insisted, that Martin Guerre was tall, of a slender make, and, as persons of that form frequently are, awkward and stooping in his gait; that he

had a remarkable way of protruding and hanging down his under lip; that his nose was flat, and that several scars were to be seen on his left eye-brow, and other parts of his face.

On the contrary, they observed that Du Tilb was a middlesized well-set man, upright, with thick legs, a well formed nose, and without any thing remarkable about his mouth or lips; they agreed that his countenance exhibited the same scars as that of Martin.

The shoe maker, who had for many years furnished Guerre with shoes, being called, deposed, that his foot reached the twelfth size, but that the prisoner's was rather short of the ninth: it farther appeared, that the former had, from his early youth, been dextrous at cud-gelling and wrestling, of which the impostor was wholly ignorant.

As a strong circumstance against the person accused, it was added that his manner of speaking, and the sort of language he used, though, at times, artfully interlarded with *Patok* and unintelligible gibberish, was very different from that which used to be spoken by the real Martin Guerre, who, being a *Biscayan*, spoke neither wholly Spanish, wholly French, nor wholly Gascon, but a curious mixture of each, a sort of language called the *Basque*.

Lastly, and what seemed to make an impression on the court, the prosecutors referred to the internal evidence of the offender's character, which, they proved, had been from his childhood vicious and incorrigible in the extreme; they produced satisfactory proofs of his being hardened in all manner of wickedness and uncleanness, a common swearer and blasphemer, a notorious profligate, every way capable of the crime laid to his charge.

The accusation lay heavy upon the prisoner; a pause ensued for deliberation, and the court, fatigued by the long and patient examination of a host of witnesses, took refreshment; the town house being still crowded with persons impatient to give their testimony in behalf of the prisoner, whom they considered and pined as an injured man.

The first parties next examined astonished the judge, and staggered the whole court, they were the four sisters of Martin Guerre, all reputed to be women of sound understanding, and of character unblemished; they positively swore, that the man in custody was their dear bro-

ther Martin. Two of their husbands, and thirty-five persons born or brought up in the neighbourhood corroborated their assertions; among others, Catherine Boere, who carried Martin and his wife the medianoche, or as an Englishman would call it, the sack-posset, after they were put to bed on the wedding night, declared as she hoped for everlasting salvation, that the prisoner and the man she saw in bed with the bride, was the same person.

The majority of these last witnesses also deposed, that Martin Guerre had two scars in his face, and that the nail of the fore finger, on the left hand, in consequence of a wound received in his childhood, grew across the top of his finger; that he had three warts on the back of his right hand towards the knuckles, and another on his little finger; the judge ordered the culprit to stretch forth both his hands, which were found to agree with this description.

It further appeared, that on his first arrival at Artigues, the prisoner addressed most of the inhabitants by name, and recalled to the memory of those who had forgotten him, several circumstances with respect to the village, on the subject of births, marriages, and deaths, which had happened ten, fifteen, and twenty years before; he also spoke to his wife (as he still insisted she was) of certain circumstances of a very peculiar nature, which took place on the wedding night; these I will not repeat.

He, who could give an assumed character so strong a resemblance to reality, and so dexterously clothe falsehood in the robes of truth, was no common impostor; like other great villains, he must have been a man of abilities.

To add to the perplexities of this business, the wife being called, her pretended husband solemnly addressed, and called on her, as she valued peace of mind here, and everlasting happiness hereafter, to speak truth without fear or affection, and declared that he would submit to instant death, without repining, if she would swear that he was not her real husband; the woman replied, that she would by no means take an oath on the occasion, at the same time, she would not give credit to any thing he could say.

The evidence, on both sides, being closed, and the defence of the prisoner having been heard, the judge pronounced Arnould du Tilb guilty, and sentenced him to suffer death; but the culprit appealed to the parliament of Thoulouse, who not long after ordered a copy

of the proceedings, and the convict to be forthwith transmitted to them.

The parliament, at that period a court of justice as well as registry of royal edicts, wisely determined to take no decisive step in the business till they had endeavoured to get sight of and secure the man with a wooden leg, as described by the traveller; the uncle strenuously insisting that he, and no other, was his long lost nephew.

A commission was appointed to examine the papers, and call for new evidence, if necessary; descriptions of the person, and circumstances of Martin Guerre, the absent husband, were also circulated throughout the kingdom; at length, after several months elapsed, and considerable pains had been taken, the absentee was fortunately discovered in a distant province, conveyed to Toulouse, and ordered into close custody, with particular directions that he should have no intercourse with any person whatever, even at his meals, but in the presence of one of the commissioners, who ordered an additional lock to the door of the room in which he was confined, and themselves kept the key.

A day was fixed for a solemn and final re-hearing, and a list of such witnesses, as would be required to appear before the parliament, was, in the mean time, sent to Rieux, for the purpose of preventing the trouble and expense of conveying to Toulouse; so large a number of persons who had crowded the court and streets of Rieux.

The parliament assembled at an early hour, the former proceedings were read; the prisoner still persisted in asserting his innocence, and complained of the hardships and injuries he had suffered.

The real Martin Guerre now walked into court on his wooden leg, and Du Tilb being asked if he knew him, undauntedly answered, "No." The injured husband reproaching the impostor for the perfidiousness of his conduct in basely taking advantage of the frankness of an old companion, and depriving him of his wife and property; Du Tilb retorted the charge on his accuser.

The present was thought a curious instance of audacity contrasted with simplicity of heart and unassuming manners; an impudent and flagitious adventurer, who had for several years enjoyed the wife and property of another, and, in the face of his country, endeavouring to persuade the injured man out of his name and personal identity; it was farther observed, that the gesture, deportment,

Hh. 2

air, and mode of speaking of the impostor was cool, consistent, and steady; while those who appeared in the cause of truth, were embarrassed, hesitating, confused, and, on certain points, contradictory in their evidence.

The wife, the four sisters, and the uncle, had not yet seen the real Martin Guerre; they were now called into court: the first who entered was the eldest sister, who, the moment she caught sight of the man with a wooden leg, ran and embraced him, exclaiming, with tears, "Oh, my dear brother, I now see and acknowledge the error and misfortune into which this abominable traitor hath betrayed us."

The rest of the family as they approached, confessed, in a similar way, how much they had been deceived; and the long lost Martin, mingling his tears with theirs, received their embraces, and heard their penitential apologies with every appearance of tenderness and affection.

But, towards his wife, he departed himself very differently; she had not yet ventured to come near him, but stood at the entrance of the court, trembling and dismayed; one of the sisters, taking her arm, conducted her to Martin, but he viewed her with sternness and aversion, and, in reply to the excuses and advances she made, and the intercession of his sisters in her behalf, "That she was herself innocent, but seduced by the arts of a villain." He observed, "Her tears, and her sorrow are useless, I never shall love her again; it is in vain that you attempt to justify her, from the circumstance of so many others having been deceived; *a wife has ways of knowing a husband unknown to all the world*; in such a case as this, it is impossible that a woman could have been imposed on, if she had not entertained a secret wish to be unfaithful; I shall, for ever, regard her as the cause of all my misfortunes, and impute solely to her, the whole of my wretchedness and disgrace."

The judge, reminding the angry husband, that if he had remained at home, nothing of what had happened could ever have taken place, recommended lenity and forgiveness.

Du Till was pronounced guilty of fraud, adultery, sacrilege, rape, and theft, and condemned to make the *amende honorable*, in the market-place of Artigues, in his shirt, with his head and feet bare, a halter round his neck, and a lighted torch in his hand; to demand pardon of God, the king, the nation, and the family he had so cruelly deceived; it was further ordered, that he should

be hanged before the dwelling house of Martin Guerre, and that his body should be burnt to ashes ; his effects were adjudged to be the property of the children begotten by him on Martin's wife.

The criminal was taken back to Artigues, and, as the day of execution approached, was observed to lose his firmness ; after a long interview with the Curè, he, at last, confessed his crime, acknowledging that he was first tempted to commit it, by being repeatedly mistaken for and addressed by the name of Martin Guerre ; he denied having made use of charms, or of magic, *as many suspected*, very properly observing, that the same supernatural art which could enable him to carry on his deception, would also have put it in his power to escape punishment.

He was executed according to his sentence, first addressing a few words to Martin Guerre's wife, and died offering up prayers to the Almighty to pardon his sins, through the merits and mediation of Jesus Christ.

This singular narrative is authenticated by the respectable evidence of Gayot de Pitaval, and related in good latin by the worthy Thuanus.

I annex the words of the latter ; as the passage is not long, I produce it as a correct specimen of the proper way of telling a story, and as a fair contrast to my own.

“ Arnoldus Tillius arctam in adolescentia cum Martino Guerra, dum ambo in castris essent, amicitiam coluisset ; eris ac corporis specie tam Martino similis, ut nihil, excepta pedis longitudine ab eo diversus esset.

Post octo annorum Martini absentiam, ausus est pudicitiam uxoris ejus attentare, et postremo persuasit se Martinum esse ; et cum multa, quæ viro cum conjugis secreta sunt, instructus dedicerat, non solum uxorem, sed et sororibus aliis quæ Martini agnatus imposuit, et cum illi tantum triennium comasuevit, quo tempore duos liberos suscepit.

Sed cum homo aliens pudicitie raptor, etiam bonis arctius inhiaret, a Petro Guerra, Martini patruus, quasi impostor postulatus, uxore etiam fraudem suspicante.

Judices interea sententiæ incerti essent, cum Deo vocante, Martinus ex Hispania intervenit, et pro vero viro ab uxore agnitus, omnem dubitationem exemit, et Arnoldum, post veniam a Deo, pace, justitia, et Martino et uxore agnominose petitam, tanquam impostor, adulter, raptor, sacrilegus plagarius et fur, ad suspendium damnatus est.”

REVIEW OF BOOKS.

PROBATQUE CULPATQUE.

An Address (to Ld. Henry Petty, and) to the British Parliament, on Vaccination, of the greatest importance to mankind, wherein the Report of the College of Physicians is completely confuted. By Ferdinand Smyth Stuart, Esq. 2d. Edit. Hatchard, 3s. 6d.

When in the earlier stage of Vaccination we perused Mr. Aikin's excellent Treatise on the Cow-pox, we pleased ourselves with the conviction that all controversy on the subject would be precluded; but behold! in this advanced stage of its progress, an address appears to the British parliament, in which the report of the whole College of Physicians is *completely confuted*, and when we fancied ourselves at the end of our journey, we find we are just at the point from which we set out. This modest medical *Esquire*, it seems, was an active soldier in his very first hours of childhood; for he thus describes himself: "a physician of thirty-five years most extensive and successful practice, (excepting the time in which I was serving my king and country *in arms*:" but perhaps he means *in the army*, for it seems he is not less skilled in the science of powder and bolus, than of powder and ball, for he either holds or has held the situation of *Bar-rack-Master*; in conjunction with his Diploma as a *Doctor of Medicine*, he is M. D. or M. B. *utrum horum*.

This physician of "thirty-five years practice" in arts and arms, caught at first the prevailing affection for vaccination, and in the fervor of this *first love*, he was induced to have his own child inoculated; but as vaccination, though it prevents the small-pox, has not the like power of expelling or curing all other diseases to which the habit of body may be liable, it so happened that in this case some scrophulous appearances presented themselves, and this great physician thereupon set about rubbing mercurial ointment into his child *in arms*, and giving mercury internally to the *mother*; and as the infant died under this *trial of skill*, this Esculapius rose up in his wrath, sent the case to the renowned Dr. Squir-

rel, who nimbly popped it into the list of his cases of cow-poison, and published it to the world with all due execration.

The case was transmitted in a letter, from which we shall make an extract or two, in order that it may bear testimony to the profound judgment as well as professional eminence of this "physician of thirty-five years extensive and successful practice." The letter begins in this wise :

TO DR. SQUIRREL.

"SIR,

"According to your request, I send you inclosed the case of a child of mine who was inoculated with the cow-pox, which proved fatal to the poor infant. During the time the cow-pox inoculation was introduced and brought into general practice, I was abroad, and having heard repeatedly the most favourable and flattering account of its success, was induced when I came home to have my child vaccinated."

Now it cannot but be matter of wonder how it should happen that Ferdinand Smyth Stuart, *Esquire*, in the course of his *extensive practice*, should, even after vaccination had been brought into *general practice*, have only *heard* the flattering accounts of its success, and have had no opportunity afforded him of *practically* trying it; besides, the very favourable account of its progress which he received must have been well grounded, for as a medical man, and in *extensive practice*, he must have had good opportunity of judging of the truth of what he had heard, and he must have received his report from persons whom he must have known were well informed, or he would not have ordered his own child to be vaccinated. He himself therefore gives the strongest testimony in favour of vaccination, though in the blindness of his rage to suppress it, he does not appear to perceive the tendency of his own evidence. We are pleased however to see the whole College of Physicians confuted, by a *single* case of *singular* practice; but we fear they will still persevere in the Vaccine system, for those who are *confuted*, are not always *convinced*, and there are some whose prejudice is so strong, as to resist even the combined force of *quackery* and *quicksilver*.

The letter proceeds thus :

"On the 8th of April, 1802, the child twenty-two days old, being in perfect health, was inoculated with good laudable vaccine matter from a healthy subject, by Mr. Canadine, a respectable and experienced surgeon of East-lane, Walworth."

It is a little curious that this *Squire* who writes this letter, after the fact which draws down all his virulence and all his vengeance, who in the whole of his book most violently *condemns* all vaccine matter, as not only *bad*, but poisonous and execrable, should declare this very vaccine matter to which he lays the charge of his child's loss, to be *good* and *laudable* vaccine matter; and it would moreover puzzle the common sense of those who have not this writer's portion of military and medical skill to account, how the child from whom this poisonous, diseasing and deadly matter was taken, should itself be a *healthy child*.

Ferdinand Smyth Stuart, *Esquire*, having administered his mercurial aid to his infant of *twenty-two days old*, not forgetting the mother; and having closed his labours with bestowing on Dr. Jenner the most unquestioned condemnation, and heaping every term of the most abusive scurrility against the advocates of *Vaccination*, thus concludes:

"I have now performed my duty to God, to my country, and to mankind, according to my conscience."

Surely this *Squire's* conscience is of a comical cast. But if it suits *him*, and he is satisfied with it, why so be it. Let every man speak well of the bridge that carries him safe over. If this sort of conscience enables him in so able a manner to perform his duty thus extensively, we will not quarrel with its materials, or with the mould it was cast in.

The Crisis. By the Author of Plain Facts; or a Review of the Conduct of the late Ministers. 2d Edition, 2s. 6d. Stockdale, Pall-Mall.

This author writes with great spirit. *The Crisis* he thinks is at hand, and His main argument is this: As long as Buonaparte chuses to persevere in his intolerant system, at once to interdict all neutral trade whatever, I would completely assert (says the Author) the ascendancy of the British trident; and, as far as the intercourse with France and her dependants or her allies was concerned, I would not suffer a neutral bark to float upon the sea. What France wanted, she should not acquire, till a duty had been levied on it in some British port; and thus would I compel her to contribute to the support of our maritime strength.

This we know is a very general and popular Sentiment ; but Great Britain need not yet resort to an expedient of which nothing but self-preservation, and that at the very last extremity can justify the employment. Our Author, however, supports his position very ably. There are, strictly speaking, but two independent nations left ; and those who are not our friends, must be at present, or must speedily become, our enemies. Buonaparte has the complete rule over the continent, which he exercises, according to his own free-will, in the manner which, in his judgment, will prove most injurious to us. We have the complete rule over the seas, which we, in return, should exercise in the manner which, in our judgment, will prove most injurious to him. This is the only mode which he has left us of correcting his audacity, or of disarming his malevolence. Can we then hesitate to adopt it ? The public law of Europe is for the present gone. On the part of the continent, it has been dissolved by the usurper : on our part, it has been superseded, by the necessity to which the operation of that tyranny has reduced us. It is not to be expected, that we should continue to acknowledge the validity of those restrictive maxims, which our adversary completely rejects ; and whilst he is ranging at large, entirely released from all confinement, that we, from bigotted scruples of conscience, should fetter ourselves by an implicit obedience to their authority. His acts exonerate us, in the strictest moral sense, from all obligation. If it is our duty to be kind towards others, that duty can only so far apply as it is consistent with our safety. The strongest law of nature is self-preservation, and to that law, on general principles, every other must bend.

The law of nations must, from its very constitution, be purely conventional. Over the actions of independent states, there can be no sovereignty. There can be no permanent tribunal, to which they can appeal for redress : there can be no judicature to adjust their disputes, or to punish their transgressions. If, therefore, in the civilized parts of the world, a code of laws have gradually grown up, and have been generally acknowledged, it has been from a sense of its utility, and from a conviction of the convenience which has resulted by abstaining from its infraction. It was, no doubt, while it lasted, of infinite benefit to mankind. It has frequently prevented hostility : it has always mitigated the havoc of war, and facilitated

the return of peace. By moderating the passions of men, and setting up boundaries which were respected by common consent, and which even an hostile state was rarely provoked to disregard, it imparted to the efforts of an antagonist a character of justice and clemency, which divested him of the violence of ferocious hatred, and assuaged the fierce animosity of national contention. By tempering the malignant spirit of enmity, its fatal effects were diminished, and its resentments more easily appeased. Even amidst the most melancholy ravages with which wars were occasionally attended, individuals of adverse communities regarded each other with sentiments of humanity. They fomented no feeling of rancorous revenge; and the moment peace was restored, the wounds which had been inflicted were at once healed, and even the memory of them was obliterated.

But an enemy has now started up, who is evidently determined to bring back mankind to the barbarous doctrines of savage and untutored life, and completely to expunge from the code of public law every maxim by which man, in his civilized state, has been hitherto controlled. The ravages of this cruel spoiler are only to be resisted by the weapons which he himself employs. And the sooner he is repelled, the better for suffering humanity; for not till then can mankind hope to be restored to the enjoyment of those privileges, or the protection of those laws, under which they have been accustomed to live, and from which their most valuable blessings have been indisputably derived.

Thus, with whatever reluctance and grief, we absolutely must, in our own defence, and as the last resource left to force our antagonist back to some state of reasonable subordination, suspend the operation of public law. We must impede the irregularity of his incursions, by letting him feel the extent of the penalty which he is striving to inflict on us, and thus compel him to abandon the profligacy of his career. What in him is the basest and most wanton depravity, is reduced in us to nothing more than justifiable retaliation. It is, in fact, the only mode by which we can rescue ourselves and others from impending evils of no light complexion. It is only by a prompt and bold interference, that what has been lost can be retrieved. If we continue to yield much longer, recovery may be placed beyond the boundary of hope. When we have driven him back within the prescriptive

confines of justice, we, who only overleaped them in his pursuit, shall voluntarily return, satisfied with the proud distinction of having restored to the practice of christian nations the doctrines of civilized and social existence.

It is very evident that if we vigorously enforce that extended right of search, which is consonant to our political welfare, and put a complete stop to all neutral intercourse with France and her allies, by absolutely prohibiting vessels, navigating under a neutral flag, from conveying thither their colonial produce, we shall cut off the only channel through which they have been accustomed to receive every foreign commodity. In that case the underhand commerce, from which they at present derive innumerable benefits, will be at once annihilated, and Great Britain, becoming the only emporium, whatever France requires from the stock of foreign lands, to feed her wants, or to administer to her luxuries, she must apply for to us. We should then be totally independent of others, and most of the advantages which we enjoyed would be exclusively our own. We could then, without hazard, fix an arbitrary price on every article of exportation, and in proportion as France opposed obstacles, would the expence of procuring her necessities be increased. She being the chief sufferer would soon find it her interest to repeal her non-importation laws, and diminish her restraining duties. Instead of endeavouring any longer to thwart our trade, she would court its conveniencies, and the different markets of Europe would again become eager competitors for a commercial connexion with this country.

Such are some of the measures which in this writer's opinion the country ought to adopt at this alarming *crisis*. With respect to the raising a sufficient military force for our defence, he prefers the plan proposed by Lord Selkirk, and recommends the minister to carry it into effect in spite of the *murmurings* of the people. Here again we think our author premature. There perhaps never was a *crisis* when it was more necessary that the sense of the people should be concurrent with the operations of government.

The author alludes in very respectful terms to the publication entitled the *Frauds of Neutral Flags*, and it is very evident that he owes many obligations to that work, as well as to the *Dangers of the Country*, from the same admirable pen.

Upon the whole the *Crisis* is a very seasonable pamphlet; the intention of it is highly laudable, the arguments are worthy of serious attention, and some of the measures he recommends, absolutely essential to the safety of the country.

Letters addressed to the Daughter of a Nobleman, on the Formation of Religious and Moral Principle. By Elizabeth Hamilton; large 8vo. 10s. 2 vols. Cadell and Davies.

Miss Hamilton has already done much for the rising generation. Her *letters from an Indian Rajah* abound with ingenious remarks and wholesome admonition; and the present work will form an excellent companion to it. Some of her tenets are questionable, particularly those which apply to *Religious Principle*; but we can recommend the work altogether, as exceedingly fit to be placed in the hands of every young lady who has any desire for useful knowledge.

Thoughts upon Domestic or Private Education, 12mo. 3s. Longman.

If the age does not grow wiser and better, it is not for want of instruction, nor of guides to point out the mode in which it can best be communicated. The press abounds with tracts and volumes on the important subject of Education; and it is but giving this little work the praise it merits, to say that it contains some very just observations on the present practice of our schools, and suggests many evident improvements, particularly with regard to *private* tuition. The following are the qualifications which the author thinks should be looked for in a private instructor. He supposes him to have the care of two youths, between the ages of ten and twelve, to be trained in the paths of learning, virtue and honour, before they depart to either of those seats of the sciences, Oxford or Cambridge—"That he should be a most sincere believer of the Christian religion, and of the most unblemished character, are two such essential requisites, that wanting these, he would want every thing for the office of tutor. Great and sincere however as his respect and veneration for the established religion of his country, yet ought his orthodoxy to be tempered with charity; since when it cannot overlook the slightest offences or casual

temerities, it may be said to resemble those odoriferous flowers which may become insupportable and offensive when their perfumes are too strong. It is indeed a profanation of the name of Christianity, which enjoins its disciples to the undeviating practice of candour, benevolence, humility, and forgiveness, to "conceive we love not God except we hate our brother, and we have not the virtue of religion unless we persecute all religions but our own*." For any one so to think, and so to act, does not more shock our reason, and provoke our disgust, than that instance of the ridiculous and incurable malignity of the papists to Calvin, which in their Spanish expurgatory index would not suffer even his name to appear, but substituted in its room that of *Studiosus quidam*†.

Should his classical learning be deeply imbued with the spirit of a liberal and enlightened criticism, we can pardon in him the enthusiastic love of the ancients, which made Scaliger prefer the glory of composing an ode of Horace to the crown of Arragon. His knowledge of ancient and modern history should flow like the crystal stream, clear, full, and strong; for it is the peculiar excellence of history ever to be subservient to the great ends of virtue and wisdom. Like the chemist, who can extract wholesome properties from poisons, the scenes of the most complicated vice and oppression, which are unrolled in her mighty volume, only serve more closely to attach us to those sentiments which cherish and cultivate in our breasts a warm love of truth, an abhorrence of tyranny under whatever form it may appear, and a deep and grateful sense of all the blessings inherent to rational liberty. In his politics he should resemble, if I may be allowed the expression, the constitution of his country; which equally shews a reverence for the dignity and independence of the crown, and a tender regard for the rights and privileges of the people. The vigour of his imagination, the delicacy of his sentiments, and the accuracy of his judgment, should mark his real taste for the belles lettres, or polite literature. With the chissel and the pencil, he should be sufficiently conversant to feel and acknowledge in the works of Michael Angelo, as far as the human powers can

* See Dr. Jeremy Taylor's *Liberty of Prophecy* inge p. 4.

† Chetwynd's *Historical Collections*, cent. lii, p. 90.

attain the perfection of both these arts. And as young people, both in writing, as well as in speaking, are more apt to catch the defects than the beauties of him who is proposed for their model, therefore, in the most familiar discourse his pronounciation should always be correct, and his words selected with the greatest care : at the same time, after the hour of study is over, he should often lead them to converse upon gay and pleasing subjects, in order to divest them of that common prejudice, that in proportion as the understanding increases in the knowledge of science and learning, it becomes more grave and consequently less agreeable. I am the person whom you wish to see, said the amiable Plato, when he was desired by his foreign guests to introduce them to his graver namesake, the philosopher ; a speech which some tutors would do well occasionally to recollect. Nor ought he to be less careful in any friendly debate, which may arise between his pupils, to warn them against the substitution of noisy declamation for sound argument ; as that is something like one of Apelles's scholars, who not being able to paint his Helen beautiful, was determined to make her fine.

In his manners he should aim to be easy, impressive, and even graceful ; and to be respected and beloved by his pupils, his temper ought to be firm without being austere ; for a servile compliance with their humours, however it may please them for the moment, must unavoidably, in the end, expose him to their ridicule, for the meanness of his spirit, and the weakness of his understanding. No saying ought therefore to be esteemed by him more unworthy of a well-constituted mind, than that of the Marquis of Winchester, who being asked how he kept his employment during the reign of four princes, answered, "*Ortus sum e salice, non e quercu **."

With *these foregoing* qualifications, and possessed of a rich fund of miscellaneous knowledge acquired from an extensive intercourse with books and the world †, and

* See Robert Nauton's *Fragmenta Regalia*, p. 77.

† Some modern philosophers have contended, that to educate a youth of rank and fortune, a layman is preferable to an ecclesiastic ; for although the character of the former may be not quite so regular, nor his manners so sober as the latter, yet from having mixed so much more in public life, he will possess, say they, a greater acute

acquainted also with the common topics of the day, he may then be justly considered as all-sufficient to superintend the education of two youths of great birth and opulence."

Though we cannot withhold our general approbation from these thoughts, we are compelled to observe that the style in which they are conveyed is sometimes not remarkable either for elegance or correctness; a fault which ought not to be expected from a writer who employs his pen on the subject of education.

For instance "*both derision, contempt, and disgrace,*" (page 11.) "Now let us look to the manner in which he shall impart his instruction, *for them to acquire.*" (page 24.) He should not open the book "without *first* giving them a selection of his most sparkling thoughts, &c. *before* he proceeds to the developement of his latent and complete beauties." [page 25.] In pages 26, 27, the style is so perplexed as to be nearly unintelligible; the "*former*" appears to be used for the "*latter,*" and *they* and *their* should be *he* and *his*. *Liberalise* (page 32.) is, as Polonius says, *a vile phrase*. Again, page 33. "For one of these important vocations the *pupil* of the single master is of course designed. Even in their conversation therefore he should accustom *them* to that pitch and arrangement of the voice, *as* shall communicate an interest and spirit to their language.

The marks of similar haste, carelessness, and inelegance, are very frequent. "*How much* characters of this active and enlightened description are now wanting the profligacy and irreligion of the times shew, alas, *too much.*" (page 55.)

We should not have noticed these defects so particularly, but that we are reviewing the *second edition* of the work, and because we think a writer whose sentiments appear to be so just, should be anxious to cloath them in a more attractive garb.

ness of discernment. Certainly if the clergyman of the present day emerged from academical privacy and rustic retirement, the other might then be better qualified as tutor to a young nobleman, but as it is notorious to all, that the contrary is the fact, we confess ourselves at a loss to comprehend this argument.

The Works, Moral and Religious, of Sir Matthew Hale, Knt. Lord Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench; the whole now first collected and revised. To which are prefixed his Life and Death, by Bishop Burnett, D. D. and an Appendix to the Life, including the additional Notes of Richard Baxter. By the Rev. T. Thirwall, M. A. Editor of the Latin English Dictionary. 8vo. 2 vol. 18s. Symonds.

This complete Edition of the works of so learned a man, so able and upright a Judge, and so pious a Christian as Sir Matthew Hale, cannot but prove in the highest degree acceptable to the public.

The Life by Bishop Burnett, with Baxter's Additions are prefixed.

The Editor has discharged his trust with great ability.

Edgar; or, Caledonian Feuds: a Tragedy, performed with universal applause at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden. By George Manners, Esq. 8vo. 2s. 6d. Tipper and Richards.

This Tragedy (if Tragedy we can call what seems only calculated to excite laughter and contempt) was first acted for a Benefit at Covent Garden, and with the assistance of the author's friends was performed to a good house; a few common-place sentiments in the shape of *Clap-traps* were eagerly seized by these friendly hands, and the writer, (poor mistaken man!) fancied that he had produced a fine Play. His supporters, however, having performed their duty, staid away on the second night ("their state was the more gracious"); consequently the house was almost empty, and the *Clap-traps* passed without notice. We had the misfortune to be present at the acting of this drama, but we have since had a greater, that of *reading* it.

The Plot is taken from Mrs. Radcliffe's Romance of the *Castles of Athlin and Dunbayne*. But we do not suppose the lady will think that any compliment has been paid her.

Three Lyric Odes, on late celebrated occasions. By the Rev. William Clubbe, Vicar of Brandeston, 4to. 2s. 6d. Ipswich.

The Battle of the Nile; and the Action off Trafalgar; are two of the celebrated occasions which have inspired

our author's muse. The *broad-bottomed* administration suggested his third composition, which is entitled *Harmony*, a fit theme for a versifier, and as far as his own stanzas go, it is tolerably well preserved. The author of course did not foresee, though there is always supposed to be something prophetic about a poet—how little *harmony* would exist between the *two* accounts of an interesting conversation in a certain closet.

A Complete Verbal Index to the Plays of Shakspeare, adapted to all the editions. Comprehending every substantive, adjective, verb, participle and adverb, used by Shakspeare; with a distinct reference to every individual passage in which each word occurs. By Francis Twiss, Esq. 8vo. 2 vols. 3l. 3s. Egerton.

This must have been a work of great labour, and it appears to be well executed; in some instances *too well*; for surely to specify *every* substantive, adjective, &c. can answer no useful purpose whatever; for instance, who would wish to know in what particular play such words occur as *after*, *again*, &c. Ayscough's *Index* is, on the contrary, too laxly made. Many of the Bard's most remarkable expressions are not included. Mr. Twiss's work has thus far the advantage over its predecessor. But not introducing any quotations, the necessary information will in general be more readily furnished by Ayscough.

REVIEW OF MUSIC.

"Ode to Liberty,"

For five voices, composed by Samuel Webbe. Birchall. Price 2s. 6d.

The lovers of vocal harmony will ever hold the name of Webbe sacred. If among the numerous glee-writers of this kingdom there is one who deserves to be esteemed more highly than the rest, Webbe is that man. We feel warranted in saying of him what can be as-

serted of few glee-writers that all his compositions of that kind, are good, and that most of them are excellent. We know not of a single glee that he has written, which is not to this day frequently performed among the various glee-parties and harmonic societies in the kingdom. We rejoice, for the sake of the lovers of harmony, that the spirit of the father has so fully descended upon the son. The *Ode to Liberty* is completely worthy the name and character of its author. Mr. Webb has entered into the spirit of Addison's beautiful words like a true lover of liberty, and has given to them a glowing and animated effect. We sincerely hope that he will produce a succession of glees similar in excellence to the *Ode to Liberty*. We also hope that he will imitate his father in never publishing a glee which can be ranked among the inferior productions of the day.

"The Grave of Tom Moody, the noted Whipper-in."

The words by Mr. Churchill, composed by I. Watlen, and sung at all the theatres, also at the principal concerts. Watlen. Price 1s.

This is a poor attempt to imitate Mr. Shield's popular and excellent ballad, *the Death of Tom Moody*. There are a few tolerable passages in it, but the rhythm is frequently bad, and the composition in general not very good.

"Kate of the Castle,"

An English ballad, written and composed by F. Watlen. Price 1s. 6d.

Some strains of this ballad are pretty enough; we cannot say so much for the whole. Those passages which we suppose Mr. Watlen meant as embellishments, we think have materially injured the simplicity of his melody.

"Hark to Philomela singing,"

A Glee for four voices, with an accompaniment for the piano-forte, composed and dedicated, by permission, to his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge by Wm. Knyvett. Birchall: Price 2s. 6d.

This is a very cleverly arranged composition. The melody has nothing striking to recommend it, but the inner parts are arranged in a very pleasing stile; they bespeak the author's intimate knowledge of glee singing. The accompaniment is well calculated to heighten the general effect of the piece.

"He's gone away from me,"

Sung by Mrs. Bland at Vauxhall-Gardens, composed by Mr. Hook, the words by Alfred Allendale, Esq. Purday and Button. Price 1s.

Mr. Hook has written so much that, it seems almost impossible for

him to write any thing more which may fairly be said to possess the charm of novelty. Whether this is to be attributed to him as a fault we shall not now attempt to determine; we shall only observe that this ballad does not contain a single passage that is not familiar to us: it is not at all necessary therefore to criticise music that has been so often before the public. For the benefit of juvenile performers we will just remark that the cadence at the close may be omitted without any material injury to the song.

"The Cottage that stands by the sea,"

Sung by Mrs. Margerum at Vauxhall-Gardens, composed by Mr. Hook, the words by Mr. Upton. Purday and Button. Price 1s.

We must frankly confess that for compositions of this kind we have no relish. Our opinion of the ballad before us is briefly this—that the poetry is poor namby pamby stuff, and that the music is worthy of the poetry.

"Queen of the Valley,"

A Glee for five voices, the words from the Madoc of Southey, composed and inscribed to John Heaviside, Esq. by Dr. Callcott. Birchall. Price 3s.

After having so lately taken occasion to censure Dr. Callcott, we rejoice in the opportunity which this glee affords us of being able to award him our sincere approbation. It is a composition in every respect worthy of him; for although we cannot rank it first among his glees, it certainly must be placed among the first. The conception and execution are equally masterly. Two or three things struck us which we rather wished otherwise—the point led off by the second tenor at the conclusion of the first movement is too good to be dismissed in a single page—a ludicrous effect is given to the opening of the second movement by an attempt to express the word "long" by length of sound—the time of the respective movements is not given to either of them. These trifling defects excepted, we hesitate not to pronounce "Queen of the Valley" an excellent glee.

Proposals are in circulation for publishing a collection of glees, duets, and catches, selected from the most eminent authors. The work will consist of two volumes, and to each subscriber will be given two books of the words printed separately. For the use of young piano-forte players, a compressed accompaniment will be added by Mr. Samuel Webbe, by whom the work will be edited. Price to subscribers Two Guineas.

Mr. Marsh, of Chichester, is arranging for publication an extensive collection of chants, from the best masters.

THE DRAMA.

ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE. — *Shakspeare.*

REFLECTIONS ON COMEDY.

COMEDY is a representation of common life; its end is to shew the faults of particular characters on the stage, and to correct the disorder of the people by the fear of ridicule.

The grand object of Comedy is to shew man ridicule; to remind him of what he is exposed to in common life, and what he really meets with in the world, and to teach him to stand on his guard; for a man does not see his own danger, his own picture, his own manners, only by seeing them represented on the stage.

Comedy is intended to lash the follies and imperfections of mankind through the vehicle of ridicule, an art which should ever be considered as the greatest test of wit, breeding, and observation; this art "whose end both at the first, and now, was, and is, to hold as 'twere the mirror up to nature, to shew virtue her own features, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure;" is changed into what is vulgarly called a moral kind of entertainment, to which a citizen, it is true, may bring his wife and daughter, with as much safety as to a Methodist chapel, but with equal prospect of improvement.

But, as we mean to treat this subject otherwise than by either investigating its origin, or simply declaiming on its imperfections, it will be but candid to weigh the force of the arguments which are urged by the favourers of this innovated art.

The soundest philosophers have agreed, that ridicule has a much better effect in curing the vices and imperfections of men than the examples of rigid virtue, whose duties are so sublimed, that they for the most part intimidate them from the trial. Were mankind made of that moral pliability of mind, so as to be capable of receiving the sharpest impressions of virtue, then indeed some excuse might stand for the latter practice; but, as

their hearts are composed of as many degrees of imperfection as there are degrees in society, what will best and most effectually reform them should be adopted; hence no characters should be introduced on the stage, by any means whatever, above the tone of morality, whilst the *Liar, Rake, Fop, Sharper, Hypocrite, Glutton, &c.* &c. should be always brought forward in the warmest colourings of ridicule. Similar characters in life, finding themselves thus constantly exposed on the stage, would indirectly feel the shame of their situations, and either abandon them entirely, or be taught to qualify them so as to be less inimical to society; whereas, at present, by being for the most part precluded as objects of ridicule and contempt, the world loses the benefit of their reformation.

This is virtue! real virtue, and love of truth, independent of opinion, and above the world; this disposition, transferred to the whole of life, perfects a character, and gives it that finish which extorts even the admiration of those who cannot practise it.

Comedy, according to Aristotle, is defined to be "an imitation of the worst of men; when I say worst, (says that great philosopher,) I don't mean in all sorts of vices, but only in ridicule, which is properly a deformity without pain, and which never contributes to the destruction of the subject in which it is." This definition of Aristotle's is corroborated by Horace, Quintillian, Boileau, Mulgrave, and the long line of illustrious authors, who have written on this subject. Its manners, sentiments, and diction, are governed by the same laws as those of Tragedy; that is, the first should be good, or suitable to the characters, and the two last correspondent to the first.

Comedy has no occasion to raise its favourite personages on pedestals; since its principal end is not to make us admire them, in order to render them more easily the objects of pity; the most it aims at, is to give us a little uneasiness for them, arising from the crosses they meet with, (which ought rather to be a sort of disappointment than real misfortune,) in order to give us more satisfaction at seeing them happy at the unravelling of the piece; its design being to make us laugh at the expense of ridiculous persons, purging us of those faults which exposes us, that we may become fitter for society. Comedy, therefore, cannot render the ridiculousness of its per-

sonages too visible to the spectators, who, whilst they discover with ease the ridicule of others, will still find it difficult to discern that which is within themselves.

Now we cannot distinguish nature so easily when she appears in strange customs, manners, and apparel, as when she is clad after our own fashion: the Spanish, Italian, and French decorum, for instance, being not so well known to us as that of England, we are not so shocked with the ridicule of a person that acts against them, as we should, were this personage to violate the laws of decency established in this country.

The Spaniards have a turn to find the ridicule in things much more than the French, and the Italians, who are much better comedians, excel in expressing it. In short, that agreeable turn, that gaiety which maintains the delicacy of its character without falling into dullness or buffoonery, that elegant raillery which is the flower of wit, is the qualification which Comedy requires.

We must, however, remember, that the artificial ridicule which is required on the theatre, must be only a transcript of the ridicule which nature affords. Comedy is only naturally written when, being on the theatre, a man can fancy himself in a private family, or a particular part of the town; for, when the Romans sat at Terence's Comedies, they imagined themselves in a private party, finding nothing there which they had not been accustomed to find in their usual conversations.

PHILOKOSMOS.

DAVID GARRICK, Esq.

When this great actor was at Paris, he visited the celebrated Madame Clairon. In the course of his conversation with her, he asked her if she had ever heard of the Gamut of the Passions. She expressing her ignorance of what he meant, he immediately, with his voice and countenance, ran over the whole scale and compass of them, beginning with the most simple, and gradually proceeding to the most complex.

A friend of Mr. Garrick asking him, why a whisper of his was heard throughout the whole theatre, whilst the loud declamation of many of his colleagues was occasionally completely unintelligible, "the blockheads," replied he, "have no idea of distinctness in their speaking; they know not how to acquire

"A temperance that may give it smoothness."

Mr. Garrick had been told that no more Letters of Junius were to appear in the Public Advertiser. He mentioned to one of the noblemen about the Court what he had heard. Junius, who had his eyes every where, was informed that Mr. Garrick had given this intelligence. He caused a letter to be sent to him at the theatre just as he was going upon the stage to play one of his great parts. The letter was virulent and abusive, hinting to him, that he might well be contented

Plausu sui gaudere theatri,

and not interfere in politics. The letter produced its effect, and this wonderful actor for once played ill.

SHAKESPEARE'S FLUELLIN.

From Mr. Jones's History of Brecknockshire.

“ In consequence of an affray in the high-street of Brecknock, in which David unfortunately killed his kinsman, Ritsiart Fawr o'r Slwch, he was compelled to fly into England; and, to avoid a threatened prosecution for the murder, attached himself to the Lancastrian party, to whose interest he ever afterwards most faithfully adhered. There can be little doubt but that Shakespeare, in his burlesque character of Fluellin, intended David Gam, though for obvious reasons, as his decendants were then well known and respected in the English court, he chose to disguise his name. I have called Fluellin a burlesqued character, because his pribbles and prabbles, which are generally out-Heroded, sound ludicrously to an English as well as a Welch ear; yet after all, Llewelyn is a brave soldier and an honest fellow; he is admitted into a considerable degree of intimacy with the king, and stands high in his good opinion, which is a strong presumptive proof, notwithstanding Shakespeare, the better to conceal his object, describes the death of Sir David Gam, that he intended David Llewelyn by this portrait of the testy Welchman; for there was no other person of that country in the English army, who could have been supposed to have been upon such terms of familiarity with the king; and it must be observed, that Llewelyn was the name by which he was known in that army, and not Gam, or squinting, for which epithet,

though it was afterwards assumed by his family, he would probably have knocked down any man who dared to address him. By his behaviour on this memorable day, he in some measure made amends for a life of violence and rapine, and raised his posterity into riches and respect; but alas! how weak, how idle is family pride, how unstable is worldly wealth! at different periods between the years 1550 and 1700, I have seen the descendants of this hero of Agincourt (who lived like a wolf, and died like a lion,) in possession of every acre of ground in the county of Brecon; at the commencement of the eighteenth century, I find one of them common bellman of the town of Brecknock, and before the conclusion, two others supported by the inhabitants of the parish where they resided; and even the name of Gam is in, the legitimate line, extinct."

CUSTOMS OF THE THEATRE, &c.

IN THE TIME OF SHAKSPEARE:

By Edmund Malone, Esq.

The amusements of our ancestors, before the commencement of the play, were of various kinds. While some part of the audience entertained themselves with reading, or playing at cards, others were employed in less refined occupations; in drinking ale, or smoking tobacco: with these, and nuts and apples, they were furnished by male attendants, of whose clamour a satirical writer of the time of James I. loudly complains. * In 1633, when Prynne published his *Histriomastix*, women smoked tobacco in the playhouses as well as men.

It was a common practice to carry table-books to the theatre, and either from curiosity, or enmity to the author, or some other motive, to write down passages of the play that was represented; and there is reason to believe that the imperfect and mutilated copies of one or two

* "—Prythee, what's the play?

"—I'll see't, and sit it out whate'er.—

"Had Fate fore-read me in a crowd to die;

"To be made adder-deaf with pippin-cry."

Notes from *Black-fryers*, by H. Fitz-Jeffery, 1617.

of Shakspeare's dramas, which are yet extant, were taken down by the ear or in short-hand during the exhibition.

At the end of the piece, the actors, in noblemen's houses and in taverns, where plays were frequently performed,* prayed for the health and prosperity of their patrons; and in the publick theatres, for the king and queen. This prayer sometimes made part of the epilogue. Hence, probably, as Mr. Steevens has observed, the addition of *Vivat rex et regina*, to the modern play-bills.

Plays, in the time of our author, began at one o'clock in the afternoon;† and the exhibition was sometimes

* See *A mad World my Masters*, a comedy, by Middleton, 1608: "Some sherry for my lord's players there, sirrah; why this will be a true feast;—a right *Mitre* supper;—a play and all."

The night before the insurrection of the gallant and unfortunate Earl of Essex, the play of *King Henry IV.* (not Shakspeare's piece) was acted at his house.

† "Fuscus doth rise at ten, and at eleven
"He goes to Gyls, where he doth eat till one,
"Then sees a play."

Epigrams, by Sir John Davies, no date, but printed about 1598.

Others, however, were actuated by a stronger curiosity, and, in order to secure good places, went to the theatre without their dinner. See the Prologue to *The Unfortunate Lovers*, by Sir William D'Avenant, first performed at Blackfriars, in April, 1638;

"—You are grown excessive proud,
"Since ten times more of wit than was allow'd
"Your silly ancestors in twenty year,
"You think in *two short hours* to swallow here.
"For they to theatres were pleas'd to come,
"Ere they had din'd, to take up the best room;
"There sat on benches not adorn'd with mats,
"And graciously did vail their high-crown'd hats
"To every half-dress'd player as he still
"Through hangings peep'd, to see the galleries fill.
"Good easy-judging souls, with what delight
"They would expect a jig or target-fight!
"A furious tale of Troy, which they ne'er thought
"Was weakly writ, if it were strongly fought;
"Laugh'd at a clinch, the shadow of a jest,
"And cry'd—a *passing good one*, I protest."

From the foregoing lines it appears that, anciently, places were not taken in the best rooms or boxes, before the representation. Soon after the Restoration, this practice was established. See a prologue to a revived play, in *Covent Garden Drollery*, 1672:

"Hence 'tis, that at new plays you come so soon,
"Like bridegrooms hot to go to bed ere noon;

finished in two hours.* Even in 1667, they commenced at three o'clock.† About thirty years afterwards, (in 1696) theatrical entertainments began an hour later. ‡

In the infancy of our stage, mysteries were usually acted in churches; and the practice of exhibiting religious dramas in buildings appropriated to the service of religion on the Lord's-day certainly continued after the Reformation.

During the reign of Queen Elizabeth plays were exhibited in the publick theatres on Sundays, as well as on other days of the week. The licence granted by that queen to James Burbage in 1574, shows that they were then represented on that day, *out of the hours of prayer*.

We are told by John Field in his *Declaration of God's Judgment at Paris Garden*, that in the year 1580 "the magistrates of the city of London obtained from Queene Elizabeth, that all heathenish playes and enterludes should be banished upon sabbath dayes." This prohibition, however, probably lasted but a short time; for her majesty, when she visited Oxford in 1592, did not scruple to be present at a theatrical exhibition on Sunday night, the 24th of September in that year. During

"Or if you are detain'd some little space,

"*The stinking footman's sent to keep your place.*

"But if a play's reviv'd, you stay and dine,

"And drink till three, and then come dropping in."

Though Sir John Davies, in the passage above quoted, mentions *one o'clock* as the hour at which plays commenced, the time of beginning the entertainment about eleven years afterwards (1609) seems to have been later; for Decker in his *Guls Horne-booke* makes his gallant go to the ordinary at *two o'clock*, and thence to the play.

When Ben Jonson's *Magnetic Lady* was acted (in 1632,) plays appear to have been over at five o'clock. They probably at that time did not begin till between two and three o'clock.

* See the prologue to *K. Henry VIII.* and that to *Romeo and Juliet*.

† See *The Demoiselles a la Mode*, by Fleckno, 1667:

1. Actor. Hark you, hark you, whither away so fast?

2. Actor. Why, to the theatre, 'tis past *three o'clock*, and the play is ready to begin."

After the Restoration, (we are told by old Mr. Cibber,) it was a frequent practice of the ladies of quality, to carry Mr. Kynaston the actor, in his female dress, *after the play*, in their coaches to Hyde-Park.

‡ See the Epilogue to the *She Gallants*, printed in that year.

the reign of James the First, though dramatick entertainments were performed at court on Sundays, I believe, no plays were *publickly* represented on that day; and by the statute 3 Car. I. c. 1. their exhibition on the sabbath-day was absolutely prohibited: yet, notwithstanding this act of parliament, both plays and masques were performed at court on Sundays, during the first sixteen years of the reign of that king, and certainly in private houses, if not on the publick stage.

The modes of conveyance to the theatre, anciently, as at present, seem to have been various; some going in coaches, others on horseback, and many by water.*

* In the year 1613, the Company of Watermen petitioned his majesty, "that the players might not be permitted to have a playhouse in London or in Middlesex, within four miles of the city on that side of the Thames." From Taylor's *True Cause of the Watermen's Suit concerning Players, and the Reasons that their playing on London Side, is their* [i. e. the Watermen's] *extreme Hindrance*, we learn, that the theatres on the Bankside in Southwark were once so numerous, and the custom of going thither by water so general, that many thousand watermen were supported by it.—As the book is not common, and the passage contains some anecdotes relative to the stage at that time, I shall transcribe it.

"Afterwards," [i. e. as I conjecture, about the year 1596.] says Taylor, who was employed as an advocate in behalf of the watermen, "the players began to play on *the Bankside*, and to leave playing in London and Middlesex, *for the most part*. Then there went such a great concourse of people by water, that the small number of watermen remaining at home [the majority being employed in the Spanish war] were not able to carry them, by reason of the court, the tearms, the players, and other employments. So that we were inforced and encouraged, hoping that this golden stirring world would have lasted ever, to take and entertaine men and boyes, which boyes are grown men, and keepers of houses; so that the number of watermen, and those that live and are maintained by them, and by the only labour of the oare and scull, betwixt the bridge of Windsor and Gravesend, cannot be fewer than *forty thousand*; the cause of the greater halfe of which multitude hath bene the players playing on *the Bankside*; for I have known three companies, besides the bear-baiting, at once there; to wit, *the Globe, the Rose, and the Swan*.

"And now it hath pleased God in this peaceful time, [from 1604 to 1613] that there is no employment at the sea, as it hath bene accustomed, so that all those great numbers of men remaines at home; and the players have all (except the kings men) left their usual residency on *the Bankside*, and doe play in Middlesex, far remote from the Thames; so that every day in the weeke they do

To the *Globe* playhouse the company probably were conveyed by water: to that in *Blackfriars*, the gentry went either in coaches,* or on horseback; and the common people on foot.†

Plays in the time of King James the First, (and probably afterwards) appear to have been performed every day at each theatre during the winter season, † except

dram unto them three or four thousand people, that were used to spend their monies by water.

"His majesties players did exhibit a petition against us, in which they said, that our suit was unreasonable, and that we might as justly remove the Exchange, the walks in Paules, or Moorfields, to the Bankside, for our profits, as to confine them."

The affair appears never to have been decided. "Some (says Taylor) have reported that I took bribes of the players, to let the suit fall, and to that purpose I had a supper of them, at the Cardinal's hat, on the Bankside." *Works of Taylor the Water-poet*, p. 171, edit. 1633.

* See a letter from Mr. Garrard to Lord Strafford, dated Jan. 9, 1633-4; Strafford's *Letters*, Vol. I. p. 175: "Here hath been an order of the lords in council hung up in a table near *Paul's* and the *Black-fryars*, to command all that resort to the playhouse there, to gentlaway their coaches, and to disperse abroad in *Paul's Church-yard*, *Carter Lane*, the *Conduit in Fleet Street*, and other places, and not to return to fetch their company; but they must trot a-foot to find their coaches:—'twas kept very strictly for two or three weeks, but now, I think, it is disordered again."—It should, however, be remembered, that this was written above forty years after Shakspeare's first acquaintance with the theatre. Coaches, in the time of Queen Elizabeth, were possessed but by very few. They were not in ordinary use till after the year 1605. See *Stowe's Annals*, p. 967.

† In an epigram by Sir John Davies, persons of an inferior rank are ridiculed for presuming to imitate noblemen and gentlemen in riding to the theatre:

"Faustus, nor lord, nor knight, nor wise, nor old,
 "To every place about the town doth ride;
 "He rides into the fields, plays to behold;
 "He rides to take boat at the water side."

Epigrams, printed at Middleburg, about 1598.

‡ See Taylor's *Suit of the Watermen*, &c. *Works*, p. 171: "But my love is such to them, [the players] that whereas they do play but once a day, I could be content they should play twice or thrice a day. The players have all (except the King's men,) left their usual

in the time of Lent, when they were not permitted on sermon days, as they were called, that is, on Wednesday and Friday; nor on the other days of the week, except by special licence: which however was obtained by a fee paid to the Master of the Revels. In the summer season the stage exhibitions were continued, but during the long vacation they were less frequently repeated. However, it appears from Sir Henry Herbert's manuscript, that the king's company usually brought out two or three new plays at the Globe every summer.

Though from the want of newspapers and other periodical publications, intelligence was not so speedily circulated in former times as present, our ancient theatres do not appear to have laboured under any disadvantage in this respect; for the players printed and exposed accounts of the pieces that they intended to exhibit, * which, however, did not contain a list of the

residency on the Bankside, and doe play in Middlessex far remote from the Thames, so that every day in the week they do draw unto them three or four thousand people."—*Ibidem*.

* "They use to set up their billes upon posts some certaine days before, to admonish the people to make resort to their theatres, that they may thereby be the better furnished, and the people prepared to fill their purses with their treasures." *Treatise against Idleness, vaine Plays and Interludes*, b. l. (no date.)

The antiquity of this custom likewise appears from a story recorded by Taylor the Water Poet, under the head of *Wit and Mirth*, "Master Field, the player, riding up Fleet Street a great pace, a gentleman called him, and asked him, what play was played that day. He being angry to be staid on so frivolous a demand, answered, that he might see what play was plaied upon every poste. I cry you mercy, said the gentleman, I tooke you for a poste, you rode so fast." *Taylor's Works*, p. 183.

Ames, in his *History of Printing*, p. 342, says that James Roberts [who published some of our author's dramas] printed bills for the players.

It appears from the following entry on the Stationers' Books, that even the right of printing play-bills was at one time made a subject of monopoly:

"Oct. 1587. Johu Charlewoode.] Lyeensed to him by the whole consent of the assistants, the only ymprinting of all manner of billes for players. Provided that if any trouble arise herebye, then Charlewoode to beare the charges."

characters, or the names of the actors by whom they were represented.*

The long and whimsical titles which are prefixed to the quarto copies of our author's plays, were undoubtedly either written by booksellers, or transcribed from the play-bills of the time. They were equally calculated to attract the notice of the idle gazer in the walks at St. Paul's, or to draw a crowd about some vociferous Autolycus, who perhaps was hired by the players thus to raise the expectations of the multitude. It is indeed absurd to suppose, that the modest Shakespeare, who has more than once apologized for his *untutored lines*, should in his manuscripts have entitled any of his dramas *most excellent and pleasant performances*.

RECRUITING OFFICER.

FOOTE relates that the characters of this play were taken by Captain Farquhar, from the following originals:

Justice Balance was a Mr. Beverley; a gentleman of strict honour and independency, then recorder of Shrewsbury.

Another of the justices was Mr. Hill, an inhabitant of Shrewsbury.

Worthy was a Mr. Owen who lived on the borders of Shropshire.

Captain Plume was Farquhar himself.

Captain Brazen, unknown.

Sylvia was Miss Beverley, daughter of the gentleman of that name just mentioned.

Melinda was Miss Harnage, of Belsadine, near the Wreken.

The plot is supposed to be the author's own invention.

* This practice did not commence till the beginning of the present century. I have seen a play-bill printed in the year 1697, which expressed only the titles of the two pieces that were to be exhibited, and the time when they were to be represented. Notices of plays to be performed on a future day, similar to those now daily published, first appeared in the original edition of the *Spectators* in 1711. In these early theatrical advertisements our author is always styled the *immortal Shakespeare*. Hence Pope:

"Shakespeare, whom you and every play-house bill

"Style the divine, the matchless, what you will"—.

POETRY.

TO THE SHADE OF DEPARTED BEAUTY.

Spirit of her for ever flown !

O ! could thy heav'nly essence see,
While to the careless world unknown,
How much my soul laments for thee,
Perhaps 'twould please thee then to know
That he whose heart was fondly thine,
Tho' dead to all its hopes below,
Yet cherishes a flame divine !

Then would'st thou see how many a tear
Of anguish bathes these burning eyes ;
Then would thy gentle nature hear
The murmur of my ceaseless sighs !
And, O blest spirit ! then, intent,
In long succession, would'st thou find
How many a slow-wing'd night is spent,
To woo thy image on my mind !

Yet surely, at this silent hour,
When weary'd mortals sink to sleep,
Thou pitying seest, by memory's pow'r
Opprest, thy wretched lover weep,
And shed'st upon his woes a balm :—
For oft upon my troubled breast
Will steal a momentary calm,
That speaks thy hov'ring presence blest.

And oft, to list'ning fancy lone,
As griefs of wilder swell subside,
Thy voice, like music's sweetest tone,
A seraph's soothing tone, will glide,
And with it's breath attention chain :
“ A little space will pass away,
“ And we, at length, shall meet again
“ In yonder realms of blissful day !”

Liverpool.

G. W. C.

ODE

ON VISITING ———.

O grove! where erst at ease in languid trance,
 'Twas mine beneath thy sheltering shade secure
 My careless limbs to rest,
 And pass the noon-tide hours.
 Again to visit thy belov'd retreat,
 A lonely pilgrim, from the busy world,
 With lighter step I come,
 Than when I trod the scene
 Where mad Ambition urged her head-long course;
 When sickly Pleasure, mid the noisy crowd
 Of Folly's silken sons,
 Pursues her ceaseless round.
 How sweet the gale that shakes thy leafy boughs,
 And seems to breathe a welcome to my soul!
 How joyful to my ear
 The blithe birds' "simple song!"
 And o'er its bed the crystal rivalet
 Flows on, in lapses sweet, a cooling tide:
 And on its surface clear
 The busy fly now floats,
 Now waves its filmy wings.—The soften'd mind
 Feels an emotion of deliciousness,
 And blesses the best spot!
 O may the muse, that here
 A gentle visitant would oft descend,
 And prompt her votary's dreams, not now delay
 Her inspirations; coy,
 Her aid; then shall my lyre,
 Else mute, not idly, by the Zephyrs' hand
 Alone awaken'd, half unstrung hang by:
 Then shall these shades again
 With soothing notes resound!
 No foot profane dares here intruding tread,
 But should the child of guilt or pride pass nigh,
 O! let him pause, and hear
 Intent the peaceful lay?

Liverpool,

G. W. E.

TRANSLATION

OF THE GREEK ODE BY THOMAS MOORE.

Prefixed to his Translation of Anacreon.

“ ΕΠΙ ροδίοις ταπῆσι,
 “ Τηῖος ποτ’ ὁ μέλις.”

Upon a rosy couch reclin'd,
 His lyre soft-breathing to the wind,
 The Teian bard, with heav'nly fire,
 Awoke the lay of wild desire;
 Around him, votive to his pleasures,
 Cupids danc'd in amorous measures,
 Or form'd the Queen of Beauty's dart
 That pierces, thrilling sweet, the heart,
 Or for his brows a wreath entwin'd
 Of rose and azure violet join'd,
 Which, whilst his kiss each playful shar'd,
 They plac'd upon the hoary bard.

But Wisdom, heav'n's immortal queen,
 Gaz'd on their sports with envious mien:
 Ey'd the rapt Bard and joyous train
 That, wanton, bounded o'er the plain;
 And “ Hoary Sage !” she smiling cries,
 (For sophists call Anacreon wise,)
 “ Why dost thou thus thy life employ
 Devote to Bacchus, Love, and Joy,
 Nor own I boast superier charms
 To yon gay triflers' soft alarms;
 Why wilt thou e'er, entranc'd in bliss,
 Sing Bacchus' joys, and Beauty's kiss,
 Nor raise thy lyre, and, Wisdom's Bard,
 Receive from me thy best reward ?”

"O Goddess!" thus the bard replies,
 "Let not for this thine anger rise,
 That without thee the sages deem
 Anacreon wise, tho' all his theme
 Is beauty, love's delightful dream,
 The dewy lip, and eye of fire:—
 I love, I drink, I tune my lyre,
 And sport, with pleasure-beaming air,
 'Midst glowing groups of beauteous fair;
 For, as my lyre, e'en so my soul
 Moves but to Love's divine controul,
 And I beneath its blissful pow'r
 Enjoy the calm of life's short hour:
 Then Pallas say, my sage adviser!
 Am I not wise?—O who is wiser?

Liverpool.

W. M. T.

SONG.

CATHLIEN NOLAN.

FROM A TRANSLATION OF THE ANCIENT IRISH. *

When o'er the craggy mountain's sides
 The dewy cloud of evening glides,
 And sparkles in the sun's last beams—
 Whilst tripping o'er its summit, seems
 Lovely as this my Cathlien Nolan!

Her forehead to the dazzled sight
 Shines as the native pearl, as bright
 Her spiral locks as burnish'd gold—
 Would to her charms my breast were cold,
 Or I'd forgot sweet Cathlien Nolan!

When as the bounding doe she trips
 The greenwood o'er with airy steps,
 Brushing away the glistening dew,
 O then how lovely to my view
 My dearest maid, my Cathlien Nolan!

* Vide Miss Owenson's 'Wild Irish Girl.'

Loose o'er her arm her mantle flies,
 To cut the branch of Flame † she bles,
 Whilst in her hand the axe bright gleams.—
 I know not then which noblest seems

The Saxon King † or Cathlien Nolan!

Liverpool.

W. M. T.

WHAT IS LIFE?

Love, thou sportive wanton boy,
 Source of anguish, child of joy;
 What are all thy boasted treasures?
 Tender sorrows—transient pleasures,
 Ever wounding, ever smiling,
 Soothing still and still beguiling—
 Anxious hopes and jealous fears,
 Laughing hours and mourning years.
 And “what is friendship but a name,”
 A short-liv'd, shadowy, vapouring flame,
 A soft-delusive empty sound,
 For ever sought but rarely found.
 And what is beauty but a flower,
 A rose that blossoms for an hour,
 Blushing thro' fragrant tears at morn,
 At twilight drooping on a thorn.
 And what is youth?—a scene of sorrow,
 Blithe to day, and sad to-morrow,
 Never fix'd, for ever ranging,
 Laughing, weeping, doting, changing,
 Wild, capricious, giddy, vain,
 Cloy'd with pleasure, nurs'd with pain.
 And what is age?—a sapless tree,
 Bowing to winter's stern decree,
 The yellow leaf, the wither'd spray,
 Bending at life's last close of day.
 And what is death?—a welcome friend,
 That bids the scene of sorrow end. S*****

† In the language of prose ‘firewood.’ *ib.* † The King of England is still called by the common Irish ‘Riagh Sasceanach.’ *ib.*

THE LONDON THEATRES.

DRURY LANE

Opened on Thursday, the 17th of September. The following are the principal members of the company.

Mr. Bannister.	Mr. H. Siddons.
Barrymore.	<i>Smith.</i>
Braham.	Sparks.
Cooke.	Wewitzer.
De Camp.	Wroughton.
Dignum.	Mrs. Bland.
Dowton.	Miss Boyce.
Elliston.	C. Bristow.
Evans.	Mrs. <i>Daponte.</i>
Eyre.	Miss Duncan.
Fisher.	Mrs. Harlewe.
Fitzsimmons.	Jordan.
Gibbon.	Miss <i>Lyon.</i>
Holland.	Miss Kelly.
Johnstone.	Mrs. Mathews.
Kelly.	Miss Mellon.
Maddocks.	Menage
Mathews.	Mrs. Mountain.
Miller.	Miss Pope.
Palmer.	Mrs. Powell.
Penley.	Miss Ray.
Powell.	Mrs. Scott.
Purser.	Sharp.
Putnam.	H. Siddons.
Ray.	Sparks.
Raymond.	Mad. Storace.
Russell.	Miss Tidswell.

Mr. Wroughton continues the acting manager, and Mr. Shaw leader of the band.

The names distinguished by *Italics* are new engagements.—We believe the only performers of last season who do not resume their situations are Mr. Cherry and Mr. Bartley; the former is discharged, we presume, on account of his sterling merit as a comedian, and the latter because he has been the most useful and attentive performer the theatre has possessed for many years. Mrs. Whitlock, who appeared in *Elwina*, is not, as we understand, at present engaged.

SEPT.

17. *Country Girl.* Belville, Mr. Holland; Peggy, Mrs. Jordan; (their first appearance these two seasons.) Weathercock. Old Pickle, Mr. Wewitzer.

19. West Indian. Stockwell, Mr. Eyre; Louisa Dudley, Miss Boyce. No Song no Supper.

22. Wonder. Gibby, Mr. Palmer. Poor Soldier. Patrick, (first appearance on any stage) a young Lady; Father Luke, Mr. Palmer.

24. Adelgitha—Poor Soldier.

26. Love for Love—Doctor and Apothecary.

29. Pizarro. Alonzo, (first appearance here,) a Gentleman.

OCT.

1. School for Scandal—A House to be sold.

3. Honeymoon. Count Montalban, Mr. Holland. Deserter.

5. Pizarro—Devil to pay.

6. [Not acted for twenty years,] Percy. Percy, Mr. Elliston Douglas, Mr. H. Siddons; Raby, Mr. Eyre; Edric, Mr. Holland; Harcourt, Mr. Miller; Elwina, (first appearance,) Mrs. Whitlock; Bertha, Miss Boyce. Poor Soldier.

8. So dier's Daughter. Ferret, Mr. Eyre. Forty Thieves. Abdallah, Mr. Ray.

10. Love in a Village. Justice Woodcock, Mr. Dowton; Hodge, (first appearance here,) Mr. Smith; Rosetta, a young Lady, (her first appearance on any stage.) Wedding Day. Sir Adam Contest, Mr. Mathews; Mr. Contest, Mr. Ray.

12. George Barnwell—Forty Thieves.

13. Love in a Village—The Liar.

15. Provoked Husband—Forty Thieves.

17. Love in a Village—Mock Doctor.

19. Romeo and Juliet. Mercutio, Mr. Elliston. Forty Thieves.

20. All in the wrong. Lady Restless, Miss Duncan. Poor Soldier.

21. Love in a Village. Irishman in London. Colloony, Mr. Putnam.

22. School for Friends. Forty Thieves.

24. Honeymoon. Three weeks after Marriage.

26. West Indian. Stockwell, Mr. Powell. Forty Thieves.

Mrs. Jordan delighted every admirer of comic excellence by her re-appearance in the *Country Girl*, after an absence of an entire season. Her engagement, it is said, is for three years. Mr. Holland also was warmly greeted on his return to the boards. This gentleman was engaged last season by Kemble for Covent Garden, with a promise of high notice and preferment—but did he keep his word?—Yes; he immediately put his name in the bills for a character trifling in itself, and for which the actor was unfit! Mr. Holland, not feeling that his ambition was likely to be gratified by this retrograde, though, no doubt, very *friendly* promotion, instantly withdrew his name; and we are now very glad to see him returned to his old quarters. He is a very respectable actor, and a gentleman.

The lady who appeared in Patrick on the 22d, is Mrs Da Ponte, a pupil of Mr. Corri, whose voice resembles the late Mrs. Kennedy's. She has played the character four times.

The Alonzo (Sept. 29th,) is a Mr. Putnam, from the Dublin

stage, a gentleman of respectable talents, whose exertions were greatly and deservedly applauded.

Being absent from London, we could not witness the performance of Mrs. Whitlock, but we learn that she possesses, in common with the rest of her family, a good understanding, great knowledge of the stage, an expressive countenance, and more than a family portion of sensibility; but that her voice wants the requisite power for this large theatre, that her figure is not striking, and that the character selected on this occasion was neither favourable to her person, nor her capabilities. Mrs. Whitlock, soon after the brilliant *second début* of Mrs. Siddons at Drury Lane, made her appearance in *Portia*, in the Merchant of Venice; this was in February, 1783; she afterwards performed *Alicia*, but her success was not adequate to her expectation. After her marriage with Mr. Whitlock, who managed some respectable provincial theatres, she played for several years in the country. When Mrs. Stephen Kemble quitted the Haymarket, her sister-in-law was engaged in her room, and performed there one season, viz. in 1792. We remember to have seen her in *Queen Margaret* in the *Battle of Hexham*, and *Julia* in the *Surrender of Calais*, and we received considerable delight from the judgment and animation which she then displayed. Since that period she has been in America, where she was a distinguished favourite; and has only been a few months returned from that country.

Miss LYON appeared on the 10th of October in *Rosetta*, the airs of which she gave most delightfully. She promises to be one of the most accomplished vocal performers on the English stage; and, indeed, as she is, after Mrs. Billington, Mrs. Dickons, and Mrs. Mountain, there is no female at present on our boards, in this department of singing, to be named with her. Her voice is soft, clear, and melodious, correct in its modulations, and, though not remarkable for its power, sufficiently full, and capable of sustaining great exertion. The upper range of her voice is very extensive, and her execution surprizing:—with more of science, a little theatrical practice, and better taste in her *cadences*, she will be a vast acquisition to the English opera. Her figure, deportment, and general manner, are highly pleasing; and she is also far from an indifferent actress. Upon the whole the *début* was uncommonly brilliant. She is a pupil of Corri, and the daughter of Mr. Lyon, an instrumental performer of some celebrity. Mr. Smith appeared on the same evening in *Hodge*. This gentleman has been long a favourite, very deservedly, at Sadler's Wells, where in the rustic characters he displayed considerable humour. He has a good bass voice, which he manages with taste, and seems perfectly conversant with the business of the stage. He was much applauded. Downton's *Justice Woodcock* is a very rich and exquisite piece of acting.

Before the publication of this Number, Mr. Henry Siddons's Comedy will have appeared under the title of *Time's a Tell-tale*. The *Fortune-teller*, with the music of Mr. Reeve, waits only for Mr. Bannister's recovery. Braham is announced for the Travellers.

COVENT GARDEN.

Commenced its Season on Monday the 14th of September.

The Company.

Mr. Atkins.	Mr. Pope.
Bellamy.	Simmons.
Blanchard.	Taylor.
Bologna.	Thompson.
L. Bologna.	Treby.
Brunton.	Waddy.
Chapman.	Wilde.
Claremont.	Miss Bamfylde.
Cooke.	Bolton.
Cresswell.	Bristow.
Davenport.	Brunton.
Denman.	Mrs. Davenport.
Emery.	Miss De Camp.
Farley.	Mrs. Dibdin.
Fawcett.	Dickons.
Field.	Emery.
Grimaldi.	Fawcett.
Hull.	Gibbs.
Jefferies.	Humphries.
Incedon.	C Kemble.
Jones.	Liston.
Kemble.	Miss Leserve.
C. Kemble.	Martyr.
King.	Meadows
Lewis.	Norton.
Liston.	Mrs. Siddons.
Menage.	Miss Smith.
Munden.	Mrs. St. Leger.
Murray.	Miss Waddy.
W. Murray.	Mrs. Whitmore.
Oxberry.	

Mr. Kemble is the Acting Manager.

Mr. W. Ware, Leader of the Band.

The new performers in the above list appear in the place of Mrs. Glover, the best comic actress of her time in the fine ladies; Mr. Melvin; Mr. and Mrs. Beverley; Mrs. Smith, Miss Logan, and Miss Taylor. Mrs. H. Johnston has been engaged, but her appearance, for sundry *weighty* reasons, is deferred.

If in the lists of the two companies there should be any material omissions, we will willingly, on proper intimation, supply them.

COVENT GARDEN.

SEPT.

14. *Romeo and Juliet*—Poor Soldier Kathlane, Miss Meadows.
 16. *Beggar's Opera*—Raising the Wind. Peggy (1st app. here)
 Miss De Camp.

18. *Wheel of Fortune—Escapes.*
21. *Cymbeline.* Cornelius, Mr. Thompson; Imogen, Miss Norton (her first appearance here.) Farmer. Louisa and Molly Maybush, Miss Bolton and Miss Meadows.
23. *Wild Oats.* Lady Amaranth, Miss Norton. Quaker.
25. *Speed the Plough.* Paul and Virginia.
28. *Cymbeline* Rosina (1st app. here) a young lady.
30. *Provok'd Husband.* Lock and Key.

OCTOBER.

2. *School of Reform.* Mrs. Ferment, Mrs. C. Kemble. Rosina.
5. *King Henry the Eighth—Tom Thumb.*
7. *Cymbeline—Padlock.*
8. *Macbeth—Hartford Bridge.*
9. *Road to Ruin.* Goldfinch (1st app. here) Mr. Jones. Sophia, Miss Norton. And [1st time here] *Of Age To-morrow*, Frederick, Mr. Jones, Piffleberg. Mr. Liston; Mokus, Mr. Simmons; Friz, Mr. King; Lady Brumback, Mrs. Davenport; Sophia, Miss Bolton; Maria, Mrs. C. Kemble.
12. *Henry VIII.* and [1st time here] *Wedding Day.* Lord Rakeland, Mr. Brunton; Sir Adam Contest, Mr. Munden; Lady Contest, Mrs. C. Kemble.
14. *School for Prejudice.* Fanny Liberal, (1st app. in London) a young lady. Turnpike Gate.
16. *Road to Ruin—Of Age To-morrow.*
19. *Henry VIII.—Flitch of Bacon*
20. *Artaxerxes.* Artaxerxes, Mr. Taylor, Artabanes, Mr. Bellamy; Arbaces, Mr. Incedon; Rimenes, Mr. Treby; Mandane (her first appearance in that character, at this theatre.) Mrs. Dickons; Semira, Miss Bolton. *Wedding Day.*
21. *Rage.* Hon. Mr. Savage, Mr. Fawcett; Sir Paul Perpetual, Mr. Emery; Sir George Gauntlet, Mr. Brunton; Darnley, Mr. C. Kemble; Gingham, Mr. Jones; Flush, Mr. Blanchard; Signor Cygnet, Mr. Farley; Lady Sarah Savage, Mrs. Mattocks; Mrs. Darnley, Mrs. Gibbs; Clara Sedley, Mrs. Mountain. *Tom Thumb.*
22. *Pizarro—Son-in-Law.* Cranky, Mr. Blanchard; Vinegar, Mr. Emery; Bouquet, Mr. Taylor; Bowkitt, Mr. Jones; Arionelli, Mr. Incedon; Idle, Mr. Farley; Mum, Mr. Simmons; Cecilia, Miss Bolton.

Miss De Camp (September 16th) is the sister of Mrs. Charles Kemble; on the 7th of May 1799 she played *Sophia*, in the *Road to Ruin*, for the benefit of Mr. Knight. She has since been acquiring practice in the York Company, at Sunderland, and last summer at Worthing. She has the voice, action, deportment, and expression of countenance of her sister, but it is a *picture in little*. The whole is upon a smaller scale.

MISS NORTON. (21st September.) This young lady we have not yet seen in tragedy, but the report of her talents is very favourable. We shall soon be able to judge for ourselves. Miss Norton is daughter to Mrs. Norton, who was several years of the Covent Garden Company, and niece to Mrs. Martyr. She was the favourite heroine at the Pic Nic Theatre, conducted by Colonel Greville; in 1802, we think, she appeared at the Hay Market in *Emily Worthington*, and played there the whole season. She performed

Prince Arthur in Dr. Valpy's alteration of *King John*, for Mrs. Litchfield's benefit at Covent Garden in 1803; afterwards joined Mr. Macready's Company at Birmingham, and on the death of Mrs. Young (formerly Miss Grimani) supplied that amiable actress's place at Manchester.

The new Rosina (September 28) is a young lady of the name of Bamfylde; her voice is pretty but feeble. She was much alarmed, much applauded, and repeated the character a few evenings after, much to the satisfaction of the audience.

MR. JONES.—This gentleman appeared in *Goldfinch*, and *Frederick* (Of Age To-morrow.) His figure is slight and genteel, his features sharp and intelligent, his voice rather shrill, his articulation distinct, his deportment easy, and his manner full of vivacity. With these requisites, and a long acquaintance with the stage, no actor can fail in *Goldfinch*; Mr. Jones is an actor of great merit; but who can see *Goldfinch* and not think of Lewis; and what comedian can stand the comparison which such a recollection must suggest? He fell into a similar error in making choice of *Frederick*, a character as much the property of Mr. Bannister as *Goldfinch* is that of Mr. Lewis. To excel either was scarcely possible, to fall below both was highly probable. The measure therefore was more hazardous than wise; and the result so naturally to be expected has followed. Mr. Jones has shewn himself to be a clever actor, but has excited neither surprise nor curiosity. He has put on the coat which Mr. Lewis had worn 'till threadbare, and besides being old, it does not exactly fit him. We shall probably see him in characters of a more general nature; for, in truth, we consider that he has hitherto appeared under very serious disadvantages. Miss Norton's *Sophia* deserves the highest praise.

MISS STUMBS appeared on the 14th October in *Fanny Liberal*. We do not think that this young lady will find it to her advantage to continue on the stage.

Mrs. Dickons has appeared in *Mandane*. In 1792 Mrs. Dickons, (then Miss Poole,) made her *début* at Covent Garden in *Ophelia*. She played, we think, three seasons there, and was at that time a good singer; but to a fine voice are now added all the finished graces and brilliant execution which fine taste combined with great musical science can alone bestow. She was *encored* in all the principal songs, and the *Soldier tir'd* was most enthusiastically applauded. Mrs. Dickons has great merit too as an actress. Her action in *Mandane* was very graceful, and the *recitative*, so monotonous and tedious to the ears of an English audience, was even rendered interesting, by the variety of ornament with which she decorated it, and the strong expression which accompanied its delivery. But after all, charming as is Mrs. Dickons's singing, and admirable, nay divine, as is Arne's music, his must be rigid muscles indeed, that will not relax at the language and incidents of the doctor's *serious* opera.

††† A farce called *Too friendly by half*, is immediately to appear. The *Count of Narbonne* is also announced. The Count, Mr. Kemble; Theodore, Mr. C. Kemble; Austin, Mr. Pope; the Countess, Mrs. Siddons; Adelaide, Miss Norton. Mr. T. Dibdin's opera, the music by Shield, is in rehearsal; and a comedy is expected from Mr. Colman. The *Winter's Tale* is likewise getting up.

THEATRICAL INTELLIGENCE.

On returning from Broadstairs to Margate, Brabam and Storace were thrown out of a gig. The former escaped unhurt; Mad. S. had the misfortune to break her arm, but we are happy to learn that she will soon be able to attend to her engagement at Drury Lane.

Mara has declined, it is said, an offer for the Oratorio and Ancient Concert next season, intending to remain another year at Petersburg.

Young Vestris is expected in London; he is twenty-two years old, athletic but elegant, with all the elasticity of his father, and the grace of his grandfather.

Bartley, late of Drury Lane, joins Macready, who is exerting himself to procure a company which shall give satisfaction to the good people at Manchester. He will find this a difficult task. This is one of the theatrical towns where no efforts to please are effectual.

Mr. Bland, the husband of our favourite *ballad-singer*, and the brother of Mrs. Jordan, died at Boston in America about three months since.

Bannister has been for some time confined to his room with a fit of the gout.

The Drury Lane actors are about to erect a tablet to the memory of Baddeley, in return for their twelfth cake and punch on the 5th of January.

The Jealous Wife is to be revived at Covent Garden; Mrs. Oakley by Mrs. Siddons. She has played this character several times, but her representation of it is certainly not happy.

Mr. Holman and Mrs. Edwin have performed a few nights at Southampton with great success. Holman continues acting-manager of the Dublin theatre.

Cooke is not expected at Covent Garden till after Christmas.

SADLER'S WELLS.

A dreadful accident happened at this theatre on the 15th of October. In the course of the performance of the *Ocean Fiend*, a scuffle took place in the pit between some persons of the lower order, who had been riotously disposed the whole of the evening. Somebody exclaimed, "a fight," which was mistaken for a cry of fire. The House was immediately thrown into confusion, particularly the gallery; several persons dropped from thence into the pit, without sustaining any material injury; others endeavoured to make their way down the gallery stairs; but the crowd was so immense, and several persons who had first found their way out, endeavouring to return to their seats on hearing that it was a false alarm, there was thus no possibility of advancing or receding, and

eighteen or twenty persons of both sexes were either suffocated or trampled to death. Many were terribly bruised, and the list of deaths would have been greatly swelled but for the activity of the proprietors, and the exertions of the faculty, whose assistance was procured with a promptitude truly surprising.

Much as this accident is to be lamented, it is to be observed that there was no ground for the alarm that unfortunately proved so fatal; that even in case of fire the theatre is so constructed, and the water so immediately at hand, that it would instantly be extinguished. We have great pleasure in adding that the conduct of Mr. Charles Dibdin and the other proprietors, on this occasion, has received the commendation of all the parties who have officially investigated the circumstances of the accident, and they have since employed every means which humanity could suggest, to relieve the distresses of the poor relatives of the deceased. The clear receipts of two nights performance are to be appropriated to their unfortunate families.

The following instances of the fatal consequence of a false alarm in places of public amusement occurred at Burwell near Newmarket, on the 8th of September, 1797. It happened that some strollers had brought down a puppet-show, which was exhibited in a large thatched barn. Just as the show was about to begin, an idle fellow attempted to thrust himself in without paying, which the people of the show prevented, and a quarrel ensued: after some altercation the fellow went away, and the door being made fast, all was quiet; but this execrable villain, to revenge the supposed indignity he had received from the showman, went to a heap of hay and straw, which stood close to the barn, and secretly set it on fire. The spectators of the show, who were in the midst of their entertainment, were soon alarmed by the flames, which had communicated themselves to the barn: in the sudden terror which instantly seized the whole assembly, every one rushed to the door, but it happened unfortunately, that the door opened inwards, and the crowd that was behind, still urging those that were before, they pressed so violently against it, that it could not be opened; and being too well secured to give way, the whole company, consisting of more than 190 persons, were kept confined in the building till the roof fell in. This accident covered them with fire and smoke: some were suffocated in the smouldering thatch, and others were consumed alive in the flames. Six only escaped with life; the rest, among whom were several young ladies of fortune, and many little boys and girls, were reduced to one undistinguishable heap of mangled bones and flesh, the bodies being half consumed, and totally disfigured. The surviving friends of the dead, not knowing which was the relic that they sought, a large hole was dug in the churchyard, and all were promiscuously interred together. As it is not easy to conceive any circumstances of greater horror, than those which attended this catastrophe, neither is it easy to conceive more aggravated wickedness than occurred in the perpetration of it. The favour which was refused was such as the wretch had neither pretence to ask, nor reason to expect. The barn did not belong to the showman, and the spectators were admitted only upon terms, with which he refused to comply. The particulars of his punishment, or his escape, are not preserved with the story.

The accounts are many and authentic as to the atrocious act itself, and though diversified, and apparently written by different authors, agree in the truth of the story.

A dreadful accident arising from a similar cause, happened at Stirbitch in 1802.

COUNTRY THEATRES.

Theatre Royal EDINBURGH.—The unprecedented brevity of our summer season, occasions the unusual brevity of this report. A particular and copious criticism is hardly suitable to the performances of a short fortnight.

Miss Smith was our only star; a young lady of whose talents I augured most favourably many years since, though then a girl; and "without a name 'midst the daughters of fame." It was then my opinion that every thing was to be expected from her riper years and more matured judgment. As I think most highly of this juvenile performer, and entertain the most sanguine hopes of seeing her soon at the head of her profession, I will not insult her by indiscriminate panegyric or mawkish praise. Her comedy is by no means satisfactory to me. The disadvantage of a *petite* figure is not, in this department, compensated by any high excellencies. Like Mrs. Young, she is deficient in that fascinating gaiety of manner, and irresistible vivacity and variety of action, which elicit those nameless graces that captivate the heart, and enslave the judgement of even the most fastidious. Her comedy is therefore, (speaking generally) rather meagre and undorned, and in a degree pointless and ineffective.

But her tragedy merits every praise. In richness and variety of tone; in propriety and justness of action and gesture; in picturesque and impressive attitude; in a nervous, mellowed, modulation; in appropriate deportment—above all, in the discriminating delicacy of taste, by which she distinguishes and expresses the feelings and workings of the heart, she is above praise. The cast of character requiring an union of the pathetic feelings, with the more amiable passions, is, I think, the best calculated for her powers, though I allow that the peculiar modulation of voice to which she has habituated herself, with the dignified expression of her features, would rather seem calculated to delineate the more energetic passions of elevated tragedy. Her Belvidera was, upon the whole, her very best character here; her Roxalana, by far her most indifferent. She is a very great favourite, and most justly (in tragedy) obtained the unbounded applause of crowded audiences.

Of other performers I have little to say.—Megget is, upon the whole, rising fast in consideration: could he assume more confidence and firmness, it would contribute infinitely to his progress.

In consequence of Dwyer's departure, (who has gone no one knows where) Evatt has appeared in some of his first characters, with much advantage to his professional reputation. Toms has left the stage, and settled as a teacher of elocution. Rock is, I think, becoming more attentive to study, the only circumstance he has to attend to in gaining unbounded applause.

Of other matters and performers, you will soon hear from me at length.

THE BATH COMPANY.—The Bristol theatre opened on the 28th of September, with *Hamlet* and the Agreeable Surprise—*Hamlet* by Mr. Young of the Haymarket Theatre, engaged for twelve nights.

The company is as follows; and the characters annexed to the names will shew the line of business which the respective performers sustain.

Messrs. Bengough—*Iago, Pierre, Tekeli, &c.*
Lovegrove—First low comedian.

Evans—Second ditto.

Mallinson—Country boys, *Risk, &c.*

Gattie—Irish, French, and old men.

Cunningham—Pops, *Copper Captain, &c.*

Richardson—*Don Diego, Cacafogo.*

Sedley—*Cassio, Henry Moreland, Violet.*

Webber—First singer; *Lubin, &c.*

Charlton—*Brabantio, Priuli, Stedfast.*

Gomery—*Maitre-de-Ballet.*

Abbott—Cushing.—Dowland, (*Dancer.*)

Dickenson.—Egan.—Smith.—Meredith, (*The Prompter.*)

Kelly.—Sims.—Lodge.

Miss Marriott—*Belvidera, Zorayda, Lady Townly, Mrs. Haller.*

Mrs. Sedley—*Alexina, Countess Winterset, Queen in Hamlet.*

Miss Greville—First singer; *Ophelia, Rosina, &c.*

Miss Wheatley—Second singer; *Phæbe Whitethorn, &c.*

Miss Fisher—*Estifania, Catherine, Desdemona, Beatrice.*

Miss Mills—*Cicely Homespun, Cowslip, Christine, &c.*

Mrs. Grove—(From Liverpool and Edinburgh) engaged for the principal old women, but she has scarcely entered on her engagement. Her talents are known to be of the most superior kind.

Mrs. Egan—Second old women.

Miss Simmons—Pert chambermaids.

Miss Jameson—Walking ladies.

Mrs. Sims, Mrs. Gattie, Mrs. Charlton, Chorus, &c.

Principal Dancer, Miss Martin.

The theatre was opened on the 6th of October, in consequence of the Prince of Wales honouring Bristol with his presence. The morning was ushered in by ringing of bells, firing of cannon, and volleys from the volunteers—noon, by feasting and revelling, and night, by fireworks and illuminations—The playhouse was almost deserted, though even there the performers rejoiced, and concluded the comedy of the Heir at Law with God save the King, verse and chorus.

In the epilogue, Mr. Mallinson, who played Ezekiel Homespun, introduced the following couplet:

"Odds, gi'us your hands, I like these harmless tales,
"God save the King, and bless the Prince of Wales."

Mr. Young's benefit was on the 19th of October. He had a tolerably good house to *Macbeth*, and *The Hunter of the Alps*. The theatres, except on Monday nights, has been indifferently attended. On the night of the *Heir at Law*, Evans, as Lord Duberly, speaking of his library, had to tell Dick Dowlas there were a sight of French books all written by *Tom*—Tom who? was asked, the reply "*Tom Gag*"—**BRISTOL WIT!** Egerton is engaged, but has not yet appeared.

Theatre Royal, LIVERPOOL.—Mr. Conductor; To your candour as well as your critical abilities I appeal, in answer to a letter from Mr. Terry, inserted in your last number.

It has been frequently a subject of debate, whether the stage be favourable to morals; in my opinion it can admit of little doubt, for if the plays have a good moral tendency, and the actors are of unimpeachable character, it must necessarily prove an amusement at once instructive and entertaining: but the least speck or blemish upon an actor's moral character is fatal; nothing degrades and vilifies him more, for it excites our detestation and contempt, and at the recollection of his vices, the character he is performing vanishes from our sight, and we behold him in nothing but his true colours.

Under these circumstances, can it be supposed, that a play can make that impression upon an audience which it would do if the performers were men of "moral rectitude" in their dealings?—No, it is impossible. I therefore fully coincide with you in opinion, that an actor's moral conduct ought by no means to be regarded as totally distinct from his professional merits: and I also think it a duty incumbent upon every critic, not only to examine his public, but private character, and should there be found room for censure, not to let him pass with impunity, as by these means alone can it ever be hoped to make the stage a school for morality and virtue.

That Mr. Terry should imagine an "allusive obscurity" to hang over the quotation in my last, I confess surprises me, for to him there surely can need no explanation, but to his distant and uninformed friends there may, which I am both "able and ready to render;" yet, as he very justly observes, from being ignorant of the circumstance, various misinterpretations may arise tending very much to his prejudice, and as I do not, by any means, wish this to be the case, I shall merely state that the "foul deed" in question, is neither the crime of an assassin nor of a highwayman, nor is it punishable by the laws of our country; nay, it is laughed at by some, and boasted of by others; yet, it is a crime of such a nature, as must excite our indignation and contempt: even the perpetrator upon reflection must despise himself; it is described by Chamont in the following beautiful lines:

—Long she flourished;
Grew sweet to sense, and lovely to the eye,
Till at the last, a cruel spoiler came,
Cropt this fair rose, and rifled all its sweetness,
Then cast it like a loathsome weed away.

Mr. T— asserts the passage to have proceeded from folly or malignity; from the first it might, but from the latter it did not; he is an entire stranger to me, of course I have no enmity towards him; when I made use of the quotation it was not, I can assure him, with the idea of injuring him, nor was I at the time aware of the consequences that might ensue: if therefore I have erred, it has not been through wickedness, but entirely from the misrepresentations of his brother actors, who, I am sorry to say, under the assumed mask of virtue, have publicly dared to vilify his character by the most wanton and illiberal attacks. That Mr. Terry has been to blame I have no doubt, but that he has acted in the manner represented, I am happy to say has since been contradicted.

To dwell longer on a subject which must be uninteresting to every one but the parties particularly concerned, would be folly; I shall therefore take my leave of Mr. Terry and his theatrical friends, and I trust for ever; for be assured that nothing shall again induce me to issue from that obscurity to which my talents seem most appropriated, even had I the opportunity; but that will soon be denied me, as I shall very shortly take my departure for a far distant country.

Liverpool, October 4, 1807.

ARGUS.

Theatre, WORTHING.—The theatre will close this week for the benefit of the manager, whose exertions and whose talents will, no doubt, be rewarded by a crowded house. Mrs. Litchfield's engagement finished on the 10th of October, when her benefit was fully and fashionably attended. The characters she performed were *Calista*, *Jane Shore*, *Country Girl*, *Rosalana*, *Willow Cherry*, *Lady Towanly*, *Juliana* in the *Honeymoon*, *Patrick* in the *Poor Soldier*, *Cowslip*, *Mrs. Bullen*, *Irish Widow*, *Rosalind*, *Mrs. Haller*, *Cicely Homespun*, and *Lady Tearle*. *Tekeli* was brought out with a correctness and splendour scarcely exceeded on the London boards.

26 Oct.

ITALIAN OPERA.

There are to be *Two Kings of Brentford* here next season; Mr. Taylor, the late proprietor, and Mr. Waters, acting under the trust of the late manager, Mr. Goold. The former has appointed Mr. D'Egville acting manager, and the following performers are publicly announced as engaged. For the *Operas*, *Catalani*, *Prima Donna Seris* and *Prima Buffa assoluta*; *Madame Dussek*; *Signora Maria Woolrich*; *Signors Righi*, *Morelli*, *Braghetti*, *Rovedino*, and *De Giovanni*—for the *Ballet*, *Deshayes*, *Moreau*, *Robert*, *Miss Cranfield*, *Mademoiselle Presle*, and *Madame Deshayes*. Mr. D'Egville, is the *Ballet Master*, and Mr. Weichsell *Leader of the Band*.

Mr. Waters, the other monarch, has formed, or is forming, another company, of which *Naldi* and *Grassini* are, we suppose, to be the leading attractions.

The claims of these rival candidates have already called for some little adjustment from the magistrates at Bow Street, but perfect harmony is not likely to be restored without the interference of the Lord High Chancellor, who, let whoever will be manager, is expected on the present occasion to be the principal composer.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Works recently published, in the Press, or in preparation.

TRAVELS, &c.—Struggles through Life, exemplified in the various Travels and Adventures in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, of Lieutenant John Harriot, formerly of Rochford, in Essex, now Resident Magistrate of the Thames Police. A New Edition of the late Dr. Barry's History of the Orkneys, with considerable Additions, by the Rev. Mr. Hederick.

BIOGRAPHY.—Memoirs of Sir William Pulteney, by Dr. Halliday.

NOVELS.—Florentine, by B. Thompson, Esq. Three Volumes of Interesting Tales, by Mrs. Hurry. A Legendary Romance, illustrative of the domestic manners and amusements of the Fifteenth Century, by the late Mr. Joseph Strutt, and entitled "*Queen-Hoo-Hale, or a History of Times Past.*"

POETRY.—The Harp of Erin, or the Poetical Works of the late T. Dermody; edited by J. G. Raymond. A Volume of Ancient Historic Ballads, with Illustrative Notes: containing Richard Plantagenet; The Cave of Morar; The Man of Sorrows; The Battle of Flodden; The Hermit of Warkworth, and Hardyknute.

THE DRAMA.—A New Edition of Potter's Euripides. Alphonso and Clementina, or the Triumph of Reason, with a variety of other Tales and Ballads, by Mr. James Templeman.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The History, Rise, Progress, and Accomplishment of the Abolition of the Slave Trade, by Mr. T. Clarkson. Lectures on the truly eminent English Poets, by Perceval Stockdale. Sketches of Human Manners, delineated in Stories, intended to illustrate the Characters, Religion, and singular Customs of the Inhabitants of different parts of the World, by Priscilla Wakefield. Essay on Logic, by Richard Kirwan, Esq. Sir Ralph Sadler's State Papers, with Portraits, Autographs, and other Embellishments. Remarks on British Writers, by the late Rev. D. Symonds, Professor of Modern History in the University of Cambridge.



Sir Joshua Reynolds pinx.

Reynolds sculp.

Published Dec: 1st 1807; by Mathews & Leigh.

THE
CABINET;
OR, MONTHLY REPORT OF
POLITE LITERATURE.

DECEMBER, 1807.

MRS. HARTLEY.

THIS lady is still living, and we are in expectation of obtaining shortly some particulars respecting her history, of which at present little is known to the public, excepting that she was remarkable for her personal charms, and was always mentioned as the beautiful MRS. HARTLEY.

She played the principal characters in tragedy for some seasons at Covent-garden, and was a considerable favourite in *Jane Shore*, *Lady Jane Grey*, and generally such parts as required an interesting person and a pleasing delivery, without demanding much power of voice, or energetic action.

Davies thus speaks of her in his account of the *Belle's Stratagem*, in which MRS. HARTLEY was the original Lady Touchwood:

"The most severe satirist who bestows one look on MRS. HARTLEY, must be instantly disarmed, and turn all his censure to panegyric. The calm and lovely innocence of Lady Touchwood could by nobody be so happily represented as by this actress, who is celebrated for her artless exhibition of the unhappy Shore and the beautiful Elfrida." *Life of Garrick.*

VOL. II.

O o

A NOBLE RUSSIAN.

COUNT Munich, was Prime Minister of Russia, in the reign of the Empress Anna Ivanowna, and in that of her successor Ivan; was condemned to suffer death by the Empress Elizabeth, but received a pardon on the scaffold; and, instead of being beheaded, was banished into Siberia. Count Osterman, his political rival, was to have suffered death at the same time, and in the same manner: he ascended the scaffold; saw the axe and the executioner; committed his soul to heaven; laid his head upon the block; expected the deadly blow; was lifted up; had his eyes uncovered; and was told that the Empress had spared his life, but that he must go into banishment. One might ask, whether, in this instance, mercy wore the vizard of cruelty, or cruelty the vizard of mercy?—The Countess Munich had the liberty of choosing, either to accompany her husband into a wild and dreary region in the north of Asia; or to remain with her acquaintance and friends in Petersburg. Without hesitation or reluctance she chose to follow her husband.

The commanding officer of the fortress where the Count was confined, was strictly enjoined to allow him no more than the mere necessities of life: and was ordered to indulge him in no alleviation of his sufferings. But, fortunately for Munich, the Officer had served under him in the Turkish war, and was a person of a generous and humane disposition. Moved by veneration for his General, whom he had seen performing so many gallant exploits, and conceiving himself out of the reach of information, by his great distance from the capital, he did every thing in his power to soften the rigour of exile; and, among other indulgencies, permitted him the use of materials for writing, and to have some intercourse with the inhabitants of the country. The Countess found amusement, and pleasure, and relief, during many solitary years, in instructing the children of the neighbouring peasants. For this alleviation of her misfortune she was indebted to the same goodness of heart, that carried her from the gaiety of social life into the midst of a lonely desert: for had she been proud and selfish, she could not have submitted to, or been capable of, any such employment; and must consequently have

been deprived of the comfort which it afforded her. Even the discharge of her duty to her husband, and his affectionate gratitude, could not otherwise have preserved her from pining. The Count found amusement in the exercises of a well-regulated understanding; he employed himself in writing the memoirs of his life, and in drawing plans of sieges and fortifications.

But these alleviations of their captivity were interrupted. A Russian officer passing through the country, and staying some days at the fortress, observed the liberty enjoyed by Munich, and had the singular inhumanity, on his return to St. Petersburg, to inform Elizabeth of all he had seen. The dispositions which led him to inform, led him also to exaggerate. He insinuated, that the Count was plotting mischief against the Empress, or against the state: and that his plans and writings were not matter of mere amusement. Accordingly, the friend of Munich was suddenly recalled, divested of his authority, and threatened with the punishment of treasonable disobedience. But the Count, in order to exculpate his benefactor, sent all the papers he possessed, those memoirs, and those plans which were the objects of his affection, and his solace for many winters of dismal solitude: he sent them with the utmost readiness to St. Petersburg. This effort cost him a grievous pang. They were burnt. But they were an oblation offered on the altar of grateful friendship; for he had the consolation of learning, that they had been the means of preserving his friend from rigorous punishment. He had not, however, the happiness of seeing him return to Siberia.

On the accession of Peter the Third he was relieved from his captivity; and, after an exile of twenty-five years, was restored to his former honours. One of the first persons he met with at Court, after his restoration, was his old enemy and rival Count Osterman, who, as was above mentioned, had been exiled at the same time, with himself, and was now also at Court, for the first time, since his recall. What, do you apprehend, were the sentiments of these two remarkable men, on this extraordinary and unexpected meeting? They had been equally ambitious; had possessed similar political abilities; had been engaged in the same pursuits; competitors for the same pre-eminence, and of course in violent opposition to each other: they had both been disap-

pointed, had suffered similar punishment, and were now, after a long period, in the same manner, and at the same instant, released. Would any remains of their old animosity still lurk in their bosoms, and still darken their hearts? Or, rather, cured of the ambition which had formerly set them at variance, would they not regard one another with some complacency? Would they not feel as if they had met in heaven? And, despising the littleness of their former dissensions, would not the recollection unite their affections? Such, perhaps, would have been the tendency of their feelings, if the presence of so many spectators, who beheld them with gazing curiosity, had not impressed their minds with the dread of impropriety, and so restrained their emotions. The circumstances were indeed disagreeable; and the Emperor, by whose clemency they were restored, would have shewn a delicate, instead of a whimsical generosity, if he had prevented a situation so very painful. I am indeed persuaded by the following anecdote, that if the heart of Munich had been allowed to flow unrestrained, it would have flowed in a full stream of complacency.—Soon after his return to St. Petersburg, the person who had so maliciously informed against the Officer who had shewn him so much attention in Siberia, sought an early opportunity of waiting upon him, threw himself at his feet, and craved his forgiveness. “Go,” said the old man, were my heart like yours, perhaps I might seek for revenge; but as I am out of your reach you have no reason to be afraid.” An anecdote of the same kind is related of the Emperor Adrian. After his elevation to the imperial dignity, meeting a person who had formerly been his most inveterate enemy: “My good friend,” cried he, “you have escaped, for I am Emperor.”

‘Munich died not long after the accession of Catherine the Second: and I have heard, that though much solicited, he would never accept of any marks of her favour. “I am an old man,” he would sometimes say: “I have already suffered many misfortunes; and if I purchased a few years of life by the prostitution of my opinions, I should make but a bad exchange.” He had, at the time of Peter’s dethronement, given him some very spirited council: “Go forth,” said he, “put yourself at the head of the troops you have with you, or go forth alone; address the two regiments that are marching against you: Tell them you are their sovereign, the

grandson of Peter the Great; ask them if they have been aggrieved, and assure them of full redress. I will forfeit my hoary head, if they do not fling down their arms, and fall prostrate before you." But Peter was infatuated; would not follow his counsels; and was dethroned.—The Empress Catharine shewed every mark of regard and attention to the son and grandsons of Munich.

PRESSING.

This mode of procuring mariners for public service in cases of emergency, is violent, alarming, and often dangerous; bearing hard on a useful body of men, whose exposure to the warring elements, seems to render additional calamity unnecessary, and apparently inconsistent with the genius of a free government.

Yet this harsh proceeding, so contrary to British liberty, seems a prerogative inherent in the crown, from general immemorial usage, grounded on common law; and though not directly, and in express terms, authorized by any particular statute, is recognised by many acts of Parliament, which it is not reasonable to suppose would mention a practice, illegal and repugnant to the principles of the constitution, without some mark of disapprobation.

War is confessedly a great evil, and pressing, one of the mischiefs which accompany it, but it is a maxim in law as well as sound policy, that private mischiefs must be submitted to, for the prevention of national calamity, and a greater calamity cannot be imagined, than to be weak and defenceless at sea, in time of war.

I will not harrass the reader or myself by a long and pompous recitation of acts from the petitions, as they were then styled, of the fifty-seventh year of the reign of Edward the third, to the statute of the second and third of Philip and Mary, which "layeth a penalty on watermen, for obstinately withdrawing and hiding themselves in secret places and out-corners, till the time of pressing is over-passed."

I come at once to that auspicious period, the revolution, when the principles of liberty were understood and asserted,

During the reign of King William, as well as that of Queen Anne, persons under certain qualifications, and of a certain description, were exempted from pressing, under proper precautions to prevent abuse.

These exemptions clearly and incontestibly pre-suppose and prove the expediency, the necessity and legality of pressing, as without such remedies or protections the law considers every seaman as liable and subject to an inconvenience, unavoidable in a maritime country.

This subject which was thought important by that great constitutional lawyer, Sir Michael Foster, will, I hope, be considered as not wholly unworthy the attention of general readers, stripped of technical phrase, and legal jargon.

It may also tend to quiet men's minds when they are convinced, that this temporary invasion of liberty, after other various and ineffectual methods of manning the navy, have been repeatedly tried, is necessary for the welfare, and even the existence of the state, and that it is the law of the land; observing that the question of pressing freemen or landmen, is not at all affected by this declaration.

I should hope that this statement of a question, which has often afforded matter of declaration to ill-designing men, would stimulate all who are immediately or remotely concerned in commanding, or supplying the wants of the British navy, to exert themselves in alleviating the hardships, and administering to the comfort of English seamen, more particularly in preventing their being caned and insulted by *upstart striplings*.

Let us place ourselves in the situation of a man pressed at the moment of return from a long and perilous voyage, and exposed by the hard law of inexorable necessity, to be dragged from the dearest objects of love, and domestic affection, to seek for wounds and death, amidst the raging of tempests, and the noise of many waters.

C. P. B.

PAINT AND WASHES.

To you, my fair readers ! this article is particularly addressed—and, Heaven send it may have a happy influence upon some of you !

What a collection of filth and trumpery have we here !—PAINT and PASTES !—GREASE and WASHES !—choicely disposed and carefully preserved in boxes and gallipots—in pans and platters !

What a labour to live, if all these are necessary !

Know ye not the wretches who invented and compounded them ?—Why, then I'll tell you—

They were, of human form, such as made a livelihood of cheating and corrupting the understanding of frailest humanity—

They would, by the gross, sell lovely ladies (once sparkling) eyes—for no more than twelve-pence !—to be afterwards dissected, displayed and retailed in object-glasses !—

Strip softest skins ! (once pure and lilly-white, now parched and crusted !)—and vend them to beastly chapmen, for basest purposes—at less than half-a-crown a hide !—(they deserved not a comelier name, nor a better price, by that time)—

Pluck out their pearly teeth !—and wantonly sell them to idle boys, for chuck-stones, at doits a dozen !—

Their delicate nails !—they valued no more than the rude parings of their own !—

Their dainty locks !—(once descending in sweetest ringlets !)—by wicked artifice much chaanged in hue—would they next mischievously eradicate !—still drawing out, from day to day, by hairs and handfulls—till they had not left them a single hair upon their heads !

“ That was wanton cruelty indeed !—for what end could they answer ? ”

None, but the most vile—for the life was gone !—much better might be gathered among the mansions of the dead, even after several years interment !—Still they might be useful in some sort—nothing is cast away in a trading nation—they might serve to stuff cushions and pack-saddles.

Think what time you waste in deforming ; where you propose decoration and amendment !

Think to what nobler purposes, that time might be allotted !

Think what pains you take to render yourselves distasteful, whom nature had made so charming, so inviting!—sweetest of all her sweets!

A moment's reflection will point out to you, that no ingratitude towards Heaven can equal yours!

Figure to yourselves the most ghastly and horrible spectre, that ever affrighted FANCY made up!—Such is the figure of that monster, INGRATITUDE TOWARDS HEAVEN!

What lifts the head, and gracefully falls the shoulders—like conscious INNOCENCE?

What vermilion can vie with the maiden-blush of MODESTY?

Only BENEVOLENCE can add lustre to the eye.

The ear is deaf to true harmony, at which the voice of DISTRESS finds not a ready entrance.

No feeling, like PITY—no smell like the fragrant breath of LOVE—no taste, without GOODNESS.

All PAINT and WASHES are pernicious!—ye bedaub your MINDS, in the self-same instant that ye decorate your BODIES! ye leave stains there, which no fullers-earth nor time can expunge.

Believe me, LADIES!—nothing clears the complexion, smooths the skin, and keeps wrinkle at due distance—like FAIR VIRTUE and FAIR WATER.

ORIGINALITY.

THERE are few things in which critics are more liable to mistake, than in their decisions on the originality of a writer. A man who will adopt and maintain the most monstrous paradox; who will assert that Virgil was no poet; that Homer never existed: that Xerxes was an inferior satrap dependent on the great king; that Alexander was a son of Darius; and that Jason was Noah, and the ship Argo, Noah's ark; such a writer will be cried up as a miracle of original sentiment and research by some of the superficial critics of the present day; while the man of active and penetrating genius, who is really original in his perceptions and combinations, shall, because these are clearly defined, and bring conviction at once to the understanding, be considered as the retailer of trite and common-place opinions: as every man fancied he could have discovered the way to make an egg stand on its end, after Columbus had shewn the method of doing it.

THE ARTS.

No. X.

VIEW OF BARTOLOZZI'S STUDIES, AND OF HIS STYLE: HIS
WORKS COMPARED WITH THOSE OF OTHER ARTISTS.*Respectfully addressed to*

SIR M. M. SYKES, BART. SLEDMERE.

BY MR. CAREY.

Bartolozzi had the good fortune to be born on the classic ground of Italy, among scenes rendered illustrious by heroes, and sages, and patriots, celebrated by the Muses, and enriched by the noblest productions of the pencil and chissel. From his childhood he was familiar with the purest forms of nature, and the most sublime combinations of art. He was endowed with a mild temperament; a mind susceptible of the most exalted impressions; an eye quick, faithful, and discriminative; a hand, bold and capable; dispositions to profit by every great exemplar; habits of earnest application, and an ardent ambition to excel, which rarely fails to point out the path to success, and to ensure the means of celebrity.

Where other artists terminated their career, Bartolozzi commenced. His studies were founded on the only certain basis; a perfect knowledge of the human figure, in its sexual oppositions, and in all its stages of infancy, youth, manhood, and age. He was not contented with the superficial precepts of the day. He made himself master of every part of the internal structure, from the configuration and knitting of the bones, to the insertion, swell, and fall of the muscles as alternately changed in appearance by the richest varieties of action and repose. He as sedulously attended to the contours of the head, and to the bold flexible lines which mark the play of passions and distinguish characters of majesty, deep thought, and superior intelligence, from the sterile front and unmeaning flatness of mental vacuity.

Fortunately he did not confine himself to the copying of forms. Nor did he fall into the common error of mistaking the means for the end. He drew incessantly from

the antique. He looked up to the splendid monuments of taste which have immortalized the purest eras of Greek and Roman sculpture, as the great fountain of light from whence the modern world of art is to derive its perfection. He was sensible that those animated marbles, however different in age, sex, and character, derive their superior excellence from one comprehensive principle. He struggled to grasp the elevated idea, which, with exquisite conformity, cast the gigantic bulk of the Farnesian Hercules, and moulded the delicate proportions of the Venus of Medicis. The lofty symbol, which displays the utmost limits of virile power and the matchless epitome of female loveliness, were not the result of cold laborious measurements. Nor were they produced by pedantic attempts to fix a general standard of uniformity. Bartolozzi beheld in them that admirable selection and rare union of parts which, on whatever scale the figure rises, is essential to the symmetry of a perfect whole. By the light of this polar truth his mind rapidly expanded. He learned to correct blemishes in the living outline; to look beyond individual man, as he found him, debased in form and feature, by moral and physical evils, to man, the great origin and standard of the species, fresh from the hands of his creator,

* Erect and high, a fair proportion'd form,
Whose port sublime a god-like grace display'd,
Whose eye undaunted, brav'd the thunder storm.

Cold is that breast, torpid are those feelings, feeble is that conception, which can only find pleasure in some isolated pursuit of genius or particular school of art. The fine imagination, whose eagle flight spurns the range of existing nature to soar into worlds of its own creation, cannot limit its enthusiasm to a single system. Bartolozzi felt the powerful analogy between poetry, painting, and sculpture. In intervals of relaxation, he cultivated the belles lettres with avidity. Homer and Virgil, with Dante, Tasso, Ariosto, and the best moderns, united to fertilize and elevate his fancy, naturally warm and genial. His cotemporaries, with astonishment, beheld the rich harvest of his labours. By comparing the finest models, by assiduous practice, by uniting persevering energy with judicious and solid reflections, he

* From this Author's Manuscript Poems.

acquired truth and facility of execution, freedom and correctness of design, a mature judgment, animated perceptions of grace, loveliness, and beauty, and at an early age, that pure classic taste which, like an intuitive faculty, ennobled every thing he touched, and will render his works, to the highest degree, precious, in the eyes of the latest posterity.

With such distinguished practical powers as a designer and engraver, in the prime of his life, Bartolozzi quitted the shores of Italy for those of England. His reputation had preceded him. Every lover of the Arts, every cultivated mind was prepared to rejoice on his arrival. The Royal Academy enlarged the sphere of its own honours by enrolling him among its members. The ablest Painters sought to establish a more general reputation with the public, and to descend, with additional claims, to posterity, by procuring prints to be engraved by him, from their most successful pictures. He at once found a liberal encouragement for his talents. He obtained his own price for whatever he undertook. A crowd of pupils hastened to receive his lessons.—They hoped to acquire, if not some emanation from his genius, at least the profitable name of having formed themselves under so celebrated a Master.—Not only the young men who enjoyed the felicity of studying under his roof, but those who were employed by him elsewhere, and the whole body of English engravers, looked up to his works as an immutable standard. Ingenious foreigners resorted to England to imbibe his instructions. Travellers of distinction deemed it an honour to be introduced to him. He was courted by almost every literary and eminent character in the nation. In this enviable circle, beloved and respected by his pupils and the public, he gradually formed that memorable school of engraving, whose works excited the applause and imitation of Europe, threw a lustre upon that Augustan era of British Arts, the decline of the seventeenth Century, and opened new speculations to British Commerce as a lucrative export to distant regions.

From a survey of the course of his studies as a Draftsman and Designer, and a brief notice of the career of his labours, his style as an engraver becomes the subject of consideration. It is easy to get rid of the task of investigation by general terms of praise or censure, The words *fine, excellent, admirable,—bad, wretched, and execrable,*

certainly possess a powerful significance. Yet it requires but small mental resources to grace them with the utmost emphasis of fluent delivery. A liberal spirit, in rendering homage to exalted talents, disdains to acquit itself by so unworthy a subterfuge. The analysis necessary to mark distinctly the characteristics of extraordinary merit, is undoubtedly attended with difficulty: But that difficulty is lessened by a love for the subject, and it is forgotten in the hope of interesting an indolent and luxurious public in behalf of the arts, which, with the artist, are the object of impartial discussion.

Breadth, mellowness, harmony, and correctness, constitute the great principle of Bartolozzi's style. To this principle every thing is subservient, whether his mode of handling be finished stroke-engraving, or stipling, or etching with the fire of a painter, or an union of these with aquatinta. By it, his portraits, his single figures, his groups, his landscapes, his grand historical prints, all are enriched and elevated. Simplicity of execution appeared to him the fittest means to obtain his end. He never falls into the error of breaking general effect by the ostentation of a contrasted direction and crossing of stroke on each particular object. Among other able artists, the celebrated *Edelink* of the old French School, and *Wale*, the most famous of the modern engravers, for beautiful manual dexterity, were not satisfied with having introduced the latter practice with propriety, in their prints from the high-finished works of *Gerard Douw*, *Mieris*, *Netscher*, *Terburgh*, and other *Flemish painters*: They injudiciously employed it in many of their *fine historical engravings* after the great *Italian masters*.—Their several stuffs, silks, satins, metals, glass, and other substances, are so laboriously identified, as each to attract the eye, by a petty effect, at the expence of the principal parts of the composition. On the contrary, Bartolozzi, in the true spirit of an historical painter, rejects all petty identification. He only marks each subordinate object by its general character of light, shadow, form, and density. Yet the folds of his Drapery are learned and noble; and they possess an unequalled flow and majesty of determination. His trees, water, buildings, clouds, and every part of his backgrounds, are etched and finished with surprising lightness and vivacity. He intermixes etching and engraving so admirably, as to retain the freedom of the one without its roughness, and the commanding firmness of the other.

without its dryness. Although no artist ever possessed greater facility, sweetness, or spirit, of graver and point, yet he, at all times, rises superior to the *mechanical pride of elaborate tooling*. His stroke, on whatever it is employed, or however diversified, invariably melts into bold, effective masses. He leaves no busy details: nothing spotty or glaring: no affected oppositions: no part obscured or suppressed, because misunderstood or inaccessible to his power. The profound intelligence and the master-hand are every where visible. His lights are warm and rich; his shadows ample and forcible, yet free from that *blackness* which is not to be seen in nature, but which so many mistake for strength of effect. Every part rests in grand subordination. Every object is chastened by an enchanting sobriety of tone; and a charming union of spirit and softness, of lustre and repose, forms an harmonious spell in his style, and a proud superiority in his productions.

But it is in the most difficult parts of his art, and where the ablest engravers have failed, that Bartolozzi displays his greatest powers. His exquisite drawing of the naked, can only be equalled by the tenderness of his flesh and the perfect relief of his forms. The critical eye knows not which most to admire, the unbounded extent of his knowledge, his fine choice, or the unerring certainty with which he determines every part of the extremities of his figures. In this respect, Raphael's engraver, *Mark Antonio Raimondi*, in his best prints, Neptune rebuking the winds, and the loves of Cupid and Psyche; with *Mark* and *Sylvester* of *Ravenna*, and all the disciples who form the glory of Raimondi's school, are confessedly inferior. *Aeneas Vico* of Parma, and the esteemed family of the *Ghisi* of Mantua, although possessed of extraordinary merits, are alike unequal in this prime essential. But it is not these very early artists alone who rank subordinate to him. The most eminent of those men who, from their high powers in the twin arts may be justly denominated *Painter-engravers*, are each more or less beneath him. *Cherubino Alberti*, immortalized by his precious friezes after the sublime compositions of Polidore Carravaggio, and by his works after Michael Angelo; *Francesco Villamena* of Assisi, whose presentation in the temple from Paola Veronese, and St. Francis in extacy, from Baroccio, hold so high a reputation in every classic collection; *Cornelius Gort*, distin-

guished by his School of Art, from his own design, by his fine historical prints from Julio Romano, Titian and Jerome Mutian, and by his capital work, the Transfiguration from Raphael; all of those eminent engravers, although able painters and designers, so highly esteemed for the truth, boldness, and beauty of their works, fall far below Bartolozzi in their drawing of the naked figure. Of all his numerous predecessors and cotemporaries, *Agostino Carrache* the celebrated disciple of Cornelius Cort, and the brother and rival of the illustrious Annibale, is alone worthy of being classed with Bartolozzi in this superior excellence. The hands, feet, and muscular details in Agostino's historical prints, are marked with all the fire and precision of an able painter. The heads of his men are equally noble and spirited. His admirable print of the filial piety of Æneas, from Baroccio; his St. Jerome from Tintoret, and his Martyrdom and Apotheosis of St. Justina, from Paolo Veronese, are rare examples of his extraordinary skill.—His fore-shortenings are perfectly understood and happily executed. His outline is grand. His forms correct and masterly; but his females are deficient in delicacy. His draperies are slighted. His general effect and keeping are not attended to, and he wants the fascinating breadth of tint and embodied roundness of Bartolozzi's figures.

On a view of his best works, *Giacomo Frey*, deservedly esteemed the ablest finished engraver of the Italian school, approaches nearest altogether to the style of Bartolozzi. He seems to have worked upon the same general principles. His drawing was masterly. He understood the antique, and designed ably. Like Bartolozzi, he grew up among the most celebrated works of art. His cotemporaries, the disciples of *Bloemart*, *Spierre*, and *Poilly*, executed their prints in a cold, dry, insipid manner, *with the graver only*. Frey, in avoiding their monotonous effect, appears to have gone rather too far in laying in and nearly finishing all of his masses with crossings of the *etching point*. It is certain that there is a superior sprightliness and freedom produced by the etching point, but care must be taken to leave sufficient room for the sweetening touches of the graver in finishing. He generally etched rough, long dots upon the middle tints and local colours of his flesh, and upon the high lights of his draperies, skies, and other objects. This mode took away considerably from the delicacy and sweetness of

these parts. The reflections on his draperies and on the contours of his figures, are frequently obscured by the too strong operation of the aquafortis. His masses are confused by that sameness of colour which he condemned in others. Although his extremities are correctly drawn in general, yet there are parts, in his hands and feet, suppressed in shadow, apparently to hide their want of determination; and his females are inclined to heaviness. But, with all these slight imperfections, he has enriched the world with a multitude of prints engraved in a free and noble style.—In old heads, and in the emaciated expression of age in the naked, he has no superior. His angles and circles from Domenichino, his Bacchus and Ariadne, and his Aurora from Guido, are commanding specimens of his powers. His Doctors of the Church, from the latter Master, is one of the most capital productions of the art; and if it must be admitted that he is generally inferior to Bartolozzi, it must not be forgotten that the latter had the advantage of forming his style upon that of Frey—and that Frey, although second to Bartolozzi, has only one or two equals in the ancient or modern schools.

Bartolozzi's portraits have more of the breadth of Giorgione and Titian, than of the minute individuality of *Miravell* or *Janssens*. In the confined scope of this subordinate branch of the art, he has been occasionally excelled by *Masson*, *Van Schuppen*, and *Edelink*; more frequently by *Nanteuil*, the inimitable Vandyke of portrait engraving; and, in a few instances, by *Houbraken*, the celebrated engraver of the illustrious heads. *Gerard Audran* has the glory of having surpassed him in depth of historical colour, in dauntless energy of stroke, and in that unquenchable fire which burns in his battles of Alexander from Le Brun. But, in breadth and harmony of effect; in antique purity of drawing and character; in sublimity and pathos of expression; in manly youth, beauty, and symmetry; in the impassioned forms of female loveliness, joy, sorrow, and tenderness,

—————“which, wove in Fancy's loom,
Float in light vision round the Poet's head,”

MASON.

Bartolozzi rises, the son of the Graces, the Raphael of his art, filling nearly the whole scale of perfection, far—far indeed, beyond the reach of every competitor.

After having for nearly forty years possessed the highest station in the British school of arts, there was but one circumstance wanted to consummate the fulness of his honours, at the close of a life of nearly eighty years. This circumstance has taken place in the memorable spectacle of two distant Kingdoms contending for the possession of this illustrious and venerable artist. England, from which he has withdrawn his light, universally deplores his loss as a national misfortune. Portugal, no doubt at this moment, exults in his acquisition as a national good. Europe, interested in the destinies of a man born to give an impulse to ages, declares it equally glorious to the talents of Bartolozzi and to the liberality of the Portuguese Monarch who invited him to his dominions, in the confidence of deriving sufficient illumination from his setting sun, to direct the taste of his subjects and their posterity.

ONE TRAIT OF OLIVER CROMWELL.

To his Highness the Lord Protector of the commonwealth of England, Scotland, and Ireland,

The humble petition of Marjery, the wife of William Beacham, mariner, sheweth, That your Petitioner's husband hath been active and faithful in the wars of this commonwealth, both by sea and land; and hath undergone many hazards by imprisonment and fights, to the endangering of his life; and at last lost the use of his right arm, and is utterly disabled from future service, as doth appear by the certificate annexed: and yet hath no more than forty shillings pension from Chatham by the year; that your petitioner, having one only sonne, who is tractable to learn, and not having wherewith to bring him up, by reason of their present low estate, occasioned by the publique service aforesaid, humbly prayeth, that your highness would vouchsafe to present her said sonne Randolph Beacham, to be scholler in Sutton's Hospital, called the Charter-House.

“OLIVER, P. We referre this petition and certificate to the Commissioners of Sutton's Hospital.”

A Letter sent by Oliver to his Secretary on the above Petition.

“You receive from me, this 28th instant, a petition of Marjery Beacham, desiring the admission of her son

into the Charter-House. I know the man, who was employed one day in a very important secret service, which he did effectually, to our great benefit and the commonwealth's. The *petition* is a brief relation of a fact, without any flattery. I have wrote under it a common reference to the commissioners, but I *mean* a great deal more; that it *shall* be done, without their debate, or consideration of the matter: and so do you privately hint to —.

“ I have not the particular shining bauble or feather in my cap, for crouds to gaze at or kneel to; but I have power and resolution for foes to tremble at. To be short, I know how to deny petitions; and whatever I think proper, for outward form, to referre to any officer or office, I expect that such my compliance with custom shall be also looked upon as an indication of my will and pleasure to have the thing done. See therefore, that the boy is admitted.

“ Thy true friend,

“ July 28, 1655.

OLIVER, P.”

Thus it is always, when tyranny gains the ascendant: the forms are preserved, the substance is gone. And thus it was in ancient Rome: consuls, prætors, tribunes, and other officers, were elected duly and in form, long after the empire had lost its liberty, and all were subjected to the will of one. It is curious to observe, with what apparently conscientious respect Tiberius, for instance, abstained from interfering with these personages; either at their elections, or with their deliberations in the senate; while the dissembling tyrant was the capricious and arbitrary director of the puppets, and the sole spring of every movement. Perhaps other nations might be found, who have fancied themselves free, because in possession of ancient and known forms, though the substance or vital spirit of liberty was really departed, and some secret influence has governed the whole: and perhaps the *progression of manners*, as it has been called, and the necessary course of human things, will always have it so.

S.

THE COLLECTOR.

No. III.

Undique collatis membris.—HOR.

LOVE AND LUST.

It is common with men and women of a *certain* description, to ridicule sentimental attachments, and to insist that the two words which stand at the head of this article, are one and the same thing.

More than forty years ago, a licentious female endeavoured to support this unfounded and degrading theory, by telling, and in my opinion fabricating a story, which she meant as an apology for her own conduct.*

If this wretched woman could have proved that the noblest and most generous of all passions, was only brutal appetite, and that both sexes, indiscriminately, and without exception, acted upon mere animal impulse, in their intercourse with each other, she would by this means have rendered the whole human species her associates in vicious indulgence.

Her false and flagitious mode of arguing was eagerly encouraged by the weak, the wicked, and the sensual, who thought it a *glorious apology* for themselves; but it was at the time successfully attacked: the following is her narrative.

“ In a village near London, lived a surgeon of repute, whose family consisted only of himself, his wife and daughter; within a few doors, an officer’s widow resided, with a little boy, her only child; professional occasions had first produced, and a similarity of dispositions, pursuits and amusements, had still kept up an intimacy between the parties. The children went to the same school early in life, and as they grew up, a reciprocal attachment was formed, without any verbal declaration on their part, or its being at all noticed by their parents.

“ At the age of seventeen, the young man, by the interest of his friends, received an appointment on board a king’s ship; visiting his neighbours the day he quitted home to take leave of them, little was said by the young people, but their looks and manner of separating sufficiently expressed what they felt.

* Mrs. Catherine Phillips.

“ Soon after the young sailor's departure, an alteration was observed in the health and appearance of the young woman; she lost her spirits, her appetite, and sleep; symptoms of a consumption came on, and after various efforts for her relief, her complaints ended in madness, and she was placed in a receptacle for patients of that description, where she remained six or seven years, apparently in a state of irrecoverable insensibility, till the following incident awakened the attention of her unhappy family.

“ Her mother who visited her most days, had on one occasion carried a few sweetmeats, but not being able to prevail on her daughter to taste them, had left them on a table in her room; the paper in which they were wrapped, was afterwards found under her pillow, with the name of her former school-mate pricked with a pin on various parts.

“ Though the cause of her melancholy cannot have escaped the observation of my readers, it had not hitherto occurred to the unhappy father; but when this little incident was related to him, a ray of light burst at once upon his mind; he saw his only child evidently precipitated into a state, far more deplorable than death, by despairing love.

“ In this, as in other diseases, it was hoped that when the cause was ascertained, the remedy might easily be found; but the widow had for several years resided in a remote county, in the north of England, and her son, the ship having been ordered to the East Indies, had not been seen or heard of for three years. On further enquiry, the anxious parents understood, that he was soon expected to return; and it was determined to take no further step till that time.

“ In a few weeks, the arrival of the ship was announced, and he repaired, soon after landing, to the village where he had passed the most pleasant moments of his life; but heard, before he reached the surgeon's, the melancholy news. Hastening to the house of affliction, his visit, so well-timed and unsolicited, his tender enquiries, his generous sympathy and condolence, considerably diminished the anxious apprehensions of the unfortunate parents.

“ They informed him, without reserve, of every minute particular respecting the young lady, when he pro-

fessed himself not only ready, but anxious, by every means in his power, to forward the recovery of a beautiful, and amiable woman, whom he had always loved; insisted, on seeing her, and as introductory preparation did not seem necessary, in a case where hope and fear were extinguished, they conducted him to her cell.

"On opening the door, he started back with horror and surprize; the object he beheld was the remains of a form and a mind, which had once interested and pleased all who beheld it; of one, whom he had left in the bloom of health, animation and beauty; with roses on her cheeks, sensibility and good sense beaming from her eyes, the pride of her parents, the enlivener of all her associates;—alas, how changed! her countenance pale, squalid and emaciated; her eyes, with fixed insensibility, rivetted to the ground; her hair dishevelled, her dress neglected; she was reclining on the floor, with her head resting on one of her hands.

"The company not at all attracting her attention, the young man suppressed, as far as he was able, those emotions which so sad a reverse naturally produced, and ventured to approach her.

"Gently pressing the unoccupied hand, which lay on her side, she turned her eyes on him, as if they passed over an empty space, and immediately relapsed into torpid listlessness; he then called her by name, when strange to tell, at the sound of that well-known voice, which had so often charmed her ear, her memory and faculties seemed to be suddenly awakened; she changed her attitude, and, after a recollective gaze on the object of her affections, in which fear, doubt, and joy were mingled, she sprung from the ground, burst into tears, and rushed into his arms.

"A medical gentleman, who had been requested to attend, saw the tears with considerable satisfaction; they were the first she had shed during the whole of her indisposition, and were thought favourable.

"The lovers were separated for the present, but as her senses gradually returned, his visits were repeated, when it was observed, that she was anxious to alter her dress; at the end of three months, being pronounced perfectly recovered, she was married to the man of her heart.

"The happy father would not suffer them to quit his hospitable roof; and at the end of ten months, she be-

came the mother of a fine boy ; it was during the interval of her confinement on this occasion, that her husband was suddenly called to the north, by the dangerous illness, and afterwards detained by the death, of his mother.

“ He was absent six weeks, on various family concerns ; but flying on the wings of affection to his wife and child, and travelling the last fifty miles in a night coach, he arrived soon after day-break at the village where she resided ; the servant at the moment of his approach was opening the windows of the house in which they lived.

“ In a transport of impatient delight, he hurried to the bedchamber of his wife, whom he found in bed, asleep, and in the arms of her father’s assistant.

“ Struck with horror and astonishment, he had neither resolution nor inclination to awake the guilty couple, but instantly quitted the house, to which he never returned.”

Such are the circumstances related by an infamous woman, who concludes with remarking, that purity is only a mask to conceal vicious inclinations ; that love is no more than a refined phrase for lust. Her narrative is improbable as a fact, and unnatural as a fiction ; it is the fabrication of a prostitute, who endeavours to confound pure and tender affection with sensual appetite.

It is a base, but vain attempt to degrade man, and through him, his Maker ; if we are once convinced that we are brutal by nature, we shall soon become so by habit ; if we once believe that vicious indulgence is common to all, but concealed by the cunning and the prudent ; the general fashion will be to hide, rather than suppress wicked inclinations ; to preach morality rather than to practise it.

But I appeal, without hesitation, to the heads as well as the hearts of the majority of mankind ; I confidently ask them, if there is not a passion, which independent of reason, interest, and education, is tender, faithful, constant, and virtuous ; as different from gross sensuality as the military gallantry of General Wolfe, from the mercenary selfishness of a commission-broker ; or the heroic ardor of Lord Nelson, from the cautious prudence of a borough admiral, who knows no battles but those of the bottle, and is better acquainted with cookery than fighting.

LETTER II.

ON COLLECTIONS OF THE BRITISH POETS.

ADDRESSED TO THOMAS PARK, ESQ. F. S. A.

SINCE the last hasty observations I addressed to you on this (to me peculiarly interesting) subject, a few other remarks have occurred, which, should they ever meet your eye, will not, I hope, prove totally useless.

The authors which I took the liberty of enumerating as unworthy of a place in the collection you are now engaged upon; were only such as had been inserted in former collections, but there will be a still greater necessity for the exertion of your taste in the selection of more modern authors. We well know that as the writers of poetry encrease in number, the majority will be composed of those who have no higher claim than that of mediocrity; and many through the caprice of fashion, the glare of title, or the *novelty* of their folly have obtained a temporary fame, whose works it is sincerely to be hoped will never disgrace a collection of the national bards.

But if from this circumstance *your* task will be difficult, how much more so will be that of the future editors, who are doomed to hesitate over the puerilities and wretched absurdities of Wordsworth whilst they admire his originality, to see the name of the elegant author of the "Triumphs of Temper" affixed to a volume of tales and ballads that would disgrace a school-boy; and the sublime poet of Joan of Arc and Madoc, swelling the bulk of his works with compositions that he himself must certainly despise.

I should be sorry to be thought profane, as I do not imagine that impiety is necessary to the character of a wit; I therefore hope you will acquit me of being swayed by that motive when I protest against the admission of the whole of Watts's works; for I cannot believe *that his piety* ought to be allowed as an excuse for his bad poetry.

There are two objections to thus selecting an author's best compositions, which have doubtlessly considerable

force ; it prevents us from viewing him in his real character as a writer ; and it also prevents the youthful poet from observing the minute gradations by which an author arrives at eminence : from seeing none but their better efforts, he may almost despair of excelling in a science which, though some of the greatest requisites are certainly the gift of nature alone, is still a science in which perfection is only to be attained by study and practice.

But we have the example of other nations in thus making a selection from the works of our native bards ; Sir William Jones informs us that a work was published at Constantinople, containing the *finest* verses of *five hundred and forty-nine* Turkish poets : I believe the French have also sometimes done the same ; and the above objections I do not look upon of sufficient force, to obviate the inconvenience of admitting so much inferior matter into a collection of British poetry.

It is intended that the lives of the poets should accompany the present edition, and those of Johnson have already been published ; these undoubtedly no one will object to, for his harsh strictures on Gray, Milton, &c. only excite our smile, as we are aware of their injustice ; and the errors of some of his opinions ought not to destroy the pleasure which the accuracy and critical acumen of others, and the elegant and forcible diction in which they are clothed will ever afford. The other lives we are promised from your own pen. I should think that they would be rendered more interesting by the lives of the greatest authors being given on Johnson's plan, and those of the inferior writers being reduced to a mere statement of dates, unless they contained something very remarkable. I have now, Sir, to apologize for my inability to treat the subject in the manner which I certainly think it deserves ; and, to add to my disadvantages, I unfortunately omitted a few lines in copying my last essay, which were necessary to connect the first sentence with those which follow it : but if my opinions are just, my inaccuracies of style may perhaps be excused.

I remain, &c. &c.

Liverpool, 11 Nov. 1807.

W. M. T.

ANNA LOUISA DARBACK, OR KARSCH.

THIS extraordinary female was born in 1722, upon the borders of Lower Silesia, at a small hamlet, called Hammer. Her father, a brewer and alehouse-keeper, was the principal of seven poor inhabitants, but died when she was not above seven years old. Her grandmother's brother, an old man of good understanding, who lived in Poland, had taken her home to his house a few months before this happened, and taught her to read and write. To this uncle she addressed a poem, which is in her printed collection. She continued with him about three years, and then returned to her mother, who, it seems, had married again. The misfortunes which constantly attended her till she was near forty began at this period. Her first employment was the care of her brothers-in-law; but she soon quitted that, in order to attend upon three cows, which were her parents' whole stock. The first signs of her natural inclination to poetry then made their appearance, by an uncommon desire to sing. She knew an hundred church hymns by heart, and sung them at her work, or whilst watching the cattle. Her inclination soon prompted her to write verses, but she did not afterwards recollect any part of that first essay of her uncultivated genius: which was accidentally assisted by a neighbouring shepherd, who, although separated by a small river, contrived to lend her a few books; *Robinson Crusoe*, the *Asiatic Banise*, a German romance, and the *Arabian Nights Entertainments*, composed their whole library. She read these works, perhaps as proper as any to keep alive the fire of the imagination, and to enlarge the view of fancy, with great pleasure. But this happiness was soon at an end, and she was obliged to return to her former attendance upon children, in which, and other laborious employments, she reached her 17th year. At this period, her mother provided her a husband, Darback, a woolcomber, who obliged her to prepare all the wool which he used; besides which, she had the whole business of the house to manage, and could find no time to indulge her natural propensity to writing verses and reading, except a few hours on Sunday, when she wrote down the poems she had composed during the week. After having been married nine years, she was

released from this drudgery by his death; but her mother soon engaged her to another, Karsch, who was much worse than the first. This was the most unfortunate part of her whole life, as with all the hardships of an unhappy marriage, she had still to encounter extreme poverty; but even in these circumstances nature had a surprising influence over her genius. She saw some poems, written by a clergyman named Schone-mann, who is well known at Berlin to have been at times affected, after a violent fever, with a sort of madness, during which he always spoke and preached in verse. Although the bulk of this extraordinary man's performances rather indicate a disordered imagination than the inspiration of the Muses, she found in them something which awakened her own genius.

She now became more desirous than ever to follow the natural bent of her disposition, and was at last encouraged by several persons to proceed, particularly by professor Meyer, of Halle, who was no otherwise acquainted with her than by having seen one of her poems, which were first committed to the press.

She removed to Great Glogau in 1755, with her husband and children, where she gained the liberty of access to the shop of a bookseller, and read much, but without any settled plan. The use Mrs. Darbach (as she always chose to be called) made of this privilege, appear throughout her poems.

The remarkable war which ended in 1764, and the king of Prussia's great exploits, gave new scope to her genius. The battle of Lowoschutz occasioned her first triumphal ode, and she soon after perused the military songs of a Prussian grenadier, some of Romler's odes and Mrs. Unzer's poems. Her subsequent productions, on occasion of her sovereign's victories, plainly shew the effect they had upon her, and are proofs of a poetical genius already come to maturity.

She continued, however, still oppressed by poverty; but Providence was pleased at last to release her from a very deplorable state, under which few would be able to support themselves.

Baron Cottwitz, a Silesian nobleman, who had long been celebrated for many amiable qualifications, became acquainted with her in the year 1760, as he was travelling through Glogau. He pitied her distress, and carried her to Berlin, where she became acquainted with

several men of learning who were judges of poetry ; her genius then shone with the greatest lustre, and she was much caressed at the Prussian court. In an edition of her poems, from the preface of which the preceding narrative is taken, written after this happy change of fortune, are a few remarks on Madame Darbach's genius, which we shall subjoin.

“ Plato, in his discourse called *Io*, lays it down as the character of a true poet, that he delivers his thoughts by inspiration, himself not knowing the expressions he makes use of. According to him, the harmony and turn of the verse produce in the poet an enthusiasm, which furnishes him with such thoughts and images as in a more composed hour he would have sought in vain.

“ This observation is verified in our authoress, who, without design, without art, and without instruction, is arrived at a wonderful perfection in the art, and may be placed among poets of the first class. It is from this cause she has been more successful in such pieces as were written whilst her imagination was warm, than in those which she has composed coolly, deliberately, and in leisure hours ; the latter always bearing some marks of art, and betraying the absence of the muse.

“ Whenever she is in a particular manner struck by any object, either in her solitary hours, or when in company, her spirits immediately catch the flame ; she has no longer the command of herself, every spring of her soul is in motion ; she feels an irresistible impulse to compose, with quickness commits the thoughts to paper with which she is inspired ; and, like a watch just wound up, as soon as her soul is put into motion by the impression the object has made, she expresses herself in poetry, without knowing in what manner the ideas and figures arise in her mind,

“ Another and more nice observation of Plato's is, that the harmony and turn of the verse keep up the inspiration. Of this truth likewise our authoress is a living instance. No sooner has she hit upon the tone, as she calls it, and the foot of the verse, but the words go on fluently, and she is never at a loss for thought or imagery. The most delicate turns of the subject and expression arise in her mind (while she is yet writing) as if they were dictated to her.”

Of her extempore performances, we have an excellent specimen in that beautiful Ode, *Sacred to the Memory of*

her deceased Uncle, the Instructor of her Infancy, written in the year 1761, at a time when she happened to be engaged in company of the first rank at Berlin: it consists of eight stanzas of six lines each, of which the third and sixth have nine syllables, the others ten. It seems, whilst she was in this select party, she was touched, by a sudden reflection, with a keen sense of the great difference between her present condition and the early part of her life, and of the great obligation she was under to the good old man, who, by his tender care and instruction, had laid the foundation of her present happiness. Overcome with the sense of this, and with a heart replete with gratitude, she could contain herself no longer, but, before all the company, poured forth the overflowings of her soul, nearly in the following words:

“ Arise from the dust, ye bones that rest in the land where I passed my infant years. Venerable sage, reanimate thy body; and ye lips that fed me with the honey of instruction, once (more) be eloquent.

“ O, thou bright shade! look down upon me from the top of Olympus. Behold! I am no longer following the cattle in the fields. Observe the circle of refined mortals who surround me, they all speak of thy niece's poems. O listen to their conversation, thy praise!

“ For ever flourish the broad lime, under whose shade I was wont to cling round thy neck, full of tenderness, like a child to the best of fathers, whilst thou wast reposing thyself on the mossy seat, tired as the reaper with the fatigues of a sultry day.

“ Under yon green-arched roof I used to repeat to thee twenty passages in praise of God supreme, though they were much above my comprehension; and when I asked thee the meaning of many a dark sentence in the christian's sacred records.—Good man! thou didst explain them to me.

“ Like a divine insable vest, who, from the lofty pulpit, points out the way that leads to life, so didst thou inform me of the fall of man, and the covenant of grace; and I, all raptures, snatched the words from thy lips with eager kisses.

“ Thou inhabitant of some celestial sphere! behold the silent tears of joy; may they often roll down my cheeks. If thou canst speak, dear shade, tell me, didst thou ever conceive any hopes of my present fortune and honour, at

a time when my eyes were successively engaged in reading, every day improving?

"When at thy side on some rosy bank I sat, weaving into chaplets for thy temples the flowers my little hands had gathered, and looking up to thee, smiling filial love; Did thy soul then presage the good things that are now come to pass?"

"Mayest thou be clothed with three-fold radiance, and mayest thou be refreshed with the emanations of divine complacence more than the soul of thy companions! May every drop of temporal pleasure, with which my cup of joy overflows, be rewarded unto thee with continual draughts from the ocean of eternal beatitude"

"The complimentary verses on the departure of our queen for England, are pleasing and proper for the purpose. Some written on the death of Prince Henry of Brunswick (both of which appeared in English verse, in the Annual Register for 1764), contain the following beautiful thought:

"Thus, by a skilful workman's aim,
Late tow'ring to the sky.
A cedar falls, design'd to frame
An idol-deity;

Which soon the worship of mankind,
And incense, shall receive:
My hero thus in every mind
Immortaliz'd shall live."

We are sorry to see, in a later work, that Mrs. Karsch was suffered to languish afterwards in poverty and obscurity. She died about the year 1780.

DIALOGUE

BETWEEN AMBITION AND IDLENESS.

Ambition. How can you exist in such a state of indolence?

Idleness. How can *you* exist who go through so much toil?

Ambition. I am born for action, I could not live without it.

Idleness. I am born for repose, *I* could not live without *that*.

Ambition. You talk of nothing but repose.

Idleness. Nor you but of inquietude.

Ambition. But what pleasure can you feel in being always idle, and undertaking nothing ; forming no plans, and always remaining in the same place ?

Idleness. And what can be *your* pleasure in undertaking every thing and achieving nothing ; always in motion and never gaining any thing by it ; forming all manner of schemes and never arriving at your object ?

Ambition. You are mistaken. I have one object which I have every hope of attaining ; and that is repose, after I have executed all my designs.

Idleness. If it is commendable in you to seek for repose, surely I am not to be blamed for enjoying it now. You are about to set out on your journey, but I am at the end of mine already ; you acknowledge you must meet with many difficulties and dangers on the road ; now I am at home, and in possession of what you only *hope* to get at some distant period—without any difficulty, any anxiety, or any danger.

Ambition. Of what use is a man who does nothing but sleep ?

Idleness. Where is the use of running after mere wind and smoke ?

Ambition. But you acquire nothing.

Idleness. And you enjoy nothing.

Ambition. I shall some day or other.

Idleness. And I enjoy it already.

Ambition. Very little will content you it seems.

Idleness. And you have not even a little to be contented with.

Ambition. But will you never part with that indifference which renders you contemptible ?

Idleness. Or you with that restlessness which makes you importunate and troublesome.

Ambition. Too much sleep is injurious to health.

Idleness. Too little is much more so.

Ambition. For my part, I find it good for me to be in action, and to busy myself about public affairs.

Idleness. If you are the better for being agitated by the tempest, I am not the worse for retiring from it ; the fish which sleeps at the bottom of the water is better off than one which is floundering about in the net of the fisherman.

Ambition. A little of my vigour would do you good.

Idleness. Some of my tranquillity would do you no harm.

Ambition. I am afraid what you call tranquillity is merely sluggishness.

Idleness. And your vigour, I conjecture, is downright rashness.

Ambition. Of what benefit are waters that never flow.

Idleness. Or torrents and rivers that exhaust themselves by their rapidity.

Ambition. I hate that *dead calm* which prevents the vessel from proceeding on her voyage.

Idleness. And *I* the tempest which sends it to the bottom.

Ambition. Heaven preserve me from that numbness of the nerves which threatens a paralysis.

Idleness. And me from that convulsion of the limbs which precedes a violent death. * —

MORE OF KOTZEBUE'S PLAGIARISMS DETECTED.

MR. CONDUCTOR,

You have pointed out the source from whence two of the *novelettes* of Kotzebue lately translated, have been derived, viz. The *Little Lie*, and *Shun even the Appearance of Vice*, from the *Adventurer*. [See Vol. I. p. 321, and p. 72 of the present volume.] I have now to remark a *third* instance of theft. The *Enthusiast* (perhaps the best story in his volume) is merely a translation of Marmontel's *Happy Divorce*.

I hope for the credit of Kotzebue, certainly a writer of powerful genius, that in the original German publication, he *named* the authorities from which he borrowed these novels; and that the omission of such acknowledgment is to be attributed to the English translator, or to the bookseller, who may have chosen to palm the work upon us as an original production of Kotzebue, from mercenary motives.

Yours,

A READER.

ON SCANDAL.

“THE right the public has to judge of every thing, has produced many virtues, and checked many vices. Without the dread of the public decision, how many heroes * would have degenerated from that character; how many peaceful warriors should we have; how little would the virtues be amiable; how terrible would the wicked be! The exhortation of fathers, the natural affection of children, the fidelity of husbands, the virtue of wives, all these would be of little force if it were not for this short sentence, ‘what will the world say?’ which keeps every one in awe.”

In fact, for one instance where scandal originates in malice and inveteracy, in a thousand it proceeds from a desire of flattering the company present in an indirect manner, as no man is heard with so little complacency, as he who is always trumpeting the praises of an absent person, which is often an oblique censure on the hearers. The effect of the reverse needs no comment.

To exemplify this, let us suppose an ill-bred and a well-bred man making a visit to a friend in the country after leaving the house of a man of superior opulence. The first will be continually extolling the place he has left, and speaking in raptures of the fine wines, beautiful gardens, and splendid establishment of his former host. The other will take every opportunity of hinting how much he prefers the genteel elegance of a moderate, yet frank hospitality, to scenes of expensive ostentation. It is obvious here, that the conversation of one will be considered as censure, hardly concealed beneath the common forms of civility, the other as the most refined applause. This shews itself in commoner things. Every vulgar person has a kind of demi-god, a Mr. Jones, or a Mr. Smith, whom he brings forward on all occasions as a model of perfection, which is always received with disgust by the company, and indeed frequently draws on the object of the panegyric that kind of satire which is derived from more malignant principles.

* Alexander, in one of his most perilous enterprises, exclaimed, “O Athenians! what do I undergo for the sake of being celebrated by you!”

What the poet says of the ladies is not confined to them alone:

"Who praises Cælia's form and feature
Must call her sister awkward creature."

This mode of flattery, however, must be used with great caution; for the habitual exercise of it is apt to degenerate into general defamation, especially among those who have few other means of making their conversation interesting, and recommending themselves to society; and such a habit, though not first founded on malevolence, is in its consequence extremely dangerous. But it is material that our preachers and moral writers should take this very common source of defamation more into their consideration than they usually do. How can a physician prescribe a remedy, if he has mistaken the cause of the disease? It is in vain to dissuade people from a practice, by imputing it to envy and ill-nature, when they are conscious from their own feelings that it proceeds from a motive directly opposite, a species * of good-nature, sometimes indeed extravagant and misplaced, and of pernicious tendency, but arising from a desire of conciliating the favour of others, and putting them in good-humour with themselves.

ANTIQUITY OF THE ROUND ROBIN.

THE ancients, not to give the preference to any, either among their gods or their friends, or even their servants, wrote their names in a circle, in such a manner that it was impossible to say which was first, second, or last in their estimation: all were equal, and the honour was equally divided. The Romans wrote the names of their slaves in a circle, that it might not appear to which they meant to give their liberty, and who were their favourites.

* A polite behaviour can never be long maintained, without a real wish to please; and such a wish is a proof of good-nature. No ill-natured man can be long well-bred. No good-natured man, however unpolished in his manners, can ever be essentially ill-bred. From an absurd prejudice with regard to good-nature, some people affect to substitute good temper for it; but no qualities can be more distinct: many good-tempered people, as well as many fools, are very ill-natured; and many men of first-rate genius, with which perhaps entire good temper is incompatible, are perfectly good-natured.

REVIEW OF BOOKS.

PROBATQUE CULPATQUE.

A New Spanish and English Grammar, divided into two parts : the first part containing all the Spanish words abstractedly considered, and inflected under their respective heads ; the second containing the Spanish Syntax, illustrated by a selection of elegant and entertaining extracts from some of the best Spanish Authors. By Thomas Planquais, Grammarian, Teacher of the Spanish, Italian, and French Languages. 8vo. p. 494. London, 1807.

To render languages in composition as intelligible to the understanding, and by pronunciation to the hearing, as by types they are expressive to the eye ; they must, for the illustration of their elementary principles, letters, syllables, words, and sentences, be reduced to grammatical rules. To explain these rules, as they apply to the Spanish language, is the object of this grammar, which is divided into two parts.

The first treats of the rules of pronunciation (taken from the Acad. Esp. Ortog. 6 ed.) with the position of the accent upon the proper syllable of each word ; and afterwards distributes all the Spanish words into the nine parts of speech, each of which is explained in a separate chapter.

The second treats of the construction of sentences, explains the general syntax common to all languages, and the particular one proper to the Castilian tongue, founded upon the government of its nouns, pronouns, and verbs, the effect of its prepositions, and upon its directing these nouns and pronouns into either of the six cases, which have each been invented, and called by a proper name, the better to determine and harmonize the language.

As this explanation of the Spanish words and sentences is to impart useful knowledge, instruct the mind and agreeably divert it, the third chapter of the first part is illustrated with a copious and entertaining vocabulary of select Spanish words of almost every class ; and all

the chapters of the second part with a variety of elegant extracts from some of the best Spanish authors. In these, to keep up the attention of the learner through the dryness of the syntactical rules, stimulate his understanding, and incite him to compare the grammatical construction authorised by those writers, the Castilian syntax is pointed out by Italic letters upon every separate part of speech, in the appropriate part of the sentence, that he may correctly learn how to express himself either in speech, or composition.

Glory of the Heavens. By the Rev. T. Bazely, A. M. Chaplain to the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Lincoln. 12mo, pp. 169. Longman. 1807.

The present is an attempt, and a very successful one, to convey an adequate idea of the heavens to those who have made no proficiency in astronomical science, and to impress their minds with a proper notion of the magnificent works of creation; referring to the celestial phenomena, not as articles of science, but as an incentive to virtue. We shall select one chapter (the shortest) as a specimen of the author's manner:

"Of all planets primary and secondary which roll about the same centre and derive the same virtues from the same sun, the moon is most in our view, nearest our earth, and in closest connection with it. Her phenomenon is mutability. In this, and in nothing but this, she is invariable and a perfect index to all within her orbit. To her we ascribe the ebbing and flowing of our tides, the vicissitudes of our climate, and even sometimes such inequalities in our animal frame and mental derangement as cannot be otherwise explained! But how her influence is communicated, whether it extends to our bodies or our minds, or to both, or in what degree to either, is, at least not easily comprehended. But an idea of this lunar agency has so generally prevailed, that even Milton the most philosophical of all our poets talks of "moon-struck madness."

"As we construed the *signs in the sun* into that debasement or obloquy which sullies the glory of revealed truth in these *last days*; may we not in like manner consider the *signs in the moon* as having no indirect reference to the convulsions of society in times of anarchy and distraction? The incessant risings, fallings, changes, and chances of the one, emphatically represent the instabilities or vicissitudes of the other."

"The church militant in Christendom who in former ages was observed to appear *fair as the moon, clear as the sun*: bath of late years become *terrible as an army with banners*. Have we not all lived to see the christian world or the present moon-struck generation reddened with the madness of ambition? God forgive the authors, abettors, and agents of those sanguinary scenes, the ruthless actors of such tragedies, as closed the eighteenth century; which made co-temporaries shudder and must stagger the belief of posterity!

but woe be to them, if no measure be meted out to them but what they have dealt to others. The *madness of the people* raging every where and perturbing the nations, gave a dreadful picture of our nature and species ! Ah ! how romantic and fictitious all the visions and dreams heretofore indulged by refinement and philosophy, of our philanthropy, and social aptitudes ! Do not those prodigious masses of men, mustered by the demon of discord, and armed with implements of mutual destruction, who lately agitated and once more agitate sea and land, by their deadly encounters, most effectually expose such chimeras ! and paint us in our natural colour as tigers and monsters ambitious only of tearing each other to pieces,

“ A lunacy peculiarly inveterate and dismal, indulging one black invariable propensity to bloodshed, is actually become the disease of the human race, and develops more numerous and tremendous horrors in its course, than all the famines, plagues, and yellow fevers, that ever desolated our unhappy globe ! It would seem, the minds and hearts of men, have lost all those principles of brotherly sensibility and cordial attachment, which hitherto glued and fastened them together as one body animated and directed by one soul ; and that society itself is reduced at last to the shattered condition of some dilapidated edifice, the parts of which are so wasted and rotten, as no longer to retain the powers of adhesion ! The fabric, however skilfully designed, or magnificently constructed, composed of materials thus unsound and decayed, must inevitably sink to ruin, and gradually moulder away ! And does not the whole complicated frame of artificial life, probably from the same causes of age and debility decline, and, for aught we know, even now verge on the last stage of dissolution ? From an obvious relaxation in all the tightenings of cordiality and social union, the fatal progress of our decomposition seems actually begun. It alarms ! it is rapid, it rushes with the velocity of a torrent !

“ O thou preserver of men vouchsafe on that important crisis to be our keeper, that the souls thou hast inspired may not fail before thee, but survive the extinction of our system and be safe in the hollow of thy hand, when sun and moon and stars are sunk in everlasting night. On this grand impressive theme Addison lavishes the brightest effulgence of his genius and all the fervour of his heart.

The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years ;
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth
Unhurt amidst the war of elements

The wreck of matter, and the crash of worlds !

“ What a sweet comment are these exquisite verses on the lofty thought of our immortal dramatist. Our finest poets are never so lovely and charming perhaps as in illustrating the beauties of each other, and more especially on the serious and affecting subject of our highest interests.”

Look how the floor of heaven
Too thick inlaid with patines of bright gold ;
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st,
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubims :
Such harmony is in immortal souls.

SHAKESPEARE.

The introductory chapter contains an ingenious and eloquent, but rather too elaborate *History of Man*.

Remarks on the Injustice and Impolicy of our late Attack upon Denmark, 8vo. p. p. 70. Mathews and Leigh Strand, 1807.

If the policy of the late expedition to Copenhagen be not clearly made out, and the necessity of it shewn to be extremely urgent, as a measure intimately connected with the national safety; then will the attack on Denmark deserve to be stigmatized as *unjust*. The King's Declaration will be followed by a strict parliamentary investigation, and the most ample discussion; and, for ourselves, we have little doubt but the justice as well as policy of the proceeding will be satisfactorily demonstrated. In the mean time, however, the author of this well-written pamphlet advances many arguments to prove that Ministers have been guilty of an indefensible violation of the law of nations, and a shameful departure from the admitted rules by which the necessity of war is guided.

Paley allows as a justifying cause of war "the necessity of maintaining such a balance of power amongst neighbouring nations, as that no single state, or confederacy of states, be strong enough to overwhelm the rest." It is upon this plea (observes the ingenious writer of these Remarks) that our conduct must be defended; or rather upon one that is a corollary to it, viz. that if the balance of power is so weakened, as that a state which has hitherto helped to maintain it, is so far reduced by a relative change of situation, as to be in danger of being compelled, to the manifest disadvantage of the general security, and of its individual interests, to throw the weight of its influence into the scale of a power more mighty than the rest, any nation, whose safety is more endangered by the probability of such a change, than any other, is justified in the pursuance of such measures, even to the prejudice of that state, as are absolutely necessary to provide and maintain its own security. If this plea, which undoubtedly allows the utmost possible extent to the argument of necessity, can be admitted upon all occasions as a justification of war, it must be understood with many limitations; otherwise it resolves itself at once into that most absurd and profligate of all doctrines, that utility is a sufficient cause for the

most unjust actions. If a war be undertaken upon this ground, the necessity of it—more especially in this case than in any other—must be made manifest to the whole world. The people against whom the effects are directed, must be shewn, not by general assertions, but by the most certain and indisputable proofs; they must be convinced, if possible, that an attack on them is absolutely necessary, not merely for the interest, but for the very salvation of the state which is driven to attack them. The nation undertaking the war must be convinced, to rescue it from the charge of unprincipled inhumanity, not only that the end is just and attainable, but that the means are adequate to the end; and that whilst it violates the sanctity of a treaty nominally to preserve itself from the influence of overwhelming power, it does not under that pretext aim merely at consulting its individual advantage; that whilst it dooms an unoffending people to the horrors and calamities of war, its ministers will not be inhuman enough to plead for their excuse a vague and visionary report; or base enough to stain their country's honour with eternal disgrace in the pursuit of a trivial or uncertain good. It is indeed the height of folly and impolicy, as well as of savage injustice, to attack a nation at amity with us, under the pretence of checking the growing power of a neighbouring state; when we are certain that the means which we employ will be so far from gaining the desired object, that it will take from that nation its best means of defence, and will, therefore, by throwing it into the hands of its more dangerous enemy, increase, instead of diminishing the weight of power against us. It does not seem to require much sagacity to determine whether or not the expedition against Denmark has been undertaken and conducted upon an adherence to these principles.

The author examines his Majesty's declaration, and contends that the assertions herein are not borne out by any evidence, and that the posture of affairs on the Continent was not such as to authorize the statements made by the King's ministers. He is of opinion, from a review of the whole argument, that the evils resulting from the attack upon Copenhagen are incalculable by any human foresight. "Whilst the advantages which we reap from it are momentary and of small importance, the ill effects of it for ages to come, will be visited on our posterity; will

continue, indeed, as long as the execration produced by an unprovoked attack upon the independence and security of an unoffending nation shall endure in their remembrance. By the animosity we have excited in the Danish nation, we have put it in the power of the French to accomplish to a far greater extent, than they could have before done by compulsion, their schemes for the destruction of British commerce. The Danes will not now want an excuse for closing the passage of the Sound, and shutting up "our accustomed channels of communication with the Continent." These purposes for the prevention which ministers would have persuaded us that the expedition was in a great measure undertaken, were it was evident to common sense, the natural result of such a measure; instead of obviating, we have increased to an absolute certainty, the probability of those events taking place. The court of Denmark will now be completely subject to French influence, whilst the hatred which our conduct has excited, will manifest itself to a degree that may even be prejudicial to its own interests. The anger however, which is blind, is also destructive in its effects; and we may rest assured, that whatever can be accomplished, by means of French assistance, to the injury of our commerce, will not be prevented by any considerations which prudence or sober policy might suggest. Or supposing that the Danes would not be willing to carry to the utmost extent the means which they possess for the annihilation of our trade in the Baltic, yet the inflexible obstinacy of the power, into whose hands they are thrown, is equal to his subtlety, and what instigation cannot accomplish, may now be easily effected by compulsion."

The Pamphlet discovers considerable ingenuity, the objections are well put, the arguments supported by the most respectable authorities, and the style is extremely forcible.

Another Word or Two; or Architectural Hints Continued, in Lines to those Royal Academicians who are Painters, addressed to them on the Re-election of Benjamin West, Esq. to the President's Chair, 10th December, 1806. By Fabricia Nunnez, Spinster; with Dedication, Preface, Notes, and Appendix, 8vo. Payne, Pall Mall. 1807.

Fabricia's former work we have not seen, but we observe enough in the present to convince us that (whether

she be an *unsexed* female or no) her Muse is very good-humoured, that her versification is easy and flowing, her object commendable, and her knowledge of the subject which employs her pen, very complete. Fabricia is the *secret*, and we readily concur in the propriety of all the gentle censures she passes, and the measures she recommends. Mr. Wyatt was certainly a very unfit man to be placed at the head of the Royal Academy, even admitting with our author, which we believe to have been the case, that the choice of him arose from jealousy among the *portrait painters*, who did not elect Mr. Wyatt as the fittest person to fill the chair, but as a consenting party to *fill up the gap* till they could settle among themselves to whom the presidentship should be next assigned, or to whom it ought to be *regularly* conceded.

As a specimen of our *Spinster's* poetry and pleasant satire, we subjoin the following extract. It is a paraphrase of Horace's "*Humano capiti cervicem pictor equinam*," &c. with application to the election of an architect, to preside over that superior class of artists—the painters.

Horace relates to Pisoes' writing,
 With witty aim, and truth reciting,
 Should some strange fancied Painter place
 Beneath the noble human face,
 Of art a strange farago dish,
 The silv'ry scales and tail of fish,
 The world would laugh at the Burlesque,
 When seen a figure so grotesque !
 And then, to take still further range,
 Extend the thought, 't were equal strange
 O'er women's lovely form to spread
 The feathery wings with fish's head ;
 Each to it's suited place applied,
 Or else the Artist we deride,
 And view his works with strange surprise,
 Nor deem his judgment great and wise :
 So, in a building we should wonder
 To find the door above, and windows under.

It is evident to whom Fabricia refers when she hints at the successor of Mr. West, to whose genius a handsome and well merited tribute is paid. We here also agree with the poet, and think that the choice, should it fall upon him, would be judiciously, made, and that the duties of the important office of president would be most ably discharged by the party alluded to. It is impossi-

ble not to subscribe to the justice of the following observation, and without entering into the comparative merits of the leading painters of the present day, or giving to any one of them the palm of priority in his art for extraordinarily transcendent abilities, to rank him "proudly pre-eminent above his fellows;" it is evident that there are other and considerable talents required, to adorn the chair with splendour and draw public attention to it with respect and admiration. To the fascinating powers of his pencil, Sir Joshua Reynolds added the rich qualities of an enlightened mind, amiable manners, gentlemanly deportment, and highly cultivated understanding, superadded to a disposition and temper which inclined him to speak at all times favourably of his contemporaries, and to think well of their art. Distinguished qualities both of the head and heart, as well as the hand, are necessary to fill with propriety the elevated situation: and when that time shall have arrived, when, from the course of nature, the chair will become open for a new choice, which prescriptive right, from his age, and consequence in his profession, has for a long time assigned to Mr. West, with only a single interruption, all semblance as well as reality of party should be laid aside, all selfishness, all jealousy, all envy; and that member should be chosen, unanimously, whoever he may be, whose worth and value, and aggregate mass of ability of every description, will do most honour to the academicians and the academy, without considering whether he be the ablest man precisely in his art. To preside over a national academy requires first rate qualifications; not partial and confined, but general and commanding.

We hope to have yet *another word* from this ingenious [*lady?* should we say] "*another and another, still?*"

Charles Ellis; or the Friends. By Robert Semple, Author of "*Walks and Sketches at the Cape of Good Hope*," 2 vols. 12mo. 9s. Baldwin.

A work both entertaining and instructive. It combines the fancy and enthusiasm of a novel, with the more sober delineation of characters and manners, as daily observation and experience present them to us. The perusal of these volumes has afforded us very high gratification.

The Ratiad. A Serio-Comic Poem, in Eight Cantos. By an Anti-Hadibrustian, 3s. 8vo. Mason.

"How now! a Rat! dead for a ducat!"

It would be only making the author more offensive to drag him from *behind the arras*; and so let him remain in his concealment. He would be *witty*, poor fellow! but *three shillings*! he must have more *money* than wit, who would part with it on this occasion:

Twelve perspective views of the exterior and interior parts of the Metropolitan Church of Canterbury, accompanied by two ichnographic plates, and an Historical account. By Charles Wild, 3l. 3s. coloured 5l. 5s. folio. Taylor, 1807.

The views of this venerable building, in every respect so interesting an object, are exceedingly well executed; by a pupil of that eminent master in this branch of art, Mr. Malton. The history of this noble Cathedral, compiled from the best authorities, is well drawn up; and we think we shall gratify our readers by transcribing it.

To Lucius, the first king of the Britons; who is said to have been converted to the Christian faith, and whose doubtful reign is placed, most probably, towards the end of the second century; the monkish writers claiming the remotest antiquity, ascribe the original foundation. Under the first Saxon invaders, it might have been appropriated to polytheism; for, upon the conversion of Ethelbert in 597, it is reported to have been restored to the primitive worship; and dedicated to Christ by St. Augustine, who made it his metropolitan church. Both the saint and founder received their sepulture at St Augustine's, Canterbury, one in 605, the other in 616.

Frequent conflagrations, the usual consequence of the devastations of the piratical Danes, with the consequent destruction of authentic documents; by which the early history of architecture in England might have been elucidated, have involved this splendid pile in the obscurity of the darker ages, and consigned many of its remaining antiquities to conjecture; from the deficiency of evidence.

No records, upon which any dependence can be made, are now known, from the age of St. Augustine, in the sixth, to the tenth century, when Odo, upon his

translation from Wilton, in 934, to the primacy of Canterbury, finding the church in a dilapidated state, employed three years in various repairs, but chiefly in covering the roofs with lead, which is a very early instance of such an application of that metal.

It was again burned by the Danes in 1011, who had landed upon a predatory excursion at Sandwich. They seized Alphege, the archbishop, who being stoned to death at Greenwich, was canonized as a martyr.

These damages were chiefly confined to the destruction of the timber frame and roofs, and the repairs were completed by Ethelstan (or more commonly called Livingus) before the year 1020, and from that period to 1038 by Egelnath. King Canute, more civilized or superstitious than his predecessors, contributed to the work, and confirmed to the monks certain lands and immunities. In 1067 it was once more destined to suffer almost entire conflagration.

Like a phoenix it rose from its ashes about three years after, under the auspicious munificence of Lanfrank, a very conspicuous luminary of the church, when it was transferred to the care of Norman bishops.

The records of almost every cathedral or great conventual church in England, mention frequent demolition by fire, in the early centuries. The marauding Danes invariably directed their vengeance against structures dedicated to the Christian religion; but a more common cause of such destruction by fire was their being surrounded, in most cities where they were placed, by buildings constructed entirely of wood.

It is asserted, that the church, monastery, and palace, were all rebuilt by Lanfrank, a fact disallowed by certain antiquaries, because the time stated to have been employed must have been lately inadequate to so extensive a work. From that and other collateral circumstances, they infer, that having built the nave, he probably did little more than repair the choir and its crypt, or undercroft, because in either of these may be found, in the exterior surface of the south wall, and other parts, many architectural peculiarities of an antecedent era.

Anselm, Abbot of Bee in Normandy, where architecture was most successfully studied, succeeded in 1093, and projected great improvements in the choir, which as he did not live to finish, it is a conjecture that his original plan was pursued, and the superintendence of it com-

mitted to the Priors Ernulphus and Conrade in succession; and having been brought to a conclusion by the efforts of the last mentioned after Anselm's death, it became known by the superlative epithet of "Conrade's glorious choir." From the account Gervase has transmitted to us, it appears to have been in its component parts similar to the present choir, and was at that period, probably extended to the length seen, as it said to have been enlarged: which it could not have been in width, unless the lateral walls had been likewise taken down, of which there is no existing proof. A chapel, much smaller than the present, was then rebuilt or added to the choir, and dedicated to the Holy Trinity.

Gervase specifies in his account, the architecture of the former church, before he enters on the description of the re-edification by Anselm and Conrade. He is equally minute and satisfactory, and his MS. now preserved in the British Museum, may be ranked among its most valuable curiosities.

The effects of another fire, which is said to have happened in 1130, were certainly of no great detriment, for in the same year, we learn that this church was formally dedicated by Archbishop Corboil, the apostolic legate of Pope Innocent II. in the presence of King Henry I. and his Queen; David II. King of Scots, and many prelates and nobility, to the Holy Trinity, which appellation it appears to have received from Lanfrank, and which was thus solemnly confirmed.

But in 1174, the choir, so lately and splendidly perfected by Prior Conrade, received such demolition by fire, as to require that the whole interior should be taken down. Of this calamitous circumstance Gervase was the eye-witness and chronicler.

The present choir was begun under the direction of William, an experienced architect of Sens in Normandy, or Sienna in Italy, who being disabled by a fall from the height of the vaulting, returned into France. It remained therefore to be finished by another William, who was a native of this country, and the first English architect upon record, concerning whom we have any positive account. His talents in architectural invention and practice are, in this instance, conspicuous and admirable. To the choir he added the eastern transept and the Trinity Chapel.

The charge of the undertaking was defrayed by the

liberal oblations made at the shrine of Thomas à Becket, for whom two years before, 1172, the monks had procured canonization from Pope Alexander III. which, very opportunely for the building, became productive of an incredible influx of wealth. On Easter-day 1181, the choir was sufficiently finished for the performance of divine service. In July following, the former chapel of the Trinity was taken down, and the present begun, which, with the circular tower at the east end generally called Becket's Crown, was completed in about four years, when the former tutelage of the Holy Trinity was superseded by that of St. Thomas the Martyr, though apparently without any formal dedication.

• The real character of the prelate, as a politician, may perhaps be best ascertained, by a parallel drawn between the pages of the elegant Lyttleton, and the sagacious Hume. As a saint, we must trust to his legend; and the monks, by promising to his votaries a recovery from sickness, or a continuance of health, made his shrine eminently popular, and established annual pilgrimages, which, with jubilees celebrated every fifty years, produced to them a princely revenue.

• Warton observes that "the general plan of the Canterbury Tales, which at first sight, seems merely to have been an ingenious invention of the poet, to serve a particular occasion, is in a great measure founded on a fashion of ancient life; and Chaucer, in supposing each of the pilgrims to tell a tale, as they are travelling to Becket's shrine, only makes them adopt a mode of amusement which was common to the conversations of his age.

• In 1304 and 1305, Prior Henry de Estrey is said to have meditated many improvements, and actually to have expended upon different parts of the church 839l. 7s. a very considerable sum in those days. He probably erected the skreen which divides the choir from the aisles.

• The western parts of the cathedral escaped the various conflagrations, which had injured the choir, and remained, with little alteration, from the time of Lanfrank, to the year 1376, when Archbishop Sudbury took down some of them, and erected the lower transept at his own cost; but in 1379, actuated by the same liberal intentions, he caused the whole nave to be removed. The

subsequent erection of that grand pile fell to the charge of the convent, as this munificent prelate was shortly after murdered in the Tower, by the rebellious adherents of Straw and Tylor,

‘ Archbishops Courtenay and Fitzalan or Arundel, his successors in the see, established a fund, the disposal of which was given to Prior Thomas Chillenden, by whom the nave, cloisters, and chapterhouse, are generally supposed to have been designed and perfected. The south tower of the western front was constructed after Chillenden’s decease in 1419: this addition, with the south porch, having been begun by Archbishop Chicheley, who succeeded in 1413, was finished by Prior Thomas Goldstone (the first of the name) between 1449 and 1468. It obtained the name of the Oxford Steeple. There is sufficient reason to determine, that the other tower was a part of Lanfrank’s original structure, and that its being attributed to Archbishop Arundel is an error. During his prelacy, he added a spire covered with lead, one hundred feet high, and a peal of five bells of extraordinary weight and tone. After the storm in 1703, the spire becoming ruinous, was taken down.

‘ The last important addition to this fabric was the great centre tower, erected between the years 1472 and 1517 under the successive Priors W. Sellinge and T. Goldstone (the second of that name), and for the most part during the prelacy of Archbishop Morton, who is mentioned as an especial benefactor. Thus, this venerable monument of the skill and piety of our ancestors, descends to the present period with double claim to our admiration, as linked to a very remote antiquity, and as exhibiting many architectural peculiarities and beauties of intervening ages.’

Thoughts on the expediency of disclosing the Processes of Manufactories, being the substance of two papers, lately read before the Literary and Philosophical Society of Newcastle upon Tyne. By John Clennel, F. S. A. Edinburgh and Perth. 12mo. Angus and Son, Newcastle, 1807.

A very ingenious essay on the expediency of a general and faithful display of the processes of manufactories, in such a manner, that every chance may be obtained for effecting their highest improvement with the least possible expence, by the interference of the operations of science.

REVIEW OF MUSIC.

"*La mia crudel tiranna.*"

A favourite Italian Air, with twelve Variations for the Piano Forte, with an Accompaniment for the Flute (ad libitum) composed and dedicated to Alex. Scote, Esq. by T. Latour, Pianiste to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. Birchall, price 2s.

This is by far the best production of Mr. Latour's that has come under our notice; to say the truth, and we had no other means of judging than from his former compositions, we did not give him credit for being able to write any thing so good. The present piece partakes not at all of that poor meagre stile, which in some of his former publications we were obliged to condemn. The air which he has selected is pleasing, and capable of many excellent variations. Mr. Latour has availed himself of it most successfully, and has displayed a very considerable portion of good taste and brilliant fancy throughout the piece. Let him go on to write thus, and we cannot do otherwise than praise him.

Nos. VII. and VIII.

The Vocal Magazine, consisting of Canonets, Songs, Duets, Trios, Glee, &c. composed by Joe. Kemp. Walker. Price 3s. 6d.

The first Song of this Number is arranged with accompaniments for a Band, which contribute essentially to the effect of an Air, in itself by no means destitute of interest. The Glee, for three voices which follows, is a masterly composition, its brevity is, in our opinion, its chief fault, it contains some points which might have been kept up with very good effect to a much greater length. In the last movement there is great vigour and animation; yet, good as it certainly is in point of composition, we could not sing it without dislike, and even disgust, occasioned by the absurdity of the words which Mr. Kemp has chosen for his music.

"See meteors gleam around the maid, moonbeams fift her soul!" This line is repeated again and again in the last movement, as frequently and as emphatically as if it contained some beautiful idea or expressive sentiment; this, indeed, to some people it may, but to us it seems "full of sound and fury," but "signifying nothing." We really shall be very happy when the Ossianic mania, which of late has seized our glee writers, shall have subsided, and when poetry,

which possesses some meaning, shall be preferred to such arrant nonsense as that which Mr. Kemp has chosen for his music. The canzonet, "Thou hast an eye of tender blue," which follows, is a very elegant little composition. The 8th Number opens with a Quartett, of which the melody is graceful and flowing, and the inner parts neatly arranged; a little more variety in the modulation would have given that relief to the ear which it will now rather want. The song, "Now the French are prepar'd," is in a bold and spirited stile, and is well supported by a noisy accompaniment. The Ballad, "Willow," is a pleasing and expressive melody.

"Fair Amoret," or, "Adieu in the Woodlands."

The much admired Pastoral Ballad, written by Mr Upton, composed by J. Sanderson, and sung by Mr. Gibben, at Vauxhall Gardens. Hodsall, price 1s.

Mr. Sanderson is a composer of considerable promise, and though we have seen some productions of his pen which we much prefer to that now before us, yet we think it by no means destitute of merit: if it be without the charm of novelty, it is nevertheless neatly and cleverly arranged.

"We will be married, my dear, for a' that,"

The much admired Scotch Ballad, written by Mr. Upton, composed by J. Sanderson, and sung by Mrs. Bland, at Vauxhall Gardens. Hodsall, price 1s.

Imitations of Scotch Ballads we never did, and we believe never shall like; to us they appear uninteresting and insipid: the frequenters of Vauxhall, perhaps, think differently, if so, Mr. Sanderson may find it necessary to gratify their taste. To such as like this stile, the present ballad will be acceptable.

"Beneath the Weeping Willow,"

A Scotch Song, sung by Mrs. Bland, at Vauxhall Gardens, composed by Mr. Hook, Purday and Button. Price 1s.

This is an imitation of another kind of Scotch Ballads. It is as good, and not at all better, than we can discover, than a hundred others of the same sort.

"Love and Folly,"

Composed with an accompaniment for the Piano Forte, and inscribed to his friend Mr. Bunting, by Joseph Major. Mitchell, price 1s. 6d.

This is a very simple, yet certainly a pleasing melody, and in point of composition we have no fault to find with it. The words are sometimes deficient both with respect to grammar and matter; we hope Mr. Major will chuse better in future.

THE DRAMA.

ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE. — *Shakespeare.*

MRS. MACKLIN,

THE WIDOW OF THE CELEBRATED CHARLES MACKLIN, DIED
ON THE 21ST OF NOVEMBER.

THIS lady was Macklin's second, or rather his third wife. During the time that Macklin was manager of the Theatre at Chester he frequently met a young lady in company, that particularly attracted his attention. With her father, who was a very respectable private gentleman, Mr. Macklin was in the habits of the closest intimacy. A treaty was immediately set on foot, and the young lady having given her consent, the marriage articles were soon after settled by her father, Macklin was married on the 10th of September 1759, to this young lady, Miss ELIZABETH JONES, who to great elegance of form, and many polite accomplishments, joined the more amiable virtues of the mind. The marriage ceremony being over, Macklin set off with his new wife to fulfil his engagement with Barry and Woodward in Ireland.

How highly Macklin estimated the virtues of this lady will appear from the following letter written to his bankers on going over to Ireland in 1785:

DEAR SIR,

April 14, 1785.

Whatever property I have in this life, I have, by will, bequeathed to my wife Elizabeth Macklin, and were it as great as any subject in this realm enjoys, her affection, order, sobriety, and good morals, as a wife, a mother, and a friend and neighbour, she would deserve it. Therefore I hope, that you will, on my decease, pay her whatever balance you may have in my favour. I wish you well in health, and prosperity in your dealings; and am

DEAR SIR,

Your obedient humble servant,

CHARLES MACKLIN,

To T. Coutts, Esq. Banker, Strand, London.

Mrs. Macklin amply merited the affections of her husband, whose life she is supposed to have prolonged by

her incessant attentions to him. She enjoyed an annuity of 75*l.* a year, from the time of her husband's death, which was purchased out of the money arising from the subscription to *The Man of the World*, and *Love à la Mode*, published under the superintendence of the late Mr. Murphy.

She appears to have been through life a most amiable and worthy woman.

THE JEST OF GEORGE PEELE, AT BRISTOW, -

From his Merrie Conceited Jests, a very scarce book, published in 1697.

George was at Bristow, and there staying somewhat longer then his coyre would last, him, his palfrey that should bee his carler to London his head was growne so big that he could not get him out of the stable: it so fortun'd at that instant certaine players came to the towne, at that inne where George Peele was; to whom George was well knowne, being in that time an excellent poet, and had acquaintance of most of the best players in England; from the triviall sort hee was but so so; of which these were, onely knew George by name, no otherwise. There was not past thre of the companie come with the carriage, the rest were behinde, by reason of a long journey they had, so that night they could not enact; which George hearing, had presentlye a stratageme in his head to get his horse free out of the stable, and money in his purse to beare his charges up to London: and thus it was: hee goes directly to the Maior, tels him hee was a scholar and a gentleman, and that he had a certaine historie of the Knight of the Rhodes; and withall, how Bristow was first founded, and by whom, and a briefe of all those that before him had succeeded in office in that worshipfull citie, desiring the Maior, that he, with his presence, and the rest of his brethren, would grace his labours. The Maior agreed to it, gave him leave, and withall appointed him a place; but for himselfe, he could not be there, being in the evening; but made him make the best benefit he could of the citie; and very liberally gave him an angell, which George thankfully receives, and about his businesse he goes, got his stage made, his hystory cryed, and hyred the players apparell, to flou-

ish out his show, promising to pay them liberally, and withall desired them he would favor him so much as to gather him his money at his doore; (for he thought his best course to imploy them; lest they should in spite out his knavery; for they have perillous heads;) they willingly yeeld to doe him any kindnes that lies in them; in brieft, carry their apparell to the hall, place themselves at the doore, where George, in the meane time, with the tenne shillings he had of the Maior, delivered his horse out of purgatorie, and carryed him to the towndes end, and there placed him, to be redy at his coming. By this time, the audience were come, and some forty shillings gathered, which money George put in his parse, and putting on one of the players silk robes after the trumpet had sounded thrice, out he comes, makes low obeysaunce, forward with his prologue, which was thus:

A trifling toy, a jest of no account pardie.

The Knight, perhaps, you thinke for to bee I:

Thinke on so still: for why you know that thought is free.

Sit still a while I'll send the actors to ye.

Which being said, after some fire workes, that he had made of purpose, threw out among them, and downe stayres goes he, gets to his horse, and so with forty shillings to London: leaves the players to aunswerre it: who, when the jeste was knowne, their innocence excused them, being as well gulled as the Maior and the audience.

THEATRICAL PROPERTY.

THE Proprietors of the Winter Theatres have come to a resolution to put an immediate stop to the encroachments daily made on their property, under the supposed authority of the Lord Chamberlain; their Counsel are decidedly of opinion, that his Majesty having graciously made his election by patent appointment, as to what Theatres should exist in Westminster, the Lord Chamberlain cannot infringe on those patents; or legally licence any other places for theatrical representation, without the consent of the patented Theatres; and certain it is, that from the day the first Royal Patent was granted to Old Drury, through the whole of Mr. Garrick's time, and

ever since, until the Chamberlainship of Lord Salisbury, the uniform practice at the Chamberlain's Office was to refuse even to listen to an application for a single night, though for a charity benefit, unless the party applying brought with them the previous consent in writing of the proprietors of the established Theatres. But beside the question of legal right, the proprietors also refer to their title in equity, that the Lord Chamberlain, even if the night were with him, is bound by positive covenant not to grant any new licence for any dramatic exhibition.

There having been executed a regular deed, styled "*The final Arrangement*," the result of a long discussion and arbitration, recognizing and guaranteeing the exclusive rights of the three established Theatres, which deed received the express sanction of his Majesty, and was signed under his Royal pleasure by his Chamberlain, the Marquis of Salisbury. It was also honoured by the concurrence of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, who signed it himself, as did also his Grace the late Duke of Bedford. On the faith of this settlement, so guaranteed, the proprietors of Covent-Garden Theatre received fifteen thousand pounds from the Proprietors of Drury-Lane Theatre, for their dormant patent; the King's Theatre contributed thirty thousand pounds on recovering its licence, to the losses of the Pantheon Opera undertaking; and, finally, this deed formed the whole foundation for the rebuilding of Drury-Lane Theatre, in which undertaking a property of not less than three hundred thousand pounds have been embarked, and all in the confidence and on the faith of this arrangement, secured under such high authority.

To suppose, therefore, that the present Lord Chamberlain has or will, knowingly and intentionally, countenance and authorise any exhibition of a dramatic kind, would be as great a disrespect to him, as it would be an injury to the property placed by the law and his Majesty's will under his express protection.

Should the difficulties of the present Opera-House not be overcome, instead of looking to a new scheme or project, contrary to all faith and justice, we understand that resort will be had to the dormant patent, with the consent and for the benefit of both the winter Theatres, which patent is at present only withheld from being operative through respect to the established Opera-House, and the terms of the agreement before referred to,

The first step, we have reason to believe, which will be taken for the assertion of the claims of the established Theatres, will be by an humble petition to his Majesty, who has ever been a most gracious and firm protector of their just rights. Such a petition, signed by all the numerous and respectable individuals whose property is involved in the established Theatres, on the pledge of a settlement which never could be expected to be questioned, will no doubt meet as it merits the Royal attention.

THEATRICAL PATENTS AND LICENCES.

Tu, quid ego et populus mecum desideret, audi.—HORACE.

MR. CONDUCTOR,

AN article, apparently official, has appeared in the several papers, stating it to be the intention of the proprietors of Drury Lane and Covent Garden, to petition His Majesty to restrain the hitherto considered just rights of the Chamberlain in licencing public places of theatrical amusement, and also intimating that, in case of no favourable notice being taken of this application, they shall try their rights in a court of law.

In the same article it is asserted, that in case the disputes of the Opera House occasion the destruction of that concern, the said proprietors intend to bring forward a dormant patent, which, by the final arrangement, has for a series of years, laid snugly in the hands of the proprietors of the winter theatres,

Permit me, Sir, to make a few observations on these hostile movement on the part of the rather unreasonable patentees. First, if any person will only look at the act which concerns the licences for theatrical amusements, he will be at once convinced that an undoubted right is lodged in the Lord Chamberlain to licence as many theatrical places of amusement as he shall deem sufficient for the use of the society at large. This act expressly says no person shall set up a theatre, or act, or cause plays to be performed, unless by virtue of His Majesty's patent, or a licence granted by the Lord Chamberlain. Now, if this is not a clear explicit recognizement of the

right of a Lord Chamberlain, to licence a theatre, I know not what would be deemed so ; neither did it ever enter before into the heads of the patentees to dispute this authority.

Rich, indeed, the patentee of Covent Garden, once doubted the right of even the king himself to grant a fresh patent; but the royal licence was notwithstanding granted. And several subsequent acts of parliament acknowledge the power of the Lord Chamberlain to grant licences, and what is more, to suppress the performances of the patent theatres whenever he shall think proper. The proprietors should therefore be careful how they commence an attack.

The public has a right to demand, why, if a third patent did exist, evidently given to advantage them, and not as a monopoly to satisfy the cupidity of any individual, why that patent was to be buried, merely because it suited the interest of both theatres that the public should be deprived of it. They will also naturally ask, if only two patents exist, which is the case, and one is locked up, how it comes that Drury Lane and Covent Garden both perform plays. I will tell you, Sir, how this is done—Drury Lane opens under the authority of a license from that very power, whose rights she would now question; not satisfied with magnifying the theatre in Drury Lane to an extent destructive of the very amusement for which it procured originally its patent, the proprietor now insinuates that he shall draw his dormant patent out of the snug retreat where he has secured it, and erecting another Colesceum, shall convert to his own use all the superfluous cash, which is destined to be spent by theatrical amateurs in the pursuit of a favourite and very popular amusement.

What then have been the acts of the present Lord Chamberlain, which have drawn upon his long acknowledged authority, this violent, sudden, and indecent attack? Has he ever licensed a new playhouse?—never—though the town is four times as large now as it was 50 years ago, and consequently the distances from the theatres immensely extended; though the hours of social life are all entirely changed, while those for theatrical representation remain the same; though the theatres, particularly Drury Lane, have been so enlarged, (for very obvious reasons) as to render spectacles, where scenery and screaming are alone necessary, to supply the want of those delicacies of voice and action, which

would be lost in such immensity of space; while the real drama sinks daily, more and more into disrepute; though the internal regulations of the houses are so faulty, as to render passages to boxes an absolute service of danger, yet has the Lord Chamberlain carefully avoided injuring the patentees, by exercising his indubitable right of licensing any other theatre, on a less, though on a more appropriate scale; nay, to such a degree has he extended his forbearance, that he would not even license a summer theatre, for the use of the principal performers of Drury Lane and Covent Garden, although it is well known that Colman's Theatre is quite inadequate to the service of the community.

What then has the present Lord Chamberlain done? He has licensed a few musical entertainments—Mr. Astley's, chiefly for horses and tumblers; Mr. Scott's Little Theatre of the Sans Pareil; and the Boobies in Argyll Street. The latter open on a plan totally different from what playhouses adopt, and for a different order of society, and in which there is a stage by his lordship's license for plays only if confined to children, and recitative burlettas.

Much stress is laid on the late Lord Chamberlain, Lord Salisbury, having bound himself by positive covenants not to grant any new license for dramatic exhibitions. Does he then conceive that the act of one Lord Chamberlain can abrogate, like docking an entail, the inheritance of another? Or does he imagine that the Lords Chamberlains, from one generation to another, are bound to assist the eager grasp of monopoly, by refusing to gratify the public in this widely extending city, with other more conveniently situated, and more properly conducted, scenes of public entertainment.

These, Sir, are hasty observations drawn from my pen on perusing this article; and if any more steps are taken to check the operation of the Chamberlain's Licensed Theatres, I shall not fear again appealing to the sense of the public, in aid of efforts to resist such obvious monopoly on the part of two very lucrative concerns, and which would shackle the taste and the spare hours of all the individuals of this great, populous, and increasing metropolis.

I have only to add to these remarks, that the following theatres, which have long enjoyed an undisturbed freedom of performance, all open under the license of

the Lord Chamberlain :—The Theatre Royal of Drury Lane ; the Theatre Royal, or Little Theatre of the Haymarket ; and the King's Theatre, or Opera House.

I am, Sir,

A CONSTANT READER.

THEATRICAL DEFINITIONS.

1. A brilliant and overflowing Audience—*A Pit about three parts empty, and a "beggary account of empty Boxes."*

2. Unbounded applause—*Hissing from the beginning to the end of the Piece.*

3. New Music, Scenes, and Dresses—*Old Ditties, by a new Composer ; old Canons fresh donned ; and old Lane cleared for the twentieth time.*

4. A Revived Play—*One that has been acted every Season.*

5. Due Notice—*The notice due, that is, none at all.*

6. The last time this Season—*The last time this Week.*

7. Positively the last time—*Positively no such thing.*

E CONTRA.

THE FIRST FOLIO OF SHAKSPEARE.

MR. CONDUCTOR.

Of the celebrated FIRST FOLIO, I have a very fine and complete copy : nay, it is more than complete ; for in collating it I find as follows : which to the Book Collectors, and particularly those of the *Shakspeare* school, may perhaps be worth communicating.—

After page 192 of *As you like it*, I have a sheet paged thus : 293. 194. It should seem that this inaccuracy in the paging had not been noticed till after the sheet was worked off. The same sheet follows, with the pages corrected ; 193 being substituted for 293.

A little further on (the same play) there is another second sheet, after page 293, comes page 194. and then,

as if to correct this impropriety, the same sheet is repeated, with the pages rightly given, viz. 203, 204.

I concluded that here, as in the former instance, there was merely a rectification of the pages, but on examination I discovered the following variations :

In page 194, the sheet beginning "A ripe age," is given to *Orlando*. In page 204, it is rightly assigned to the *Clown*. And the succeeding speech given in page 194, to the *Clown*, is, in the corrected sheet, appropriated to *William*.

It is probable that none of the few possessors of the *First Folio* are aware of these facts. The information therefore will be to them not incurious ; but I draw an inference from this discovery which goes beyond mere matter of curiosity. It plainly shews that the Editors of the *First Folio* were not *careless* about the Author's text ; that the press was not left to chance ; that when by accident error was committed, they were anxious, notwithstanding the expence incurred by reprinting or canceling, to correct such error ; and consequently, it more strongly establishes (in opposition to what some sticklers for the superiority, and authenticity of the second folio, have insinuated) that the *FIRST FOLIO*, furnishes the *only authentic copy* of those plays of Shakspeare which were then for the first time published.

It is to be presumed that, if the Editors were so scrupulous as to cancel a sheet on account of mere *errors of the press*, they were still more anxious that the *text itself* should be accurately printed from the Author's genuine copy, "absolute in their numbers, as he conceived them."

It is singular enough that the sheet as well as the cancel, should, in both instances, have been bound up in my copy ;—but so it is.

COLONEL BOWDEN.

This gentleman being in the stage-box one night when Mrs. Pritchard was playing in the masque of *Britannia*, her pasteboard armour was buckled on so tight, particularly about the neck, that she could hardly articulate her words. This created some confusion for a time ; when Bowden, seeing the cause, stuttered out as loud as he could, "Will nobody slit that dear woman's dripping-gan for her? If they don't, poor *Britannia* will be not done."

P O E T R Y.

ODE.

WINTER ! thy cloud-envelop'd form,
 Thy howling blast, and bitter storm,
 To me with nought of terror sound !
 For many a day's delight is thine,
 When votive each at pleasure's shrine,
 We join with smiles of joy, the dancers' merry round.

Dear 'tis to mark the orient blaze
 Of May's bright morn ; and dear to gaze
 Upon the scenes which summer yields,
 When nature, deck'd in mellow hue
 Spreads her warm prospects to the view,
 Of shadowy woods, and lawns, and flow'r emblossom'd
 fields !

And dear, to nature's simple child,
 To mark the close of evening mild,
 When sinks the sun in splendid pride,
 And leaves upon the lonely glade
 A browner tint, a solemn shade,
 Whilst lovely seems the scene tho' dim-described.

But yet to me as dear the joy,
 Whilst wint'ry clouds obscure the sky,
 The dancers' merry group to join
 Where beauty charms, and blandly smiling,
 The soul of all its cares beguiling,
 Seems, tripping light along, with added charms to shine.

Young health whose cheeks the rose adorn,
 Who breasts the cheering breeze of morn,
 And e'er delights with exercise to rove,
 Joins in the dances' many measures,
 With many a group of laughing pleasures,
 And soft desire, and ever-glowing love !

And cheerfulness of placid mien,
 Of witching smile, and brow serene,
 Joins, too, the dancers' merry throng ;

And joy with many a sportive lay,
 And harmless jest, and antic gay,
 Mingles with happy looks the festive train among!—
 When harmony with rapid notes,
 In many a varied cadence floats,
 And loud the brisk-ton'd viol sounds,
 E'en age forgets each latent pain
 Joins with wild glee the jocund train,
 And to the sprightly tune, with lively motion bounds.
 Then e'er with smiles shall I receive thee,
 And, winter! e'er a welcome give thee,
 For with thee come the dance's pleasures,
 Where bound we sportively along
 'Midst youth and beauty's blissful throng,
 In many a giddy maze to joy's fantastic measures.

Liverpool.

W. M. T.

SONNET

FROM THE ITALIAN OF TORQUATO TASSO.

"Tre gran don vid' io ch'in esser belle, &c."

THREE courtly damsels stood before my sight,
 All cast in beauty's mould, tho' each possest
 A various charm; yet every shape confest
 A form the same, and every gay delight
 A sister's air betray'd:—Each maiden bright
 I fondly praised, but one above the rest
 Soon kindled love's warm flame within my breast,
 And still to her my thoughts will wing their flight;
 And still for her I sigh, and still my lyre
 Her name, her beauties only can inspire:—
 Tho' as her semblance in the rest I view,
 Reflected, her in them I must adore,
 But sigh, and fear as each I thus pursue,
 To rove a traitor to love's mighty pow'r!

Liverpool.

W. M. T.

ODE

IMITATED FROM THE LATIN OF DR. JORTIN.

"Qualis per nemoram nigra Silentia, &c."

Like Silence 'midst her gloomy bow'rs,
 The placid fount its waters pours,
 And murmuring runs from view concealed,
 Thro' lonely vale, and blooming field,
 Or leads with wandering curve its flood
 Amid the solemn shadowy wood;
 Thus for awhile around its source
 It mildly bends its varying course,
 'Till now with bolder flight it flows
 With eddying surge, and rapid sweep,
 Yet sinks again to calm repose
 Amid the bosom of the deep!
 So might I pass my silent way
 Hid from "the garish eye of day,"
 Be mine content, the Muses' lyre,
 Nor wealth nor honours I desire;
 Nor pant I for the civic crown,
 The statesman's pow'r, or judge's gown,
 Nor boasts the wreath of glory charms
 If won amidst war's dire alarms,
 But past my life 'mid simple pleasures,
 In age resign'd I'd part with breath,
 And, smiling on the world's vain treasures,
 Sink in the torpid arms of death!

Liverpool.

W. M. T.

SONNET.

Blest soother of the solitary hour,
 Sweet poesy! I hail thy pensive pow'r!
 Oft' when deserted by the friends we love,
 Or doom'd the harrowing pang of pain to prove,
 Thy pleasing influence, where the mind can feel,
 O'er the sad soul, as softest balm will steal;
 Steep in forgetfulness the sense of woe,
 And o'er the breast a placid pleasure throw!—
 'Tis thine to cheer the mind with grief opprest;
 'Tis thine to make man's *happiest hours* more blest.
 Oh! may I ever praise the gladsome day,
 That saw me bow submissive to thy sway!
 Well may we say, where Virtue aids the name,
 Hard is the heart that owns not thy mild claim.

J. M. L.

X x 2

THE LONDON THEATRES.

DRURY LANE.

OCTOBER.

27. [Never acted] *Time's a Tell-tale*. Characters by Messrs. Raymond, Elliston, Mathews, Dowton, Palmer, Russell, De Camp. Miss Mellon, Mrs. H. Siddons, Miss Duncan, Mrs. Sparks. In Act II. a dance composed by Mr. D'Egville, and performed by his pupils. In Act V. a song by Miss Duncan. Prologue, Mr. Eyre : Epilogue, Mr. Elliston. Fortune's Frolic.

28. *Ibid*—No Song no Supper.

29. *Travellers*. Mr. Braham's first appearance this season. Mustapha, Mr. Ray, [in the room of Mr. Bartley] Lying Valet.

31. *Time's a Tell-tale*—Rosina. Belville, Mr. Johnstone ; William (1st time) Mrs. Da Ponte ; Irishman, Mr. Smith. Rosina (1st time) Miss Lyon.

NOVEMBER.

2. *Time's a Tell Tale*—Forty Thieves.

3. *Ibid*—Rosina.

4. Duenna. [Not acted for 20 years] *DIVORCE*. Sir Harry Trifle, Mr. Russell. Qui Tam, Mr. Mathews ; Dennis Dogherty, Mr. Johnstone. Lady Harriet Trifle, Miss Mellon ; Mrs. Annisced Mrs. Sparks ; Biddy, Mrs. Bland.

5. *Time's a Tell-tale*—Rosina.

6. *Love for Love*—Divorce.

7. *Time's a Tell-tale*—Matrimony.

9. *Ibid*—Wood Dæmon.

10. *School for Scandal*—My Grandmother.

11. *Time's a Tell-tale*—Rosina.

12. *Travellers*—Bon Ton.

14. *Much Ado about Nothing*. Benedick, Mr. Elliston ; Claudio, Mr. Barrymore ; Beatrice, Mrs. Jordan. *Divorce*.

16. *Jealous Wife*—Wood Dæmon.

17. *Cabinet*. *Crudelia* (1st time) Mrs. Scott ; *Constantia* (1st time) Miss Lyon. *Three Weeks after Marriage*.

18. *Time's a Tell-tale*—Wood Dæmon.

19. *All in the Wrong*. [Never performed] a new melo drama in two acts called *ELLA ROSENBERG*. The overture and music by M. P. King. The characters by Messrs. Raymond, De Camp, Elliston, Bennister, Mathews. Mrs. H. Siddons, Miss Ray, Mrs. Sparks. A dance composed by Mr. D'Egville.

20. *Love in a Village*—*Ibid*.

21. *Trip to Scarborough*. *Loveless*, *Young Fashion*, and, *Amanda* (1st time) Messrs. Putnam and De Camp, and Mrs. H. Siddons—*Ibid*.

23. *Country Girl Harcourt*, Mr. Powell.—*Ella Rosenberg*.

24. *Cabinet*—*Ibid*.

25. *Time's a Tell-tale*—*Ibid*.

26. *Wonder*. *Ibid*.

October 27. **TIME'S A TELL-TALE.** This comedy, the production of Mr. Henry Siddons possesses considerable merit.

FABLE.—The father of Sir David Delmar (Mr. Raymond), a baronet and man of fortune, left, at his death, an only son and daughter, both young, and unmarried, Sir David, the heir of his father's title and fortune, was on his travels when this melancholy event happened; and, before his return, his sister, following the dictates of love more than prudence, had married the son of a neighbouring yeoman. The young and haughty baronet, on learning the intelligence, disowned his sister, who, with her husband, went to St. Domingo in quest of better fortune. Here Hardacre (Mr. Dowton), which was her husband's name, was very successful, and amassed an ample fortune. They were also blessed with two children, a son and daughter; but the health of the mother, at last, yielded to the intemperance of the climate, and she died, imploring a blessing and forgiveness for her brother, who had treated her so cruelly. Hardacre's plantation was soon afterwards burned down; while, with his son, yet a boy, he was absent, assisting to quell an insurrection in another part of the island. One of the ruffians who had set fire to his property, was in the very act of putting to death his infant daughter, when a naval officer, who had come ashore on the neighbouring beach, seized the child, and rescued her from her assassins. Blandford (Mr. Elliston) the young officer, conveyed her to his ship, as the only means of safety, and having returned home placed her in the family of his uncle, Sir David Delmar. Hardacre converting all his property into jewels and money, also returned to his native country, and the place of his birth, constantly bewailing the loss of his child, whom he considered as lost for ever. His son (Mr. De Camp), however, was some consolation to him, and his friend Wyndham, who had returned with him to England, left him joint guardian with Sir David Delmar to his only daughter and heiress, Olivia (Miss Duncan). Olivia and Young Hardacre form a mutual attachment, but Sir David designs her for his nephew, and despises Hardacre living as a poor though industrious farmer in his neighbourhood. Sir David had by extravagance involved himself in difficulties, and had no other means of adjusting his desperate affairs but by accomplishing this marriage. His nephew, however, on his second return from sea, is averse to marriage, and proof against all the charms of Miss Wyndham, but contracts a warm passion for his fair *protegee* (Mrs. H. Siddons), who is equally attached to him, as her deliverer and benefactor. Sir David, disappointed in his nephew, then destines Sir Arthur Tessel (Mr. Russell) a man of fashion, and a rake, for the husband of Olivia, having no doubt that Sir Arthur would, by this means, relieve him from his embarrassments. Sir Arthur, in order to ingratiate himself into the family, had previously paid his court to Miss Venusia (Mrs. Sparks), the maiden sister of Sir David, who, though above her meridian, and affecting the learned lady, had no objection to a husband or lover. Sir Arthur, by the instigation of Sir David, sends young Hardacre a challenge, after having written to his colonel in his prejudice. The duel is prevented by Blandford, who has an interview with old Hardacre, and discovers him to be the father of his young *protegee*. Sir David is reduced to the necessity of leaving the kingdom on account of his creditors, when Hardacre pays all

his debts, and discovers himself as the husband of his late sister. A double marriage then takes place, between young Hardacre and Olivia, and Captain Blandford and his *protegee*.

Neither in the plot, characters, nor incidents, has this comedy much pretension to originality, but the language is nervous and elegant, the dramatic arrangement very skilful, and the story which throughout commands attention, in two or three instances productive of very powerful effects. Miss Burney's *Cecilia* has suggested a few of the ideas, and for *Blandford's* account of the rescue of *Zelidy*, Mr. Siddons is a little indebted to Marmontel's *Friendship put to the Test*. His obligations to these writers we do not impute to him as a fault; a dramatic author may borrow whatever he pleases from the novelist. We think he might have appropriated something more of *Cecilia*, without disadvantage to his piece. As for Marmontel, he wrote his novels expressly for the purpose of being brought upon the stage. Mr. Siddons does not seem to have aimed at much comic effect. There are only two of the characters which make any approach towards humour. One of whom has the *curiosity of Marplot*, but he has little to do with the business of the comedy; the other is an antiquated lady who affects literature, and might be removed from the play without doing it any injury.

It would, indeed, be easy to point out many defects in this play; the principal of which is, that it bears too much the appearance of being a modern novel turned into the dialogue of a modern comedy; but let criticism exercise all its art and ingenuity upon it, and still it must be allowed, that Mr. Siddons has displayed sufficient talent in the composition, to entitle him to a most respectable rank among the dramatic writers of the age; and to authorize very high expectations from his subsequent efforts. Elliston in *Captain Blandford*; and Dowton in *Hardacre*, exhibited some very fine acting. They were the great support of the comedy.

Oct. 4. *The Divorce*, revived. This farce has been revived for Mr. Johnstone, whose exquisite humour in Irish characters was so richly infused into his performance of *Dennis Dogherty*, that the public may expect its frequent repetition.

Nov. 14. Mr. Barrymore was advertized for the part of Claudio in *Much Ado*, but resenting the imposition of some heavy fine for non-attendance at rehearsal, he did not think proper to perform the character. Mr. H. Siddons at a short notice undertook it, and acquitted himself very creditably. Mr. Barrymore has quitted his situation in consequence of this misunderstanding.

Nov. 17. *Cabinet*. The first appearance of Braham, the great *Dieu de la Chanson*, drew an immense house on this evening, and the audience were, as usual, enraptured by his *Polacca*, &c. in Orlando. Miss Lyon has taken *Constantia*, a character always below the *par* of Mrs. H. Siddons's abilities, and by introducing some additional songs has given a new interest to the part. Mrs. Scott performed *Crudelia*, which was equally unworthy of the abilities of Mrs. Johnstone, who, (we forgot last month to mention) has entirely quitted the stage.

Nov. 19. *ELLA ROSENBERG*, a Melo Drama, by Mr. Kenny, author of the excellent farce of *Raising the Wind*; the well-adapted French after-piece of *Matrimony*; the opera of *False Alarms*; and an after-piece acted at Covent-garden, the name

of which we forget, and which we believe the author has no objection to forget himself.

The scene lies in the neighbourhood of a camp, in the Prussian province of Molwitz, and the action takes place immediately after a great victory has been obtained by the Electorate Prince. The heroine, Ella Rosenberg, is the wife of a young Officer, formerly a Page of the Elector, and much beloved by him. Colonel Mountfort, a man of intrigue, high in power, and possessing and unlimited influence with the Prince, conceives a passion for Ella, at a time when Rosenberg is one of his intimate friends. He then finds a pretence to insult Rosenberg, who is provoked to draw his sword upon the parade against his superior officer, and dreading the consequences, from the severity of the military law, hastens immediately, it is understood, to the capital, for the purpose of appealing to the Prince, but being heard no more of, he is supposed to have fled his country. At the commencement of the drama, two years have elapsed since the circumstance. Rosenberg's wealth is confiscated, and Ella, in a state of poverty, is under the protection of Storm, an old officer of Invalids, to whom she has been consigned by his friend, and her dying father. Mountfort, unwearied in his designs, pursues the object of his passion, discovers her new abode, and enters it in disguise. In his attempt, however, to bear her off, he is encountered by Storm, who, in the violence of his indignation, tears the scarf from the Colonel's shoulders, and tramples on it. In consequence of this outrage the invalid is made prisoner. Ella is left the victim of her persecutor, and his followers succeed in carrying her off. Mountfort then proceeds to congratulate the Elector on his victory, and finds him considering a petition from Storm, praying for a support for Rosenberg's wife. The Elector being much interested in the fate of Rosenberg, imparts his design of visiting her *incognito*, if possible, to learn the place of his retreat. Mountfort is at first alarmed, and endeavours to dissuade him; but he believes Ella in his power, and, taking advantage of the Elector's strict injunctions to enforce his martial law with the utmost rigour, to complete his security, he hurries Storm on his trial, who is immediately condemned. Ella, however, by the assistance of armed travellers, escapes, and meets her protector, guarded, on his way to execution. Storm has previously engaged the Commander of the Guard to endeavour still to find her a place of security, and at this unexpected meeting, endeavours to conceal from her his fate; but it is soon betrayed, and she is torn from him in a state of frantic agony. She is then conducted to a solitary inn by a soldier. On the approach of night, the Prince, concealing his person, fulfils his intention of visiting the cottage of Storm. On his way he encounters a man of wretched appearance, having escaped from prison, and flying from his pursuers. This man is the lost Rosenberg. He supplicates of the Elector the means of purchasing a shelter. A brief conference ensues, in which the former, without betraying himself, is led to disclose that Rosenberg has been secretly and violently imprisoned. The Elector directs him to the house where Ella has been, expressing his

intention of meeting him there in the morning, and rendering him further aid. Rosenberg gains the inn in safety, and Ella is also brought there in a state of insensibility. They are placed in different apartments. Mountfort arrives soon after, alone, in search of Ella, and, discovering her, is induced, from the wretched appearance of Rosenberg, to attempt to engage him to guard Ella while he seeks a conveyance. Rosenberg recognizes Mountfort, and accedes to his request, and on his own wife being brought before him, finds, for the first time, the author and the cause of his imprisonment. An affecting discovery takes place between Rosenberg and Ella, when the former is betrayed by the entrance of some of his pursuers, and is about again to fall into the power of Mountfort, when the Elector enters, with other pursuers, whom he himself conducts there, and through whose means he learns that Rosenberg was himself the stranger whom he had met. The Prince having obtained full conviction of the wrongs of the sufferers, the Piece concludes with the disgrace of Mountfort, the restoration of Rosenberg and Ella to rank and happiness, and the timely pardon of the brave invalid.

The merit of this piece, and no small merit it is, consists in so conducting the incidents as to command a progressive interest. The story is altogether serious; evidently of French or German origin, and bearing some features of the *Deserteur*, but exceedingly well adapted to our stage, and the more creditable to the author, as its popularity will depend in no degree upon the attractions of show and machinery. Mrs. H. Siddons in the heroine appears to uncommon advantage; she never played better. Elliston also gives a very powerful support to the piece; and Raymond and De Camp deserve the best thanks of the author.

The piece is composed by Mr. King. The overture is spirited and pleasing; the music (the little there is of it) which accompanies the action of the piece, is very appropriate, and there is a masterly glee in the second act, which is aided very considerably by the fine, powerful, bass voice of Mr. Smith.

COVENT-GARDEN.

OCTOBER.

- 23. Beggar's Opera. Polly, Mrs. Dickens. Arbitration.
- 26. Coriolanus. Virgilia, Miss Norton. Review. Mactwolter,
- p GENTLEMAN (his 1st app.) Phoebe Whitethorn, Miss De Camp.
- 27. George Barnwell. Maria, Miss Norton. Harl. and Mother Goose.
- 28. Poor Gentleman—Ibid.
- 29. Isabella. [Never acted] TOO FRIENDLY BY HALF. Characters by Messrs. Munden, Blanchard, Brunton, Waddy, Farley. Mrs. Mattocks.

80. *Beggar's Opera*—Ibid.

NOVEMBER.

2. *Coriolanus*—Mother Goose.3. *Cure for the Heart Ache*—Ibid.4. *John Bull*—Ibid.

5. *COUNT OF NARBONNE*. Raymond, Mr. Kemble; Austin, Mr. Pope; Theodore, Mr. C. Kemble; Fabian, Mr. Murray. Hortensia, Mrs. Siddons; Adelaide, Miss Norton; Jacqueline, Miss Waddy. Harl. and Mother Goose.

6. *Romeo and Juliet*—Ibid.

7. *King Henry VIII.*—Fortune's Frolic. Robin Rough-head, Mr. OXBERRY (his 1st appearance)

9. *Coriolanus* Harl. and Mother Goose.10. *Road to Ruin*—Ibid.

11. *WINTER'S TALE*. Leontes, Mr. Kemble; Mamillius, Miss Bristow; Camillo, Mr. Creswell; Antigonus, Mr. Murray; Cleomenes, Mr. Claremont; Dion, Mr. Thompson; Phocion, Mr. Chapman; Thasius, Mr. Jeffries; Keeper of the Prison, Mr. Treby; Mariner, Mr. Atkins; Polixenes, Mr. Pope; Florizel, Mr. C. Kemble; Archidamus, Mr. Davenport; Shepherd, Mr. Blanchard; Clown, Mr. Liston; Neatherd, Mr. W. Murray; Autolycus, Mr. Munden. Hermione, Mrs. Siddons; Perdita, Miss Norton; Paulina, Mrs. C. Kemble; Emilia, Mrs. Humphries; Mopsa, Mrs. Liston; Dorcas, Miss Meadows. Fitch of Bacon.

12. *Speed the Plough*. Bob Handy, Mr. Jones. Harl. and Mother Goose.

13. *Winter's Tale*—Ibid.

14. *Heir at Law*. Lord Duberly, Mr. OXBERRY. Turnpike Gate.

16. *Winter's Tale*—Mother Goose.

17. [Never acted] *TWO FACES UNDER A HOOD*. Music by Mr. Shield. Characters by Messrs. Thompson, (*Governor*) Belamy, (*Marquis Raimondi*) Jones, (*Count Ignacio*) Incedon, (*Don Sebastian*) Taylor, (*Frederico*) Simmons, (*Jeronymo*) King, (*Sergeant*) Farley, (*Brazilio*) Liston, (*Hector*) Fawcett, (*Martinique*) Mrs. Dibdin (*Marchioness Raimondi*) Mrs. Davenport (*Lady Abbess*) Mrs. Dickons, (*Claudine*) Miss Bolton, (*Donna Antonia*) Mrs. Liston, (*Agatha*) Mrs. C. Kemble, (*Ursula*) Mistake upon Mistake.

18. Ibid.—*Raising the Wind*.19. Ibid.—*Midnight Hour*.20. Ibid.—*Arbitration*.

21. *Two Faces under a Hood*—Katharine and Petruchio. Katharine, Mrs. C. Kemble.

23. *Winter's Tale*. Harl. and Mother Goose [the play changed to the *Grecian Daughter*, on account of Mr. Kemble's indisposition.]

24. *Two Faces under a Hood*—*Follies of a Day*. Page, Miss Waddy; Susan, Mrs. Gibbs.

Oct. 23. Mrs. Dickons performed Polly in the *Beggar's Opera*, a character in which she was deservedly very popular, when before engaged at this theatre. Nothing can exceed the taste with which she executed the several airs; and her acting was greatly applauded throughout.

Oct. 26. The gentleman who played Mactwolter, is a Mr. Adamson. He is not unacquainted with the business and trick of the stage, but his voice and manner are somewhat repulsive, and his *brogue* of the coarsest kind.

Oct. 29. *Too Friendly by Half*. This farce was indifferently received on the first night, and so much disapproved of on repetition, that it was withdrawn after the second representation. One or two of the scenes are highly diverting, but the plot is unskilfully handled, and the conclusion lame and impotent.

Nov. 5. *The Count of Narbonne*. This tragedy, from Walpole's *Castle of Otranto*, and consequently not a fit subject for the drama, was not revived in such a way as to excite any wish for its repetition. Mr. Kemble we must presume was ill for his performance of Narbonne was unworthy of the worst actor in his theatre. Mrs. Siddons in the description of Alphonso's death was admirable, but Hortensia has few scenes of interest, and in the first dress she gave us a perfect picture of Glumdalca. Miss Norton has few requisites for tragedy. Her recitation has no nature, and her action and deportment are obviously under the restraint of affectation. Pope in Austin was solemn and dignified. Upon the whole his was the best performance of the night.

Nov. 7. *King Henry VIII*. This play is very finely got up, and the principal characters are most excellently performed. Pope's *Harry* is a very characteristic piece of acting. Kemble's *Wolsey*, is well studied and executed in a masterly style, and Mrs. Siddons in *Catherine* is beyond all praise. This we believe is her favourite part. When Dr. Johnson asked her which of the characters of Shakspeare she preferred, she mentioned *Queen Catherine*. We must suppose it to be an adoption of which the impropriety is counterbalanced by its convenience; but it is surely highly improbable that *Cromwell*, the secretary of Catherine's greatest enemy, should be admitted into the Queen's dying chamber to pass an eulogium on his deceased master. It is equally out of all character to make Sir Henry Guildford, a man whose rank and office must have taught him the rules of decorum, enter the chamber so uncouthly, as to merit the acrimonious rebuke which falls from the Queen's lips—"this fellow let me ne'er see again." In Shakspeare's play the attendant of Catherine in her sick room is very properly her *gentleman usher*, and the rude messenger is some officer of her own, who in the haste to deliver his intelligence forgets the ceremony due to an invalid and a queen. These inaccuracies are discreditable to a London theatre.

Mr. Oxberry on this evening made his appearance in *Robin Rough-head*, and displayed considerable talent. His dialect and manner are much in the style of Emery, to whom he would be a good double. His humour is natural, his countenance capable of comic expression, and the few sentimental speeches in the part were spoken with evident sensibility. Mr. Oxberry will be of great use, in little parts. His powers are rather limited.

Nov. 11. *Winter's Tale*. This play, which was revived a few seasons ago at Drury-Lane with great pomp of scenic decoration, though in it Shakspeare, (as Dr. Warburton observes) in spite of the meanness and extravagant conduct of the fable—"warbles his native wood-notes wild," possesses very little popular attraction,

and the manner in which it is now represented is not entitled to much commendation. Kemble is *here and there* lucky, but his performance is on the whole *right doleful*, "tedious, wearisome, and heavy." Mrs. Siddons, excepting in the statue scene, has little scope for the exertion of her wonderful powers, and there is something in the incident of the child brought newly-born from its mother, and thrown on the floor, with its concomitant circumstances, so ludicrous, and at the same time so indecent, that all our veneration for Shakspeare cannot reconcile us to the situation. This difficult scene was certainly not much mended by the manner in which it was acted. Paulina was mistaken altogether. She is another *Emilia*, who conscious of the gross wrongs her mistress has sustained, loses all respect for time, place, or person, and pours forth her indignation, regardless of consequences. Unless this strong emotion is adequately felt by the actress, the effect must necessarily be lost. Mrs. Powell felt the situation, when the play was acted at Drury-Lane, and we remember that she gave importance to the whole scene. It had better be "*overdone*" than "*come tardy off*." Mrs. Charles Kemble is an excellent actress in her proper line, but she must not venture upon *heroics*. And what could induce Mr. Kemble, who sometimes when his actors are inclined to be right, will make them appear ridiculous by thrusting his own erroneous absurdities upon them, to suffer such a glaring *misrepresentation* of the character in point of *dress and appearance*. The wife of old Antigonus—the "*dame Partlet*"—the "*crone*"—"gross hag"—was tricked out in all the colours of the rainbow. The *simplicity* of *Perdita* was not successfully assumed by Miss Norton. Munden's *Antolycus*, however, was excellent.

Nov. 17. *Two Faces under a Hood*. A comic opera by Mr. T. Dibdin; the music by Mr. Shield.

The Marquis Raimondi having dissipated his fortune at the gaming-table, resigns his nobility, and quits his country to retrieve himself by commerce, leaving Claudine, his only daughter, to be educated by a female relation, who, by the father's desire, conceals from the young Lady her real rank—While supposing herself the daughter of a cottager, Claudine is addressed by Ignacio, a young officer, but the arts of Frederico, his rival, create a quarrel between the lovers—Ignacio joins his regiment abroad; Claudine, on the death of her relation, is sent to board in a convent and all correspondence between her and Ignacio ceases.

Four years are supposed to have elapsed (at the opening of the piece) since the separation of the lovers, at which time the Marquis Raimondi returns from his commercial speculations with a fortune which enables him to resume his rank; Claudine is made acquainted with her birth, and quits the convent for her father's palace. A day is set apart for the ceremony of the Marquis's public re-investiture and admission to his former honours, on which day Ignacio arrives from abroad, sees Claudine among the assembly, but, imposed on by the brilliancy of her habit, and the alterations and improvements which four years of absence have effected, he does not suppose her the same Lady, though he is forcibly struck with her resemblance to his favourite cottager.

Claudine takes advantage of her situation, and, with the assistance of Ursula, her waiting maid, alternately appears to him as

Y y 2

the young Marchioness and the simple cottager; endeavours to attract him in each character, and has the satisfaction of proving, at last, that his love is disinterested, and that he prefers the poor Claudine to the rich heiress. Connected with the foregoing story are the loves of Antonia and Sebastian, who are friends of Ignacio and Claudine.

The characters of Martinique, Brazilio, Hector, and Ursula, furnish the materials for a minor plot—Hector and Ursula, are cousins, whose uncle has left them a large sum of money on condition they marry together—to this arrangement they are equally averse, but the avarice of Hector determines him to comply with it and enjoy the whole legacy, rather than divide it with Ursula—by a trick of Brazilio's, however, he is enlisted for a soldier, and the fair division of the legacy is the condition on which he is released. Martinique is the attendant of Ignacio, who, before he sees Claudine at the assembly, sends him in quest of her to her former cottage residence, but Martinique having been let into the secret that the young Marchioness is the very lady to whom he is sent, remains concealed and joins his sweetheart Ursula to aid her lady in the innocent deception practised on the Count.

Jeronymo is an old civil officer of the city, who assumes to be deaf or blind as his convenience suits—and Frederico is a sea captain, who, having been formerly Ignacio's rival with Claudine, and seeing her again in her cottage habit, lays a plan to carry her off, and by rousing Ignacio to rescue her, hastens his decision, and thus gives him an opportunity of proving himself worthy of her. The piece then concludes with the triple union of Ignacio and Claudine, Antonia and Sebastian, Ursula and Martinique.

The bustle and variety which prevail throughout this opera render it very entertaining; the characters are not forcible, but they are pleasantly sketched, and produce all the effect which can reasonably be expected from a piece written in subservience to musical aid, and abounding with *songs* and *duets*. The dialogue possesses considerable neatness and point, and the lyrical part of the opera is well written. The business is perhaps overloaded, and from the multiplicity of characters, the plot is somewhat perplexed; but upon the whole *Two Faces under a Hood* is creditable to its author, and possesses so many attractions that no doubt every body will be anxious to have a *peep* at them.

The music is furnished by our great English composer Shield, who has exerted his extraordinary abilities in the happiest manner; the several airs are elegantly composed, and the *concerted* pieces managed in the usual masterly style of this writer. Mrs. Dickens contributed essentially to the success of the opera by her execution of the songs allotted to her; the first, a *ballad*; the second a *polacca*; the third in the *Scots* style; the fourth a *bravura*; in all of which her exquisite taste and science were most admirably displayed. The applause she received was unbounded. Incledon has three songs, one of which is well adapted to his fine voice and spirited execution; Fawcett has an excellent comic song, very effective both as to words and music, and another has been added since the first night in which he is equally fortunate. Miss Bolton sung one song very pleasingly, with a flute *obligato* accompaniment, which was delightfully executed by Mr. W. Parke. Bellamy also exerted his vocal powers with great felicity.

We cannot conclude our remarks on this opera without congratulating the public on Mr. Shield's return to the stage, and expressing a hope that nothing may again occur to interrupt the harmony which at present subsists between him and the proprietors of Covent Garden Theatre. He has sold his music for eight hundred pounds to Clementi.

THEATRICAL INTELLIGENCE.

Mr. Laurent is engaged at Drury-lane, and will appear in the Christmas Pantomime.

Madame Catalani has declined the Engagement offered her by Mr. Taylor for the Opera. The terms proposed were 5000 Guineas, with a stipulation that she should perform both in the Serious and Comic Opera.

The dispute between Mr. Taylor and Mr. Waters is for the present referred to arbitration, and it is supposed that a Compromise will take place to prevent the Demolition of the whole concern by the Decision of the Lord Chancellor, whose *savage soul* is not to be soothed by the *charms of Music*.

A Comedy is forthcoming at Drury-lane from the pen of a Mr. Lee.

A Tragedy at the same theatre is also announced as in rehearsal.

The melo-drama of the *Blind Boy* is from the French, and is said to abound with interesting situation. The music by Davy.

Barrymore has joined Macready at Manchester.

Mr. Frederick Jones, the Dublin Manager, is said to be in treaty for the Drury-lane property.

The Young Roscius has been adding to his profits, already immense, and some say to his reputation, by his performances at Margate, Deal, Dover, and as he has tried several new characters; *Douglas in Percy, Sir Edward Mortimer, Hotspur, Jeremy Diddler, Looney Mactwoller, &c.*

Mrs. H Johnston is expected to make her appearance soon after Christmas.

Cooke still remains, *willy nilly*, at Appleby, notwithstanding the empty benches of Covent-Garden.

Mr. Theodore Hook is preparing a piece for Drury-Lane.

Lionel and Clarissa is in rehearsal at Drury Lane; Lionel by Mr. Braham; Clarissa, Miss Lyon.

Mr. Trotter the manager of the Worthing Theatre, is about to erect a new theatre at Gravesend.

Barrymore having quitted his situation at Drury Lane, has joined Macready's Company at Manchester.

It is erroneously stated in all the newspapers, that the late Mrs. Macklin was originally Macklin's servant. Our account of this lady in a preceding page may be relied upon.

A comedy from Mr. Colman is expected at Covent Garden in the course of the season.

A grand ballet by Mr. D'Egville on the subject of St. George and the Champions of England, is said to be preparation at Drury Lane.

THE COUNTRY THEATRES. &c.

Theatre-Royal, BATH.—The Theatre at Bath, except on a Saturday night, has been badly attended—Of the performers, Mr. Lovegrove stands foremost in the comic department. He brings to my recollection *Quick*, and the late *Collins*, whose manner he adopts. Evans would be a much better Actor where he not continually introducing his close friend *Tom Gay* to one's notice. Gattie is too slovenly ever to arrive at any perfection—to be sure, as he does not ape the Gentleman, it is not to be wondered at that such a Gentleman should not always have his stockings well gartered. Egerton, in the *Elliston* line, stands well with the audience, that is to say, he is the *Commander in Chief* in the general way. Bengough, with the disadvantage of a bad stage face, and light appearance, personates the heavy line of business with credit, and in such characters as Baron Wildenhaim, evinces much judgment and feeling. Mallinson is a promising Actor in the *Country Boys*, and has what is termed the Stage Dialect; he occasionally plays such parts as Caleb Quotem, Sambo, &c. and may be ranked in merit next to Lovegrove. Richardson, formerly of Covent Garden Theatre, a man of all work, played the other evening *Deputy Bull*, in the Review, and appeared more like an overgrown Ox, "he so hellowed and roared;" in truth, if he shewed any humour in the part, it must have been by his foaming at the mouth. Of the young men, Mr. Sedley takes precedence, and is highly respectable. A young gentleman lately appeared as Frederick in *Lovers' Vows*; it is said he came upon liking, as an apprentice, prior to being articed to his master, and his probation is not out. I don't know whether this *Apprentice* may like the profession, but he must serve more than seven years before he will be *Master* of it—Melvin, late of Covent-Garden, is engaged, and has appeared with success, particularly in the character of Michael, in the *Adopted Child*. The occasional bursts of passion were finely given. The description of his finding the boy was impressive and forcibly felt by the audience, who bestowed on him their very marked applause. Gomery, the Ballet Master, and Pantomime Actor of the Theatre, gets up old Dances and Pantomimes. All his Ballets are from Astley's Amphitheatre, and all his genius from Grimaldi, of Sadler's Wells. Of the Ladies, Miss Marriott stands first on the list. This Lady possesses great ability, with one great fault—the incessant roll of her eyes. This may be sometimes in character, but always dodging the corners makes them appear terrific. She reminds one of the nondescript, with its rolling eye-balls, in the *Phantasmagoria*. Of Miss Fisher I have nothing to say in praise; she wants a softness in her delivery;—there is a redundancy of uncouth action, and she appears a shrew in every character she represents. In Catherine she even tried to outdo herself; and gave me idea of two termagants trying which could be the greatest scold.—Miss Mills is a most pleasing, pretty, and promising Actress.—Miss Jameson is simplicity itself—her Amelia Wildenhaim is a very clever performance.—Of the female singers, the affected and

italianized Mrs. Windsor is certainly the best, and for the rest I would not give a fiddle-stick. This may be thought *bass* towards the Ladies, but were I to *harp* on the subject till this day twelvemonth, that would be the *tenor* of my opinion. A WANDERER.

Nov. 13, 1807.

Theatre HORSHAM.—Mr. Trotter has fitted up the Town Hall in a very commodious and elegant style, and on Wednesday the 18th of November, the theatre opened with the *Honeymoon* and of *Age To-morrow*, prefaced by the following appropriate address :

THE Drama's end, thus said the Bard whose name
Hath given the Drama's cause to deathless fame,
Is this—" To hold the mirror up to Nature,
" Shew Virtue its own image, Scorn her feature."
Obedient to this plan, so well design'd,
We aim to mend the morals of mankind,
And to obnoxious follies, as they pass,
With steady hand present the faithful glass ;
And though, too frequently, misjudging zeal
Against this useful scheme hath set her seal,
In every clime, 'tis known, in every age,
Virtue hath still the sanction of the Stage.

An humble votary I, but anxious still
Th'immortal Poet's purpose to fulfil,
Hither have brought my Thespian band, to shew
What sad effects from vice and folly flow ;
How surely virtue, steadily pursu'd,
Secures the blessings promis'd to the good.

And on this spot, since *Justice** holds her seat,
Here, I'm persuaded, justice we shall meet.
We ask no more, and trusting to our cause,
We wait th'*award* of your impartial laws.
But though no *advocate* is needed here,
Custom prescribes that I should first appear ;
Yet 'tis to tell you only, I assure ye,
We court the sentence of an *English Jury*.
If here, *without just cause*, we shew our face,
Dismiss us from your bar with foul disgrace ;
But if our *ground of action* we maintain,
Indulgence here we shall not claim in vain.
In either case your judgment will be fitted,
But yet I fain would hear the word "*acquitted*."
Thus hoping, thus expecting, I withdraw ;
Your *verdict* must decide, your will is—*law*.

The company is truly respectable, consisting of the principal performers from Mr. Trotter's summer theatres at Worthing and Southend, viz. Mr. Trotter, Mr. and Mrs. Bew ; Mr. Vining ; Mr. and Mrs. Neylor ; Mr. Ellis ; Mr. J. P. Harley ; Mr. Wilkinson ; Miss Tatten ; Miss Barry ; Mrs. Cory ; Miss Johnston, &c.

* The Town Hall has been fitted up on this occasion.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Works recently published, in the Press, or in preparation.

TRAVELS.—A description of Ceylon, by the Rev. James Cordiner, A. M. late Chaplain to the Garrison of Columbo.

POETRY.—Vol. XIV. of Dr. Anderson's Poets; containing Francis's Horace, Garth's Ovid, and Lewis's Statius. Poems by the Rev. George Crabbe, L. L. B. Travelling Recreations, by William Parsons, Esq. A Volume of Poems, by Mrs. Opie. Sonnets and Letters on moral and other interesting subjects, by Dr. Cartwright, Prebendary of Lincoln.

HISTORY.—History of Pontefract, with an account of the Castle, and the three Sieges it sustained during the Civil War, and particulars respecting the most distinguished Royalists and Parliamentarians, chiefly from MS. never before published, by Mr. Boothroyd.

BIOGRAPHY.—Life of Morland, the Painter; with remarks on his works, by G. Dawe. Life of Arthur Murphy, coëpiled from his original papers, by Jesse Foot, Esq. Mr. Murphy's Executor.

SURGERY.—A course of Lectures, comprizing a systematic reform of the modern practice of adhesion, particularly in relation to the abuses of the thread suture in the Surgery of wounds; by Mr. Samuel Young, of the London College of Surgeons.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Patriotic Sketches, written in Connaught, by Miss Owenson. Specimens of the eloquence of the British Senate from Charles I. to the present time, with biographical notes, &c. Adventures of Robert Drury, during fifteen years imprisonment in the island of Madagascar. The BRITISH NOVELISTS, selected by Mrs. Barbauld, including the best works of Mrs. Brooke, Dr. Moore, Charlotte Smith, Mrs. Radcliffe, Madame D'Arblay, &c. Oxoniana, or Anecdotes, Historical, Antiquarian, and Biographical, compiled chiefly from original MS. in the Bodleian and other Libraries at Oxford. Characteristic Anecdotes of Men of Genius, from the time of Henry VIII.

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